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THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

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The Works of
William Shakespeare

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Comments by Gollancz, Henry Norman
Hudson, C. H. Herford and

" Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now."

I. 2 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

IN TEN VOLUMES
VOLUME VIII

Julius Cæsar
Twelfth Night
Anthony and Cleopatra
Cymbeline

BIGELOW, SMITH & COMPANY
NEW YORK

EDITION DE LUXE

The Works of
William Shakespeare

With Prefaces, Introductions, Notes and Comments by Gollancz, Henry Norman Hudson, C. H. Herford and numerous other authorities embodying the final results of three centuries of Shakespearian Scholarship. :: :: ::

IN TEN VOLUMES

VOLUME VIII

Julius Cæsar
Twelfth Night
Anthony and Cleopatra
Cymbeline

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PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITION

Julius Cæsar was first published in the Folio of 1623. It was printed with exceptional care, and its text is so accurate, that (as the Cambridge editors rightly observe) it may perhaps have been printed from the original manuscript of the author. In this respect it contrasts strongly with the play preceding it in the Folio, the tragedy of *Timon of Athens*. It would seem that the printing of *Julius Cæsar* was proceeded with before the Editors had procured the copy for *Timon*.

The play is mentioned in the Stationers' Registers, under date of November 8, 1623, as one of sixteen plays not previously entered to other men.

THE SOURCE OF THE PLOT

Shakespeare derived his materials for *Julius Cæsar* from Sir Thomas North's famous translation of Plutarch's *Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans*, and more especially from the Lives of Cæsar, Brutus, and Antony. In this play, as in the case of *Coriolanus* and *Antony and Cleopatra*, it is impossible to over-estimate Shakespeare's debt to North's monumental version of the work which has been described as "most sovereign in its dominion over the minds of great men in all ages." In *Julius Cæsar*, as in the other Roman plays, the dramatist has often borrowed

North's very expressions,[1] while "of the incident there is almost nothing which he does not owe to Plutarch." Nevertheless, a comparison of the play with its original reveals the poet's transforming power; he has thrown "a rich mantle of poetry over all, which is not wholly his own." [2]

The literary history of North's book is briefly summarized on its title-page:—"*The Lives of the Noble Grecians, compared together by that grave learned philosopher and historiographer* PLUTARKE OF CHÆRONIA, *translated* out of Greek into French by JAMES AMYOT, *Abbot of Bellozane, Bishop of Auxerre, one of the King's Privy Council, and great Amner of France, and now out of French into English by* THOMAS NORTH. 1579." [3]

Specially noteworthy is Shakespeare's compression of the action, for the purposes of dramatic representation, *e. g.* (i) Cæsar's triumph is made coincident with the *Lupercalia* (historically it was celebrated six months be-

[1] One example will suffice to show the correspondence of the verse and prose:—

"I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself."

(V. iv. 21–25.

Cp. "I dare assure thee, that no enemy hath taken or shall take Marcus Brutus alive, and I beseech God keep him from that fortune: for wheresoever he be found, alive or dead, he will be found like himself" (North's *Life of Brutus*).

[2] *Vide* Trench's *Lectures on Plutarch* (pp. 64–66).

[3] The best modern edition is in Mr. Nutt's *"Tudor Translations"*; Vol. I. contains an excellent introductory study by Mr. Wyndham.

Prof. Skeat's *Shakespeare's Plutarch* (Macmillan) is a valuable and handy book for students.

It is impossible to say which edition of North's *Plutarch* was used by Shakespeare: new editions appeared in 1595, 1603, and 1612. As far as *Julius Cæsar* is concerned the choice is limited to the first and second editions. The Greenock 1612 edition, with the initials W. S. and with some suggestive notes in the *Life of Julius Cæsar*, was certainly not used for the present play.

fore); (ii) the combination of the two battles of Philippi (the interval of twenty days being ignored); (iii) the murder, the funeral orations, and the arrival of Octavius, are made to take place on the same day (not so actually).

Again, Shakespeare departs from Plutarch in making the Capitol the scene of the murder, instead of the *Curia Pompeiana*. In this point, however, he follows a literary tradition, which is already found in Chaucer's *Monk's Tale*:—

> "In the Capitol anon him hente (*i. e.* seized)
> This falsë Brutus, and his other foon,
> And stikked him with bodëkins anoon
> With many a wound, and thus they let him lie."

(It will be remembered that Polonius in his student-days "did enact Julius Cæsar," "*I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.*" "*It was a brute part,*" observed Hamlet, "*to kill so capital a calf there,*" *Hamlet*, III, ii, 115–116).

THE DATE OF COMPOSITION

Perhaps the most valuable piece of external evidence for the date of *Julius Cæsar* is to be found in Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs*, printed in 1601; the following lines are obviously a direct reference to the present play:—

> "The many-headed multitude were drawn
> By Brutus' speech, that Cæsar was ambitious.
> When eloquent Mark Antonie had shewn
> His virtues, who but Brutus then was vicious?"

Similarly, Drayton's *Barons' Wars*—a revised version made before 1603 of his *Mortimeriados*, 1596—contains what may possibly have been a reminiscence of Shakespeare's famous lines:—

> "His life was gentle and the elements
> So mixed in him," etc.[1]

This external evidence, pointing to *circa* 1601 as the date of the play, is borne out by general considerations

[1] It is remarkable that the 1619 edition of *The Barons' Wars*, con-

of style and versification.[1] The paucity of light-endings and weak-endings (10 of the former, and none of the latter) contrasts with the large number found in the other Roman plays (71 and 28, respectively, in *Antony;* 60 and 44 in *Coriolanus*).

An interesting suggestion connects *Julius Cæsar* with the political affairs of 1601, to wit, Essex' reckless conspiracy. It is probably saying too much to make the play a political manifesto, but the subject would certainly "come home to the ears and hearts of a London audience of 1601, after the favorite's out-break against his sovereign. *Et tu, Brute!* would mean more to them than to us" (Dr. Furnivall, *Academy*, Sept. 18, 1875).

JULIUS CÆSAR AND HAMLET

Brutus and Hamlet are, as it were, twin-brothers,—idealists forced to take a prominent part in the world of action, when they would fain contemplate the actions of others; action brings ruin alike to the reckless philosopher

taining a further revision of the passage, comes very near indeed to the passage in Shakespeare, *e. g.*:—

> "As that it seem'd, when Nature him began
> She meant to show all that might be a man."

[1] Mr. Fleay thinks that the present form of the play belongs to the year 1607, and that it represents an abridgment of a fuller play; hence "the paucity of rhymes, the number of short lines, and the brevity of the play." The same critic holds that Ben Jonson abridged the play. "Shakespeare and Jonson probably worked together on *Sejanus* in 1602–1603. He having helped Jonson then in a historical play, what more likely than that Jonson should be chosen to remodel Shakespeare's *Cæsar*, if it needed to be reproduced in a shorter form than he gave it originally? And for such reproduction (after Shakespeare's death, between 1616 and 1623) to what author would such work of abridgment have been entrusted except Shakespeare's critical friend Jonson? Fletcher would have enlarged, not shortened" (*cp. Shakespeare Manual*, pp. 262–270). But would the learned Jonson have permitted such errors as "Decius" Brutus, and the like? The student should contrast the archæologically "correct," but lifeless, *Sejanus*, with Shakespeare's living characters infused with the Roman spirit.

and to the irresolute blood-avenger. Shakespeare recognized the kinship of the two characters, and it would seem, from internal evidence, that his mind was busy with the two conceptions at about the same time. Polonius, as has already been pointed out, prides himself on his personation of *Julius Cæsar*, while at the University; Horatio, who is "more an antique Roman than a Dane," sees in the apparition of "the buried majesty of Denmark" the precurse of fierce events, even as

> "In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
> A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
> The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
> Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets";

Hamlet, in the graveyard, moralizes on "Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to dust"; when the King, watching "the poison of deep grief" in poor Ophelia, reproaches himself for having done but greenly "*in hugger-mugger*" to inter her father, who can doubt that the strange phrase is a reminiscence of North's *Life of Brutus*? [1]

THE SPEECH OF BRUTUS

If, as is most probable, *Julius Cæsar* preceded *Hamlet*, it is not altogether surprising to find in the latter play these striking references to the former subject. It would, however, prove a matter of greater interest and importance were we to discover in *Julius Cæsar* some direct connection with the subject of Hamlet. The present writer ventures to think that he may have found some such connection. Brutus' famous address to the assembled Romans (Act III, sc. ii) has an irresistible fascination for the student of the play. Its curtness is said to be in imitation of the speaker's "famed laconic brevity," whereof Shakespeare found a vivid account in North's *Life of Brutus*,[2] but one looks

1 "Antony thinking good that Cæsar's body should be honorably buried, and not in hugger-mugger."

2 "When the war began he wrote unto the Pergamenians in this sort: 'I understand you have given *Dolabella* money; if you have

in vain for any suggestion of the speech in any of the *Lives*.[1]

The original of the speech, according to the theory here hazarded, is perhaps to be found in Belleforest's *History of Hamlet*. Chapter VI (in the earliest extant English version) tells, "*How Hamlet, having slain his Uncle, and burnt his Palace, made an Oration to the Danes to shew them what he had done*"; etc. The situation of Hamlet is almost identical with that of Brutus after he has dealt the blow, and the burden of Hamlet's too lengthy speech finds an echo in Brutus' sententious utterance. The verbose iteration of the Dane has been compressed to suit "the brief compendious manner of speech of the Lacedæmonians." [2]

done so willingly, you confess you have offended me; if against your wills, shew it then by giving me willingly.' Another time again unto the Samians: 'Your councils be long, your doings be slow, consider the end'" (*Life of Brutus*).

[1] Similarly, no direct source for Antony's speech to the citizens (Act III. Scene ii.) is to be found in *Plutarch*. It is just possible that a few bare hints were derived from Appian's *History of the Civil War*, which had been translated, from Greek, into English before 1578.

[2] I draw attention to the following sentences taken at random from the English translation (dated 1608), without entering into the question of Shakespeare's acquaintance with Belleforest in the original French:—"If there be any among you, good people of Denmark, that as yet have fresh within your memories the wrong done to the valiant King Horvendile, let him not be moved, etc. . . . If there be any man that affecteth fidelity . . . let him not be ashamed beholding this massacre. . . . The hand that hath done this justice could not effect it by any other means. . . . And what mad man is he that delighteth more in the tyranny of Fengon than in the clemency and renewed courtesy of Horvendile? And what man is he, that having any spark of wisdom, etc. I perceive you are attentive, and abashed for not knowing the author of your deliverance." (The whole speech should be read in Collier's Reprint of the *History of Hamlet, Shakespeare Library*.)

DURATION OF ACTION

The time of *Julius Cæsar* is six days represented on the stage, with intervals, arranged as follows:—

Day 1. Act I, sc. i, ii. *Interval.*
Day 2. Act I, sc. iii.
Day 3. Acts II, III. *Interval.*
Day 4. Act IV, sc. i. *Interval.*
Day 5. Act IV, sc. ii, iii. *Interval.*
Day 6. Act V.

The historical period extends from Cæsar's Triumph, October, 45 B.C., to the Battle of Philippi, in the autumn of the year 42 B.C.

PLAYS ON "JULIUS CÆSAR"

(i) There is no doubt as to the popularity of the subject of *Julius Cæsar* on the English stage before the appearance of Shakespeare's play, though it is extremely doubtful whether the latter owes anything to its predecessors, unless it be the phrase "*Et tu, Brute,*" which may indirectly have been derived from Dr. Eedes' play of *Cæsaris Interfecti*, acted at Oxford in 1582. Gosson, in his *School of Abuse*, 1579, mentions *Cæsar and Pompey;* while from Machyn's *Diary* it is inferred that *Julius Cæsar* was represented at Whitehall as early as 1562, but this is somewhat doubtful.

According to Henslowe's *Diary*, "*the Tragedy of Cæsar and Pompey; or Cæsar's Revenge*" was produced in 1594.

(ii) The present play evidently called forth rival productions, and gave a fresh interest to the subject,[1] for we find that a play entitled *Cæsar's Fall* was, in 1602, being prepared by Munday, Drayton, Webster, Middleton, and

[1] The popularity of Shakespeare's play is in all probability attested by Leonard Digges' verses prefixed to the First Folio (1623):—

"Or till I hear a scene more nobly take
Than when thy half sword parlying Romans spake," etc.

others. In 1604 William Alexander, Lord Stirling, published in Scotland his "*Julius Cæsar*," which was re-published in England some three years later.

A droll or puppet-show on the same subject is mentioned by Marston in 1605, and by Jonson in 1609.

Cæsar's Tragedy acted at Court, April 10, 1613, was possibly Shakespeare's play (*vide* Note, *supra*).

(In Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy* (*circa* 1608) the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius is imitated).

(iii) After the publication of the First Folio we have Thomas May's Latin Play, 1625, and George Chapman's "*Cæsar and Pompey: a Roman Tragedy, declaring their wars, out of whose events is evicted this proposition that only a just man is a free man.*"

(iv) In 1719 Davenant and Dryden published their alteration of Shakespeare's play, adapting it to the tastes of their day. To about the same period belongs Voltaire's *Le Brutus*, an interesting document illustrative of the slow appreciation of Shakespeare on the Continent; its introductory essay on "Tragedy" is almost as instructive as the text. No play of Shakespeare's has been more popular, and probably none has become more widely known, translated into strangest dialects, so that the words spoken by Cassius have a prophetic significance in a sense other than that intended by their inspired author:—

> "How many ages hence
> Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
> In states unborn and accents yet unknown."

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar was printed with remarkable clearness and accuracy, the acts being regularly marked, but not the scenes, in the folio of 1623, where it stands the sixth in the division of Tragedies. Perhaps no play in the volume has fewer troublesome readings, or presents less occasion for editorial ingenuity in ascertaining the text; for which cause it has suffered comparatively little from the mendings and tamperings of modern editors. Notwithstanding, some accidental omissions and some needless changes have been made.

We have no clear authority towards fixing the date of the composition. External evidence there is none whatever, on which any great reliance can be placed for this purpose. Malone assigned the year 1607 as the probable time of the writing; his only ground for doing so being the supposition that it was written after the appearance of a tragedy on the same subject by Lord Sterline; which tragedy he supposed to have been first published in 1607. But, in the first place, there is no reason for inferring the date of either of these tragedies from that of the other; they have nothing in common but what would naturally result from using a common authority; while at the same time the subject had been too often treated dramatically to warrant the argument of either play having been suggested by the other: in the second place, Lord Sterline's tragedy is now known to have been published as early as 1604.

Mr. Collier thinks there is good ground for believing that the play in hand was acted before 1603. We shall set

forth his argument as succinctly as possible. In the last speech but one of the play, Antony speaks of Brutus thus:

> "His life was gentle; and *the elements*
> *So mix'd in him*, that *Nature* might stand up,
> And say to all the world, *'This was a man!'*"

In Drayton's *Barons' Wars*, as published in 1603, occurs the following stanza, speaking of Mortimer:

> "Such one he was, of him we boldly say,
> In whose rich soul all sovereign powers did suit,
> In whom in peace *the elements all lay*
> *So mix'd*, as none could sovereignty impute;
> As all did govern, yet all did obey:
> His lively temper was so absolute,
> That 't seem'd, when Heaven his model first began,
> In him it show'd *perfection in a man.*"

Mr. Collier thinks Italic type is hardly wanted to prove that one poet borrowed not only the thought but the very words of the other. The question is, who was the borrower? The *Barons' Wars* first appeared in 1596; but what is said of Mortimer in that edition bears no likeness whatsoever to the speech of Antony. Drayton afterwards recast the whole poem, and put forth an edition in 1603, containing the stanza quoted above. Mr. Collier's argument is, that Drayton, having before that date seen the play in manuscript or heard it at the theater, caught and copied the idea and words of Shakespeare, without being conscious of it; and hence the resemblance in question. And he thinks this conclusion is further strengthened by the fact, that in the later editions of the poem, in 1605, 1608, 1610, and 1613, the stanza remained the same as in that of 1603; while in that of 1619, after Shakespeare's death and before the tragedy was published, the resemblance was made still closer, thus:

> "He was a man, then, boldly dare to say,
> In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit,
> In whom *so mix'd the elements did lay*,
> That none to one could sovereignty impute;

> As all did govern, so did all obey:
> He of a temper was so absolute,
> As that it seem'd, when *Nature* him began,
> She meant to show *all that might be in man.*"

We give this argument for what it is worth, and hope it has lost none of its proper force in our statement. Nevertheless, we have to own that we can make nothing out of it for the purpose. Nay, of the two, we should rather conclude from the premises here furnished, that the indebtedness, if there be any, lies the other way. For we believe, not only that Shakespeare was in fact the greatest thief of mental treasure in his time, but that he could therefore all the better afford to borrow from others, forasmuch as he had so much more of his own than any body else, and forasmuch as his own was so much better than anybody's else. And indeed we hold it to be one of his highest merits, that his genius sucked in whatever of good there was in the intellectual atmosphere where it moved, and then reproduced it in just the right place, and applied it exactly where and as it would best fit. But in this case the thought, however just and happy it may seem to us, or may be in itself, was really but a philosophical commonplace among the writers of Shakespeare's time; who held that all things both in the world of matter and of mind were composed of the four original elements, earth, water, air, and fire; and that harmony and felicity of mind and character lay in these elements being rightly mixed: these standing together in due proportion, order and excellence were the result; otherwise, the result was eccentricity or defect. Images and expressions implying this theory are often met with in the Poet's works, and hardly less often in other writers of that age. If, however, there were in this case any thing more than a mere coincidence of thought and language, the most likely conclusion would seem to be, that Shakespeare, having read Drayton's poem, borrowed his matter, and that then Drayton, having heard Shakespeare's play, borrowed his improvement of it.

Other critics of great and well-seasoned judgment, and

from whose conclusions we are very reluctant to dissent, refer this drama to the Poet's latest period, placing it, as to the time of writing, in the same class with *The Tempest*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *Coriolanus*. Among those so judging are found the high names of Coleridge, Campbell, and Verplanck. And their judgment herein is avowedly grounded, not on the qualities of style and versification, but on what they consider the more calm and ripened tone of philosophic thought pervading the play. The point need not be better stated than in the words of Campbell: "I cannot, on the whole, but remark a more matured tone of philosophy in the classical and later, than in the earlier and romantic, dramas of Shakespeare. By his classical dramas I mean the three great ones, *Julius Cæsar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Coriolanus*. The philosophy that illuminates *Hamlet* has, possibly from the hero being neither entirely in his perfect mind nor entirely out of it, a certain vagueness and obscurity, unlike the deep and clear insight into human nature displayed in the classical dramas which I have named. I attribute this difference, not to the influence of classical or unclassical subjects, but to the ripened growth of the Poet's mind."

Now, for ourselves, we cannot discover, in *Julius Cæsar*, quite that serene and mellow philosophy, that entire and absolute aloofness of self from the representation, that pure and perfect transparency of mind,—like the light of heaven, revealing every thing it looks upon, yet remaining itself unseen,—which especially distinguishes the dramas that we reckon of the Poet's latest period. On the contrary, we seem to feel, in this play, somewhat of the same enthusiasm—a chaste and well-regulated enthusiasm, we grant, that scarce disturbs the balance of dramatic justice, and such as an angel need not blush to acknowledge—which discovers itself in *Hamlet* and other plays written between 1600 and 1605. To go no further, there are several speeches put into the mouth of Cæsar, which cannot be regarded as historically characteristic; and which certainly do not give a just impression of that greatest of all

the Romans, and who was perhaps the man of the highest and most varied powers and accomplishments, that ever figured in the political history of the world. In this part of the drama at least, we seem to miss somewhat of that wonderful calmness and elevation of soul, which discloses itself in *Coriolanus* and *The Tempest*, as if the Poet had looked on too many things, and seen into them and through them, to be at all captivated to or from the special interests of any one of them; having reached that stage and perfection of art,—if indeed it be not something higher than the highest art, and which but uses art as an organ for discoursing the harmonies of truth,—that he could pass into and, as it were, become the very persons themselves whom he studied or created, reproducing all the thoughts and feelings that were in them, as if they were his own, and yet all the while remain firmly himself and firmly within himself.

Another sort of argument has been drawn from the political cast and complexion of the three "classical dramas," that they were written after the Poet's mind had been specially excited to inquiries of that nature, by the great questions of public right against royal prerogative, which grew into general agitation early in the reign of James I. We will give this point the benefit of Mr. Verplanck's clear and judicious statement. He is speaking of *Julius Cæsar:* "The composition of this drama, like that of *Coriolanus*, may with all reasonable probability be assigned to some of the seven or eight years subsequent to 1607;—that period of the author's life and of the history of English liberty, when the principles of popular rights were first distinctly and continuously brought into collision with the doctrine of divine regal power and prerogative. Not indeed that the English people had not long before, even under the Plantagenets, often been driven by wrong to assert their natural or chartered rights, and thus to preserve a larger share of personal liberty than was to be found elsewhere. But it was in the early years of James I that these great questions were first formally carried into the

elections, and made the subject of elaborate discussion, as well as of popular appeal, through the press and the action of the House of Commons. When the public mind had been roused to such inquiries, it was natural that the dramatic poet—as the experience of every age of revolution and strong political excitement has shown—should partake, in some way, of the spirit animating and pervading all about him. Shakespeare appears to have looked at and studied the phenomena of political strife, with the eye at once of an artist, as to their external appearance, and of a philosopher, as to their principles and moral causes; but with little of the spirit of a partizan."

And in another place, where he is speaking to the same subject, he mentions the years 1610 and 1613 as the time when these questions broke out into open legislative controversy, and came to be matter of formal debate and of steady concerted action in Parliament. But, in the first place, it stands to reason and experience that such agitations should be brewing in secret, mingling in the currents of private study and social converse, and entering largely into "the talk man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk of the mind's business," for some years before they could work and establish themselves into definite legislative and judicial issues. In the second place, they grew forth into such action and expression some years earlier than the time assigned. The very first Parliament after the accession of James was deeply charged with their spirit and efficacy, thus showing that they had for some time been gathering strength, and were then ready to leap forth into effect upon the first coming of opportunity. The proclamation convoking this Parliament was itself irregular, assuming it as the right of the crown to control the election and return of members. After the meeting, their first business was upon an issue with the king, which ended in establishing their right of exclusive jurisdiction in such cases. Then, the king having set himself, with that bungling and blundering wrong-headedness which was probably inherent in him, to dictate their privileges, and to make

the law subject to his will, the House of Commons planted itself in an attitude of firm resistance. And when the king took upon him to censure some parts of their course, this gave rise to a high-toned vindication, which was drawn up by a committee and in pursuance of an order of the House, setting forth a full and pertinent justification of the censured proceedings, and asserting, with respectful boldness and in explicit language, the constitutional rights and liberties of Parliament. This was in the spring of 1604. At the time fixed for the next session, which was in the fall of 1605, the struggle was on the point of being resumed, when it was arrested and postponed by the all-exciting discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. As soon as this excitement had in a measure passed off, the struggle was renewed in all its bitterness; and continued thenceforward through the whole of the reign. From all which it seems clear enough that the elements of this contest, so far from being asleep till 1610, were thoroughly prepared and marshaled for practical assertion even so early as the first year of James.

But, what seems still more decisive against the argument in hand, these classical dramas have not, that we can discover, any peculiarity in this respect but what would grow naturally from the subject-matter itself, as the Poet found it in Plutarch. Had he invented the collisions and struggles between public right and individual temper, which mark these plays, then indeed his course might fairly be derived from the special rising currents of popular thought at the time: but, in the instances here represented, and in all the main characters and circumstances attending them, with the single exception of "the mightiest Julius," he follows with remarkable closeness the narratives of the historian. The persons and events he took just as they were furnished to his hand; though it is indeed true, that, in selecting and ordering them for dramatic reproduction, he penetrated far more deeply than Plutarch did or could into the principles which underlie and determine the forms and workings of social and civil organization. For

it seems to have been a necessity of his genius, in reknitting the facts and characters of history, to evolve their inmost significance, and train them forth complicated with the largest and deepest insight of those living laws which gave them shape and made them what they were.

All which seems to clear up the ground for what we believe to be the only argument that will really hold touching the date of *Julius Cæsar*. This argument has reference solely to the diction and meter of the play, the general form and structure of the sentences, the cast and texture of the imagery; in all which respects the play relishes, to our mind, of the Poet's style during the first five years of the seventeenth century, the same period which gave us *Hamlet* and *Othello*, and when it will hardly be questioned that his insight of things was deep enough and his grasp of them large enough to fill up the measures of any criticism that has yet made its appearance. Shakespeare began with what may be regarded as a preponderance of the lyrical or poetic elements over the dramatic. As we trace the growth and course of his mind upward and onward, we may, it seems to us, discover a gradual rising of the latter elements into greater strength and prominence, until at last they had the former in complete subjection. Now, where external evidence is wanting, it is mainly from the relative strength of these elements in the composition, that we argue the probable date. And we submit, that in *Julius Cæsar* the versification is more free and flowing, the diction more gliding and continuous, the course of the sentence more even and regular, the imagery more round and amplified, than we find in the dramas confessedly of his latest period. So that, touching the date of the writing, we rest in much the same conclusion as Mr. Collier, though we come to it on very different grounds.

The historical materials of this drama were taken from the *Lives of Julius Cæsar*, *Brutus*, and *Antony*, as set forth in North's translation of Plutarch. We proceed to condense, retaining, however, as far as practicable the very

words of the translator, so much of the narratives as relates to the main action of the play.

Marcius Brutus, having framed his life by the rules of virtue and study of philosophy, and having employed his wit, which was gentle and constant, in attempting great things, methinks he was rightly made and framed unto virtue. So that his very enemies which wish him most hurt because of his conspiracy against Cæsar, if there were any thing noble done in this conspiracy, refer it wholly unto Brutus; and all the cruel and violent acts unto Cassius, who was Brutus' familiar friend, but not so well given and conditioned as he.

Marcus Cato the philosopher was brother unto Servilia, Marcus Brutus' mother; whom Brutus studied most to follow of all the Romans, and afterwards married his daughter. Touching the Grecian philosophers, there was no sect of them but he heard and liked; but above all he loved Plato's sect best, and did not much give himself to the New Academy.

When the Empire was divided into factions, and Cæsar and Pompey were in arms one against the other, it was thought that Brutus would take part with Cæsar, because Pompey not long before had put his father to death. But Brutus, preferring the respect of his country before private affection, and persuading himself that Pompey had juster cause to enter into arms than Cæsar, took part with Pompey; though oftentimes meeting him before he thought scorn to speak to him. It is reported that Pompey, when he saw him come, rose out of his chair, and went and embraced him before them all, and used him as honorably as he could have done the noblest man that took his part. Brutus, being in Pompey's camp, did nothing but study all day long, except he were with Pompey. Furthermore, when others slept, or thought what would happen the morrow after, he fell to his book, and wrote all day long till night.

Now, when Cæsar took sea to go into Africa against Cato and Scipio, he left Brutus governor of Gaul in Italy,

which was a great good hap for that Province. For, while others were spoiled by the insolence and covetousness of governors, Brutus was a comfort and rest unto them. But he referred it wholly unto Cæsar's grace and goodness. When Cæsar returned, and progressed up and down Italy, the things that pleased him best to see were the cities under Brutus' charge, and Brutus himself, who honored Cæsar in person, and whose company also Cæsar greatly esteemed. Now, there were divers sorts of Prætorships in Rome, and it was looked for that Brutus and Cassius would make suit for the chiefest Prætorship, called the Prætorship of the city; because he that had that office was a judge to minister justice unto the citizens. Therefore they strove one against another, though they were allied together, Cassius having married Junia, Brutus' sister; and the place was so sought of either party, that one of them put another into suit of law. Cæsar, when he had heard them both, told his friends,—"Indeed, Cassius hath alleged best reason, yet shall he not be chosen before Brutus." Thus Brutus had the first Prætorship, and Cassius the second; who thanked not Cæsar so much for that he had, as he was angry with him for that he lost.

The chiefest cause that made Cæsar mortally hated was the covetous desire he had to be called king; which first gave the people just cause, and next his secret enemies honest color, to bear him ill-will. Notwithstanding, they that procured him this honor gave out that it was written in the Sibylline prophecies, how the Romans might overcome the Parthians, if they made war with them and were led by a king, but otherwise they were unconquerable. And they were so bold, besides, that, Cæsar returning to Rome from the city of Alba, when they came to salute him they called him king. But, the people being offended, and Cæsar also angry, he said he was not called king, but Cæsar.

Now, when Cassius felt his friends and did stir them up against Cæsar, they all agreed to take part with him, so Brutus were the chief of their conspiracy. For they told him that so high an enterprise did not so much require

men of courage to draw their swords, as to have a man of such estimation as Brutus, to make every man think that by his presence the fact were holy and just. Therefore Cassius, considering this matter, did speak to Brutus for the first time since the suit they had for the Prætorship. So, when he was reconciled to him, he asked him if he were determined to be in the Senate-house the first day of March, because he heard that Cæsar's friends should move the council that day that Cæsar should be called king by the Senate. Brutus answered, he would not be there. "But what if we be sent for," said Cassius, "how then?" "For myself, then," said Brutus, "I mean not to hold my peace, but to withstand it, and rather die than lose my liberty." Cassius replied, "Why, what Roman is he alive that will suffer thee to die for thy liberty? What, knowest thou not that thou art Brutus? Thinkest thou that they be cobblers, tapsters, and such like base mechanical people, that write these bills and scrolls which are found daily in thy Prætor's chair, and not the noblest men and best citizens that do it? No; be thou well-assured, that of other Prætors they look for gifts, and for common plays, and to see fencers fight at the sharp; but at thy hands they specially require the taking away of the tyranny, being fully bent to suffer any extremity for thy sake, so thou wilt show thyself to be the man thou art taken for and that they hope thou art." Thereupon he kissed Brutus and embraced him; and so, each taking leave of other, they went both to speak with their friends about it.

Amongst Pompey's friends there was one called Caius Ligarius, who had been accused unto Cæsar for taking part with Pompey, and Cæsar discharged him. Therefore Brutus went to see him being sick in his bed, and said unto him,—"Ligarius, at what a time art thou sick!" Ligarius, rising up and taking him by the right hand, said unto him,—"Brutus, if thou hast any great enterprise in hand worthy of thyself, I am whole." After that time they began to feel all whom they trusted, and did not only pick out their friends, but those also whom they thought

stout enough to attempt any desperate matter, and not afraid to lose their lives. For this cause they durst not acquaint Cicero with their conspiracy, although he was a man whom they loved dearly and trusted best; for they were afraid that he, being a coward by nature, and age also having increased his fear, would quite turn their purpose and quench the heat of their enterprise. Furthermore, only the name and great calling of Brutus did bring on the most of them to consent; who, not taking or giving any caution or assurance, nor binding themselves one to another by any religious oaths, all kept the matter so secret, and so cunningly handled it, that, notwithstanding the gods did reveal it by manifest signs and tokens from above, and by predictions of sacrifices, yet all this would not be believed.

Now, a day being appointed for the meeting of the Senate, at what time they hoped Cæsar would not fail to come, the conspirators determined then to put their enterprise in execution; and the rather, that all the noblest and chiefest men of the city would be there; who, when they should see such a great matter executed, would every man set to their hands for the defense of their liberty. They thought also that the place where the council should be kept was chosen of purpose by Divine Providence. For it was one of the porches about the theater in the which there was a place full of seats; where also was set up the image of Pompey, which the city had made and consecrated in honor of him. In this place was the assembly of the Senate to be, just on the fifteenth day of March, which the Romans call *Idus Martius;* so that it seemed some god of purpose had brought Cæsar thither to be slain for revenge of Pompey's death.

When the day was come, Brutus went out of his house with a dagger by his side under his long gown. The other conspirators were all assembled at Cassius' house, and from thence they came all together unto Pompey's porch, looking that Cæsar would come straight thither. Notwithstanding, there fell out many misfortunes, enough to have

marred the enterprise. The first and chiefest was Cæsar's long tarrying; for, because the sacrifices appeared unlucky, his wife kept him at home, and the Soothsayers bade him beware he went not abroad. The second cause was, a senator called Popilius Lena, after he had saluted Brutus and Cassius, rounded softly in their ears,—"I pray the gods you may go through with that you have in hand; but, despatch, for your enterprise is bewrayed." He presently departed, and left them both afraid that their conspiracy would out.

When Cæsar came, Popilius Lena went unto him, and kept him a long time with talk. Wherefore, the conspirators, not hearing what he said to Cæsar, were afraid, every man of them; and it was easy to see they were all of a mind, that it was no tarrying for them till they were apprehended, but rather that they should kill themselves. And when Cassius and certain others clapped their hands on their swords under their gowns to draw them, Brutus, marking the countenance and gesture of Lena, said nothing, but with a pleasant look encouraged Cassius. Immediately after Lena went from Cæsar and kissed his hand; which showed plainly that it was for some matter concerning himself that he had held him so long in talk. All the senators being entered into the place where the council should be kept, Trebonius drew Antony aside as he came into the house, and held him with a long talk. So, Cæsar coming in, all the Senate stood up on their feet to do him honor. When he was set, the conspirators flocked about him, and amongst them one Metellus Cimber, who made humble suit for the calling home of his brother that was banished. They all made as though they were intercessors for him, and took Cæsar by the hands, and kissed his head and breast. Cæsar at the first simply refused their entreaties, but afterwards, perceiving that the more they were denied the more they pressed upon him, he violently thrust them from him. Then Cimber with both hands plucked Cæsar's gown over his shoulders, and Casca, that stood behind him, drew his dagger, and strake Cæsar in the neck,

but gave him no great wound. But Cæsar, turning straight unto him, caught hold of his hand and held it hard, and cried out in Latin,—"O, traitor Casca, what doest thou?" Casca, on the other side, cried in Greek,—"Brother, help me." At the beginning of this stir, they that were present, not knowing of the conspiracy, were so amazed at the sight they had no power to fly, neither to help him, nor so much as once to make an outcry. They, on the other side, that had conspired his death, compassed him in on every side with their swords drawn, that Cæsar turned him nowhere but he was stricken at by some, and still had naked swords in his face, and was hackled and mangled among them, as a wild beast taken of hunters. For it was agreed among them, that every man should give him a wound, because all their parts should be in this murder. Men report that Cæsar did still defend himself against the rest, running every way with his body; but, when he saw Brutus with his sword drawn, he pulled his gown over his head, and made no more resistance, and was driven against the base whereon Pompey's image stood, which ran all of a gore blood till he was slain. It is reported that he had three-and-twenty wounds upon his body; and, so many swords lighting on him, one hurt another, and among them Brutus caught a blow on his hand, and all the rest were every man of them bloodied.

Cæsar being slain in this manner, Brutus, standing in the midst of the house, would have stayed the other senators to tell them the reason why they had done this fact. But they, as men both afraid and amazed, fled one upon another's neck in haste to get out at the door, and no man followed them. For it was agreed between them that they should kill no man but Cæsar only, and intreat all the rest to defend their liberty. All the conspirators but Brutus thought it good also to kill Antony; but Brutus would not agree to it; first, for that it was not honest, secondly, because there was hope of change in him. For he did not mistrust but that Antony, when he should know that Cæsar was dead, would willingly help his country to re-

cover her liberty. So he saved Antony's life, who at that time disguised himself, and stole away. But Brutus and his consorts went straight to the Capitol. There, a great number of men being assembled, Brutus made an oration unto them, to win the favor of the people, and to justify that they had done. All those that were by said they had done well, and cried unto them that they should boldly come down from the Capitol: whereupon they came down to the market-place. The rest followed, but Brutus went foremost, honorably compassed about with the noblest men of the city, who brought him to the pulpit for orations. When the people saw him in the pulpit, although they were a multitude of rakehells of all sorts, and had a good will to make some stir; yet, being ashamed to do it for the reverence they bare unto Brutus, they kept silence to hear what he would say. Howbeit, immediately after, they showed that they were not all contented with the murder: for when another called Cinna would have spoken, and began to accuse Cæsar, they fell into a great uproar, and marvelously reviled him; insomuch that the conspirators returned to the Capitol. There Brutus, being afraid to be besieged, sent back the noblemen that came thither with him, thinking it no reason that they who were no partakers of the murder should be partakers of the danger.

The next morning, the Senate being assembled, it was decreed to pardon and forget all that was past, and to establish friendship and peace again; and Antony, to put them in heart, sent them his son for a pledge. Upon this assurance, they came down from the Capitol, where every man saluted and embraced each other, among whom Antony himself bade Cassius to supper, and Lepidus bade Brutus, and so one bade another, as they had friendship and acquaintance together. The next day they came to talk of Cæsar's will and testament. Then, Antony thinking good his testament should be read openly, and that his body should be honorably buried, and not in hugger-mugger, lest the people might take occasion to be worse

offended; Cassius stoutly spake against it, but Brutus went with the motion: wherein it seemeth he committed a second fault. For when Cæsar's testament was openly read among them, whereby it appeared that he bequeathed unto every citizen seventy-five drachmas, and left his gardens and arbors unto the people, which he had on this side of the river Tyber, the people then loved him, and were marvelous sorry for him. Afterwards, when Cæsar's body was brought into the market-place, Antony, making his funeral oration, and perceiving that his words moved the people to compassion, framed his eloquence to make their hearts yearn the more; and, taking Cæsar's gown all bloody in his hand, he laid it open in the sight of them all, showing what a number of cuts and holes it had. Therewithal the people fell presently into such a rage and mutiny that there was no more order kept amongst them. For some cried, "Kill the murderers"; others plucked up forms, tables, and stalls, and, having laid them all on a heap together, they set them on fire, and thereon did put the body of Cæsar, and burnt it in the midst of the most holy places; and, when the fire was thoroughly kindled, some here, some there took burning firebrands, and ran with them to the murderers' houses, to set them on fire. Howbeit, the conspirators, foreseeing the danger, provided for themselves and fled.

The state of Rome standing thus, there fell out another change when young Octavius Cæsar came to Rome. He was the son of Julius Cæsar's niece, whom he had adopted and made his heir by his last will and testament. When Julius Cæsar was slain, he was in the city of Apollonia where he studied; but when he heard of his death he returned to Rome, where, to curry favor with the people, he took upon him his adopted father's name, and made distribution of the money which his father had bequeathed unto them. After that, these three, Octavius Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus, made an agreement, and by those articles divided the provinces belonging to the Empire among themselves; and did set up bills of proscription and out-

lawry, condemning two hundred of the noblest men of Rome to suffer death, and among that number Cicero was one.

Whilst Brutus and Cassius were together in the city of Smyrna, Brutus prayed Cassius to let him have some part of his money, whereof he had great store. Cassius' friends hindered this request, persuading him that it was no reason that Brutus should have the money, which Cassius had gotten together by sparing and levied with great ill-will of the people, to bestow liberally on his soldiers, and by this means win their good wills. Notwithstanding, Cassius gave him a third part of the total sum. Some time after, Brutus sent to pray Cassius to come to the city of Sardis, and so he did. Now, as it commonly happeneth in great affairs between two persons, having many friends and so many captains under them, there ran tales and complaints betwixt them. Therefore, before they fell in hand with any other matter, they went into a little chamber together, and bade every man avoid, and shut the doors to them. Then they began to pour out their complaints one to the other, and grew hot and loud, earnestly accusing one another, and at length fell both a-weeping. Their friends that were without, hearing them loud and angry between themselves, were amazed and afraid, lest it would grow to a further matter.

The next day, Brutus, upon complaint of the Sardians, did condemn and note Lucius Pella, who had been a Prætor of the Romans, for that he was convicted of robbery and pilfery in his office. This judgment much misliked Cassius, because, not many days before, two of his friends having been convicted of the like offense, he had openly cleared them. Therefore he greatly reproved Brutus, that he would show himself so straight and severe, in such a time as was meeter to bear a little than to take things at the worst. Brutus answered, that he should remember the Ides of March, at which time they slew Julius Cæsar, who neither pilled nor robbed the country, but was a favorer of them that did. And if there were any cause

why they might set aside justice and equity, they should have had more reason to suffer Cæsar's friends to do what wrong they would, than to bear with their own men.

When they raised their camp, there came two eagles that lighted upon two of the foremost ensigns, and followed the soldiers, who gave them meat, until they came near to the city of Philippi; and there one day before the battle they flew away. Octavius Cæsar came not thither till ten days after; and Antony camped against Cassius, and Brutus on the other side against Cæsar. Brutus first of all mustered his army, and did purify it in the fields, according to the manner of the Romans. It is reported that, while occupied about this purification, there chanced certain unlucky signs unto Cassius. For one of his sergeants that carried the rods before him brought him the garland of flowers turned backward, the which he should have worn on his head in the time of sacrificing. Yet further, there was seen a marvelous number of fowls of prey, that feed upon dead carcasses; and bee-hives also were found in a certain place within the camp, which began somewhat to alter Cassius' mind from Epicurus' opinions. Thereupon he was of opinion not to try this war at one battle, but rather to draw it out, considering that they were the stronger in money and the weaker in men. But Brutus did desire nothing more than to put all to the hazard of a battle as soon as might be, to the end he might either quickly restore his country to her liberty, or rid him forthwith of this miserable world. Thereupon it was determined they should fight the next day. So Brutus all supper-time looked cheerful, like one that had good hope, and talked wisely of philosophy, and after supper went to bed. But, touching Cassius, Messala reporteth that he supped in his tent with a few friends, and that all supper-time he looked very sadly and was full of thoughts, although it was against his nature; and that after supper he took him by the hand, and told him in Greek,—"Messala, I protest unto thee and make thee my witness, that I am compelled against my mind and will, as

Pompey the Great was, to put the liberty of our country to the hazard of a battle. Yet we must be lively and of good courage, although we follow evil counsel." Messala writeth that Cassius, having spoke these last words, bade him farewell, and willed him to come to supper the next night, because it was his birth-day.

The next morning by break of day the signal of battle was set out in their camp, which was an arming scarlet coat; and both the chieftains spake together in the midst of their armies. There Cassius began to speak first, and said,—"The gods grant us, O Brutus, that this day we may win the field, and ever after live quietly one with another. But since the greatest things amongst men are most uncertain, and if the battle fall out otherwise to-day than we wish, we shall hardly meet again, what art thou then determined to do, to fly or to die?" Brutus answered,—"I trust, I know not how, a certain rule of philosophy, by the which I did greatly blame Cato for killing himself, as being no lawful act, touching the gods, nor, concerning men, valiant; not to yield to Divine Providence and patiently take whatsoever it pleaseth Him to send us, but to draw back and fly. But now, being in the midst of danger, I am of a contrary mind. For, if it be not the will of God that this battle fall out fortunate for us, I will look no more for hope, neither make any new supply for war, but will rid me of this miserable world: for I gave up my life for my country on the Ides of March." Cassius fell a-laughing, to hear what he said, and, embracing him, said,—"Come on, then, and let us go and charge our enemies with this mind; for either we shall conquer, or we shall not need to fear the conquerors."

After this talk, they fell to consultation for the ordering of the battle. Then Brutus prayed he might have the leading of the right wing. Cassius gave it him, and willed that Messala should also be in that wing. Brutus sent little bills to the colonels and captains, in which he wrote the word of battle. By this means very few of them understood what the word was, and the most part never tarried

to have it told them, but ran with great fury to assail the enemies; whereby the legions were marvelously scattered. Then, being very earnest to follow them that fled, they ran into their camp, and Brutus among them. But that which the conquerors thought not of, occasion showed to them that were overcome; and that was, the left wing left naked of the right, who were strayed too far off. So they gave a hot charge, and overcame the wing where Cassius was, beating them into their camp, the which they spoiled. So that Brutus had conquered all on his side, and Cassius had lost all on the other: for nothing undid them, but that Brutus went not to help Cassius, thinking he had overcame, as himself had done; and Cassius tarried not for Brutus, thinking he had been overthrown, as himself was. Now, Brutus, returning from the chase, wondered much not to see Cassius' tent standing up high as it was wont. This made him mistrust what had happened: so he appointed a number of men to keep the camp he had taken, and sent for those that yet followed the chase, thinking to lead them to the aid of Cassius.

On the other side, Cassius was angry to see how Brutus' men ran to give charge and tarried not for the word of battle, and grieved, besides, that the men, after they had overcome, fell straight to spoil, and were not careful to compass in the rest of the enemies behind. By reason of this delay, Cassius found himself compassed in with the right wing of his enemies: whereupon his horsemen brake and fled; and he, perceiving his footmen also to give ground, did what he could to keep them from flying, and took an ensign from one of the ensign-bearers that fled, and stuck it fast at his feet. At length he also was compelled to fly, with a few about him, to a little hill, from whence they might see what was done in the plain. Howbeit, Cassius himself saw nothing, for his sight was very bad, saving how the enemies spoiled his camp, and also a great troop of horsemen whom Brutus sent to aid him. These he thought were his enemies that followed him; yet he sent Titinius to go and know who they were. Brutus'

horsemen saw him coming afar off, and when they knew he was one of Cassius' friends they shouted for joy; and some 'lighted from their horses and went and embraced him, others compassed him round with songs of victory and great rushing of harness, so that they made all the field ring again. But this marred all. For Cassius, thinking that Titinius was taken of the enemies, then spake these words: "Desiring too much to live, I have lived to see one of my best friends taken, for my sake, before my face." After that, he got into a tent where nobody was, and took Pindarus with him, a bondman whom he reserved for such a pinch ever after the battle of the Parthians; then, casting his cloak over his head, and holding out his bare neck unto Pindarus, gave him his head to be stricken off. So the head was found severed from the body; but after that time Pindarus was never seen. By and by, they knew the horsemen, and saw Titinius crowned with a garland of triumph, who came with great speed unto Cassius: but, when he perceived by the cries and tears of his friends the misfortune that had chanced, he drew out his sword, cursing himself a thousand times that he had tarried so long, and slew himself presently in the field. Brutus in the mean time understood that Cassius had been overthrown, but knew nothing of his death till he came near to his camp. So, when he was come thither, after he had lamented the death of Cassius, calling him the last of the Romans, it being impossible that Rome should ever breed again so noble and valiant a man; he sent his body to the city of Thassos, fearing lest his funerals in the camp should cause great disorder. Then he called his soldiers together, and did encourage them again.

Now, after Brutus had brought his army into the field, he paused a long time before he gave the signal of battle. In that place where himself fought in person he had the better, and brake into the left wing of his enemies. But the others, when the captains would have had them march, were afraid of being compassed in behind, and therefore did spread themselves; whereby having weakened them-

selves, they could not withstand the enemies, but turned tail and fled. And those that had put them to flight came in straight to compass Brutus behind, who in the midst of the conflict did all that was possible for a skillful captain and valiant soldier for the obtaining of victory. There was the son of Marcus Cato slain, valiantly fighting among the lusty youth. For, notwithstanding he was very weary and over-harried, yet would he not fly, but, manfully fighting and laying about him, telling aloud his name and also his father's name, he was beaten down among many of his enemies whom he had slain about him. So there were slain all the chiefest gentlemen and nobility, who ran into any danger to save Brutus' life; amongst whom was one of his friends called Lucilius, who, seeing a troop of men going right against Brutus, told them he was Brutus, and prayed them to bring him to Antony. The men, being very glad of this good hap, carried him in the night, and sent some before to tell Antony of their coming. When Lucilius was brought to him, he said with a bold countenance,—"Antony, I dare assure thee that no enemy hath taken or shall take Marcus Brutus alive: God keep him from that fortune. But wheresoever he be found, alive or dead, he will be found like himself." Antony, on the other side, looking upon them that had brought him, said,—"My friends, I think you are sorry you have failed of your purpose; but I assure you, you have taken a better booty than you followed. For, instead of an enemy, you have brought me a friend; and if you had brought me Brutus alive, truly I cannot tell what I should have done to him. For I had rather have such men as this my friends than mine enemies." Then he embraced Lucilius, and delivered him to one of his friends in custody; and Lucilius ever after served him faithfully, even to his death.

Now, Brutus, having passed a little river environed on either side with high rocks, and shadowed with great trees, went no further, but stayed at the foot of a rock with certain friends that followed him; and, looking up to the

firmament that was full of stars, sighing, he rehearsed two verses. Within a little while, naming his friends that had been slain in battle before his eyes, he fetched a greater sigh than before. He thought there were not many of his men slain; and, to know the truth of it, one called Statilius promised to go through the enemies, and, if all were well, to lift up a torch-light in the air, and then return with speed to him. The torch-light was lift up as he had promised. A good while after, Brutus, seeing that he came not, said,—"If Statilius be alive, he will come again." But his evil fortune was such that, as he came back, he fell into the enemies' hands and was slain. Now, the night being far spent, Brutus, as he sat, bowed towards Clitus, one of his men, and told him somewhat in his ear. The other answered not, but fell a-weeping. Thereupon he proved Dardanius, and said somewhat also to him. At last he came to Volumnius, and, speaking to him in Greek, prayed him, for the studies' sake which brought them acquainted, that he would help him to put his hand to his sword, to thrust it in him to kill him. Volumnius denied his request, and so did many others; and amongst the rest, one of them said there was no tarrying for them there, but they must needs fly. Then Brutus, rising up, said,—"We must fly indeed, but it must be with our hands, not with our feet." Then, taking every man by the hand, he said,—"It rejoiceth my heart, that not one of my friends hath failed me; and I do not complain of my fortune, but only for my country's sake; for I think myself happier than they that have overcome, considering that I leave a perpetual fame of virtue and honesty." Having so said, he prayed every man to shift for himself, and then went a little aside with two or three only, among the which was Strato, who, at his request, held the sword in his hand, and turned his head aside, and Brutus fell down upon it, and so ran himself through, and presently died.

Messala, that had been Brutus' great friend, was reconciled afterwards to Octavius Cæsar; and shortly after he

brought Strato unto him, and, weeping, said,—"Cæsar, behold, here is he that did the last service to my Brutus." Then Cæsar received him; and afterwards he did him as faithful service in all his affairs as any Grecian else he had about him. Now, Antony, having found Brutus' body, caused it to be wrapped up in one of the richest coat-armors he had; and afterwards he sent the ashes of his body unto his mother Servilia. It was said that Antony spake it openly divers times, that the thought that of all them that had slain Cæsar there was none but Brutus that was moved to do it, as thinking the act was commendable of itself; but that all the others did conspire his death for some private malice or envy, that they did bear unto him.

From the foregoing abstract it will be seen that in all the leading incidents of the play the Poet followed the narrator very closely and minutely; though in a number of cases he worked out those incidents with an amazing wealth of poetry and invention. Perhaps it should be remarked, further, that the time of the play is as follows: In February, the year B. C. 44, the festival called Lupercalia was held in honor of Cæsar, when the crown was offered him by Antony. On the following March 15 he was slain. In November of the next year the Triumvirs, Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, met on a small island near Bononia, and there made up their bloody proscription. In the year B. C. 42, the civil war was finished by the defeat of Brutus and Cassius near Philippi. So that the events of the drama cover a period of something over two years.

The title of this play is really a misnomer; for, as was remarked long ago by Gildon, and more recently by Schlegel, Brutus is the true hero of the piece, Cæsar being brought forward only just so much and in such a way as might serve to advance and set off that prince of the conspirators. And probably the design of the play required some such sacrifice of the greater to the less. For, had Cæsar been represented any thing like as he really was, the course of Brutus, however justifiable as it stood in his own

mind, could not have been made to draw in that current of sympathy which is due alike to his character as a man and to the place assigned him in the drama. Such, at all events, is the best excuse we can think of for the treatment here put upon Cæsar: for "the last infirmity of noble minds" is in truth the only point of his character that is fairly set forth in the play; all those colossal gifts and virtues, which placed him at the summit of heathen antiquity, being withheld from the scene, or at least thrown so far into the back-ground that their proper effect is all but lost. For he is represented as little better than a grand, strutting piece of puff-paste, and made to speak very much in the style of a glorious vaporer and braggart, full of lofty airs and mock thunder; than which nothing could possibly be further from the truth of the man, whose character, even in its faults, was as compact and solid as adamant, and at the same time as ductile and limber as the finest gold. Certain critics have seized and worked upon this, as proving that Shakespeare must have been very green in classical study, or else very careless in the use of his authorities. To our mind, it proves neither the one nor the other; but only that he was somewhat deeper in nature than in Greek and Latin. We have no doubt it was all done in the full knowledge of what great Cæsar really was, "the noblest man that ever lived in the tide of times"; and because, upon the plan of making Brutus a dramatic hero, the laws of artistic propriety required it.

Coleridge has thrown out a very pertinent doubt as to what sort of a character Shakespeare meant his Brutus to be. For it is remarkable that in his thinking aloud, a little after the breaking of the conspiracy to him, he avowedly bottoms his purpose, not at all on any thing Cæsar has done nor on what he is, but simply on what he *may become* when crowned. He has "no personal cause to spurn at" Cæsar; nor has he "known when his affections sway'd more than his reason"; but "he would be crown'd: how that might change his nature, there's the question"; and,

"Since the quarrel
Will bear no color for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus,—that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities."

So then, according to this, the upshot of the whole seems to be, that Brutus enters into and heads a plot for assassinating the man who, besides being clothed with the awful sanctions of law as the highest representative of the state, has stood as his personal friend and benefactor, not on any ground of fact, but on a sort of theoretical probability, as he views it, that the wearing a crown will prove in some way a sacrament of evil, and cause him to be quite other than the whole course of his life has shown him to be.

And yet the character of Brutus in the play, as in history, is full of beauty and sweetness; high-minded, generous, brave; in all the relations of life upright, gentle, and pure, his honor as white as new-coined snow; of a sensitiveness and delicacy of principle that cannot bosom the slightest stain; scorning to bind his promise with an oath, as one who will sooner die than swerve a hair from his lightest word; his mind enriched and fortified with the best extractions of philosophy; in his habitual demeanor cheerfully grave and genially severe; clothed with all the virtues which, in public and private, at home and in the circle of friends, win respect and charm the heart; a real patriot, every inch of him, able alike to adorn his country in the Senate and in the field, and willing alike to serve her with his life and with his death.

Now, the practice, too common of late, of strangling the Poet's conceptions under a fine net-work of critical theories, in order to approve his depth of wisdom, is not much to our taste: nevertheless, it appears to us that in this play the leading idea was, to give these two sides, however seemingly incompatible, a dramatic reconcilement, and by so doing to show how they might be and in fact were practically reconciled in the Brutus of history. To do this, was indeed a high task for art, even in the hands

of such an artist as Shakespeare; yet he has done it. Herein, we think, lies the chief merit of the performance; and, regarded in this light, it can hardly be overpraised. The delineation of Brutus deserves a place near, if not among, his masterpieces.

Of course, as here represented, Brutus could only be what he was and yet do what he did under some kind of delusion. And so indeed it is. Yet this very delusion may be justly said to have the effect of ennobling and beautifying his character, forasmuch as it takes him and works upon him only through his virtues. A genuine though perhaps too absorbing patriotism is the mainspring of his action. But his patriotism is mainly of a speculative kind, and dwells, where his whole character has been chiefly formed, among the ideals of a sort of philosophical and poetical dreamland. He is an ardent and enthusiastic student of books: Plato has been his favorite teacher, and he has studiously framed his life and tuned his thoughts to the grand and pure conceptions won from that all but divine source: Plato's genius and spirit walk with him in the Senate, sit with him at the fire-side, go with him to the war, and still hover about his tent.

Nevertheless, or perhaps we should rather say *therefore*, he does not really see where he is and what lies about him, has no clear eye for the drift and temper of the times, the circumstances and aptitudes amidst which he lives. The characters of those who act with him are too far below the region of his principles and habitual thinkings for him to take the true cast of them. Himself incapable of such motives as prompt their action, he therefore cannot understand them: he but projects and suspends his ideals in them, and then misreckons upon them as answering to and realizing the men of his own brain. So, also, he clings to the idea of the great and free republic of his fathers, the old Rome that has ever stood to his feelings touched with the consecrations of time, and glorified by the high virtues that have grown up under her cherishing. But, in the long reign of tearing faction and

civil butchery, that which he worships has been substantially changed, the reality lost. Cæsar, already clothed with the title and the power of Imperator for life, would but change the form so as to agree with the substance, the name so as to fit the thing. But the mind of Brutus is so filled with the idea of that which has thus passed away never to return, that he thinks to save or to recover the whole thing by preventing such formal and nominal change.

And so his whole course is that of one acting rather on his own ideas than on the facts that are before and around him. He is content to do that by which he thinks his country *ought to be* benefited; giving the go-by, apparently, to the question whether his country is actually in a state to be benefited thereby. As the killing of Cæsar stands dressed in his purpose, he and his associates are to be "sacrificers, but not butchers": they are to "carve him as a dish fit for the gods." But, in order to any such effect as he hopes for, it is necessary that his countrymen generally should regard the act in the same light as he intends it. That they will actually so regard it, is the very thing which he has, *in fact*, no reason or right to conclude: notwithstanding, because it is so *in his idea*, therefore he trusts that, the deed "so appearing in the common eye," they will "be call'd purgers, not murderers." Meanwhile the plain truth is, that if his countrymen had been capable of regarding the deed as a sacrifice, they would not have made or permitted any occasion for the doing of it. It is certain that unless so construed the act must prove fruitful of evil: all Rome is full of things proving that it cannot be so construed; but this is what Brutus has not the practical discernment to see, because his wisdom and virtue, noble and beautiful as they are, were born of the ideal, not of the hard, stern realities about him. So, again, in the deeply characteristic oration, when he undertakes to "show the *reason* of our Cæsar's death": he speaks, in calm and dispassionate manner, just those things which, according to his idea, ought to set the people

right, and himself right in their eyes; practically forgetting, all the while, that such an act cannot but stir up passion, and that passion is a thing that cannot be met by reason, because the two hold no proportion to each other. And for the same cause he will give no place to the thought of despatching Antony, or of denying him a chance of speaking to the people. To do thus, would be unjust, and so would overthrow the whole nature of the enterprise as it lives in his mind and purpose. If he had conceived the fall of Cæsar as drawing on a necessity of such further acts, he would have had no hand in it. And, because in his idea it ought so to be, he trusts that Antony will make Cæsar's death the occasion of strengthening those who killed him; not perceiving or not heeding the strong likelihood, which so soon passes into a fact, that in cutting off Cæsar they have taken away the only check on Antony's ambition; and that Antony, so far from being drawn to their side when Cæsar is out of the way, will rather seek to work himself into Cæsar's place by ruining them.

And so, because Brutus acts without any right understanding of his whereabout, therefore his action has no effect but to set on foot another civil war, which of course ends, as such wars have always ended, in aggravating the evil he sought to remove. He confides in the goodness of his cause, not seeing or not thinking, that the better the cause, the poorer its chance with bad men. Conscious of being honest himself, he therefore thinks others so; feels safe in putting trust in others, because he knows they can safely put trust in him: the singleness of his own eye makes him believe that others will see as he sees, the purity of his own heart, that others will feel as he feels. Thus he still works with instruments that bear no fitness or proportion to the matter; as if one, because a razor is the keenest of tools, should therefore go to hewing rocks with it.

The characters of Brutus and Cassius, though without any seeming effort or care, are discriminated with great

subtlety and depth of art; scarce a word falling from either but what relishes some how of their distinctive qualities. Cassius is much the better conspirator, but much the worse man; and therefore the better conspirator, because the worse man. For Brutus engages in the conspiracy on the grounds of abstract and ideal justice: but Cassius, from his very principles of action, regards it as both a wrong and a blunder to go about such a thing but with strong hopes of success. This, accordingly, is the end for which he plans and works, choosing and shaping his means with a view to compass it, minding little whether, in themselves, they be just or not. Withal he is more impulsive and quick, because less under the self-discipline of moral principle. His motives, too, are of a much more mixed and various quality, because his habits of thinking and acting have grown by the measures of experience: he studies to understand men as they are; Brutus is cor'ent to understand them as they ought to be, and must needs act with them as if they were what he would have them. Hence, in every case where Brutus crosses Cassius, he is wrong, and Cassius right; right, that is, if success be the proper crown of their undertaking. Still Brutus overawes him by his moral energy, and elevation of character, and by the open-faced rectitude and nobleness of his principles. It is observable that Cassius catches a sort of inspiration and is raised above himself by contact with Brutus.

It is a noteworthy point, also, that Cassius is too practical, too much of a politician, to see any ghosts. Though acting on far lower principles than his leader, and such as the latter would consider both wicked and base, still he does no violence to his own heart in screwing it up to the sticking-place appointed by his head: on the contrary, his heart is all along the prompter of his head. The mind of Brutus, on the other hand, from the very wrenching that his heart has suffered, still reverts to and dwells upon the moral complexion of his first step. It seems not unlikely that the Poet meant to give the impression that the killing of Cæsar planted in his upright and gentle nature a germ

of remorse, which, gathering strength from whatever adversities befall him, comes to embody itself in sounds and visions heard and seen by none but himself; the Spirit of Justice, made an ill angel to him by his own sense of wrong, hovering in the back-ground of his after life, and haunting his solitary moments in the shape of Cæsar's ghost.

The delineation of Portia, completed in a few brief but most expressive strokes, is indeed an exquisite piece of workmanship. Once seen, the portrait ever after stands as an old and honored acquaintance of the reader's heart. Like some women we have known, Portia has strength enough to do and to suffer for others, but very little for herself. As the daughter of Cato and the wife of Brutus, she has set in her eye a pattern how she ought to think and act, being "so father'd and so husbanded"; but still her head floats merged over the ears in her heart; and it is only when affection speaks that her sensibilities are hushed into that listening which she would fain have wait upon the speech of reason. She has a clear idea of the stoical calmness and fortitude which appear so noble and so graceful in her Brutus; it all lies faithfully reproduced in her mind; she knows how to honor and admire it; yet she cannot work it into the texture of her character; she can talk it like a book, but she tries in vain to live it. Plutarch gives one most touchingly-characteristic passage respecting her, which the Poet did not use; though he transfused the sense of it into those which he did. It occurred some time after the death of Cæsar, and while the elements of civil war were gathering to a head: "Brutus, seeing the state of Rome would be utterly overthrown, determined to go out of Italy, and went unto the city of Elea, standing by the sea. There Portia, being ready to depart from her husband and return to Rome, did what she could to dissemble the grief and sorrow she felt. But a certain painted table bewrayed her in the end, although until that time she showed a constant and patient mind. The device of the table was taken out of the Greek stories, how

Andromache accompanied her husband Hector, when he went out of the city of Troy to go to the wars, and how Hector delivered her his little son, and how her eyes were never off him. Portia, seeing this picture, and likening herself to be in the same case, fell a-weeping; and, coming thither oftentimes in a day to see it, she wept still." Even so the self-inflicted wound she takes without flinching and bears without a murmur, to support and comfort her husband, and translates its pains into smiles so long as this purpose gives law to her action, because there her heart perfectly keeps touch with her head. But when this is withdrawn, the weakness (if indeed that be the right word) of her woman's nature rushes full upon her; her feelings rise into an uncontrollable flutter, and run out at every joint and motion of her body; she goes into a spasm of anxiety which nothing can arrest until affection again whispers her into the composure of reason, lest she should spill something that may hurt or endanger one whom she loves. O, noble Portia! Well may Campbell say,— "For the picture of that wedded pair, at once august and tender, human nature and the dignity of conjugal faith are indebted."

As a whole, this play is several degrees inferior to *Coriolanus*. Admirable as is the characterization regarded individually, still in respect of dramatic combination the play does not to our mind stand among the Poet's masterpieces. But it abounds in particular scenes and passages fraught with the highest virtue of his genius. Among these may be specially mentioned the second scene in Act I, where Cassius lays the egg of the conspiracy in Brutus' mind, warmed with such a wrappage of instigation that he feels certain it will soon be hatched. Also the first scene in Act II, unfolding the birth of the conspiracy which has hitherto slept in embryo, and winding up with the interview, so charged with domestic glory, of Brutus and Portia. The oration of Antony in Cæsar's funeral is indeed a wonderful performance; being such an interfusion of artifice and passion, of fact and feeling, as

realizes the very perfection of its kind. Adapted at once to the comprehension of the lowest mind and to the delectation of the highest, and running its pathos into the very quick of them that hear it, it tells with terrible effect on the people; and when it is done we feel that Cæsar's blood is mightier than ever his genius and his fortune were. The quarrel of Brutus and Cassius is deservedly celebrated. Dr. Johnson thought it "somewhat cold and unaffecting." Coleridge thought otherwise: "I know," says he, "no part of Shakespeare that more impresses on me the belief of his genius being superhuman, than this scene." We are content to err with Coleridge herein, if it be an error. But there is nothing in the play that seems to us more divinely touched than the brief dialogue of Brutus and his servant Lucius, near the close of Act IV. The gentle and loving nature of Brutus is here out in its noblest and sweetest transpiration.

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

CÆSAR

The character of Cæsar in our play has been much blamed. He is declared to be unlike the idea conceived of him from his "Commentaries"; it is said that he does nothing, and only utters a few pompous, thrasonical, grandiloquent words; and it has been asked whether this be the Cæsar that "did awe the world"? The poet, if he intended to make the attempt of the republicans his main theme, could not have ventured to create too great an interest in Cæsar; it was necessary to keep him in the background and to present that view of him which gave a reason for the conspiracy. According even to Plutarch, whose biography of Cæsar is acknowledged to be very imperfect, Cæsar's character altered much for the worse shortly before his death, and Shakespeare has represented him according to this suggestion. With what reverence Shakespeare viewed his character as a whole, we learn from several passages of his works, and even in this play from the way in which he allows his memory to be respected as soon as he is dead. In the descriptions of Cassius we look back upon the time when the great man was natural, simple, undissembling, popular, and on an equal footing with others. Now he is spoiled by victory, success, power, and by the republican courtiers who surround him. He stands close on the borders between usurpation and discretion; he is master in reality, and is on the point of assuming the name and the right; he desires heirs to the throne; he hesitates to accept the crown which he would gladly possess; he is ambitious, and fears he may have betrayed this

in his paroxysms of epilepsy; he exclaims against flatterers and cringers, and yet both please him. All around him treat him as a master, his wife, as a prince, the senate allow themselves to be called *his* senate; he assumes the appearance of a king even in his house, even with his wife he uses the language of a man who knows himself secure of power, and he maintains everywhere the proud strict bearing of a soldier, which is represented even in his statues. If one of the changes at which Plutarch hints lay in this pride and haughtiness, another lay in his superstition. In the suspicion and apprehension before the final step, he was seized, contrary to his usual nature and habit, with misgivings and superstitious fears, which affected likewise the hitherto free-minded Calpurnia. These conflicting feelings divide him, his forebodings excite him, his pride and his defiance of danger struggle against them, and restore his former confidence, which was natural to him and which causes his ruin, just as a like confidence, springing from another source, ruined Brutus. The actor must make his high-sounding language appear as the result of this discord of feeling. Sometimes they are only incidental words intended to characterize the hero in the shortest way. Generally they appear in the cases where Cæsar has to combat with his superstition, where he uses effort to take a higher stand in his words than at the moment he actually feels. He speaks so much of having no fear, that by this very thing he betrays his fear. Even in the places where his words sound most boastful, where he compares himself with the north star, there is more arrogance and ill-concealed pride at work than real boastfulness. It is intended there with a few words to show him at that point when his behavior could most excite those free spirits against him. It was fully intended that he should take but a small part in the action; we must not, therefore, say with Scottowe that he was merely brought on the stage to be killed. The poet has handled this historical piece like his English historical plays. He had in his eye the whole context of the Roman civil wars for this single drama, not as yet

thinking of its continuation in *Antony and Cleopatra*. He casts a glance back upon the fall of Pompey, and makes it evident that Cæsar falls for the same reason as that for which he had made Pompey fall. In the triumph over him, men's minds rise up at first against Cæsar, the conspirators assemble in Pompey's porch, and Cæsar is slain in front of his statue. As his death arose out of the civil war, so civil war recommences at his death, and just as Antony predicts:—

> Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
> With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
> Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
> Cry *Havock*, and let slip the dogs of war.

In this symbolic sense Cæsar, after his death, has a share in the action of the play, which does not bear his name without a reason. That curse of Antony's, too, falls back upon himself in *Antony and Cleopatra*, because he had destroyed those who had spared him and offered him friendship, and even there the manes of Pompey interfere with continuous power, giving his history also the background of remoter histories, to which this drama is but an episode. —Gervinus, *Shakespeare-Commentaries*.

PORTIA

Portia, as Shakespeare has truly felt and represented the character, is but a softened reflection of that of her husband Brutus: in him we see an excess of natural sensibility, an almost womanish tenderness of heart, repressed by the tenets of his austere philosophy: a stoic by profession, and in reality the reverse—acting deeds against his nature by the strong force of principle and will. In Portia there is the same profound and passionate feeling, and all her sex's softness and timidity, held in check by that self-discipline, that stately dignity, which she thought became a woman "so fathered and so husbanded." The fact of her inflicting on herself a voluntary wound to try her

own fortitude, is perhaps the strongest proof of this disposition.—JAMESON, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

BRUTUS

Brutus is the political Girondin. He is placed in contrast with his brother-in-law Cassius, the political Jacobin. Brutus is an idealist; he lives among books; he nourishes himself with philosophies; he is secluded from the impression of facts. Moral ideas and principles are more to him than concrete realities; he is studious of self-perfection, jealous of the purity of his own character, unwilling that so clear a character should receive even the apparent stain of misconception or misrepresentation. He is, therefore, as such men are, too much given to explanation of his conduct. Had he lived he would have written an Apology for his life, educing evidence, with a calm superiority, to prove that each act of his life proceeded from an honorable motive. Cassius, on the contrary, is by no means studious of moral perfection. He is frankly envious, and hates Cæsar. Yet he is not ignoble. Brutus loves him, and the love of Brutus is a patent which establishes a man's nobility:

> The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
> It is impossible that ever Rome
> Should breed thy fellow.

And Cassius has one who will die for him. Titinius crowns the dead brow of the conspirator:

> Brutus come apace,
> And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
> By your leave, gods—this is a Roman's part:
> Come Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

Cassius has a swift and clear perception of the fact. He is not, like Brutus, a theorist, but "a great observer," who "looks quite through the deeds of men." Brutus lives in the abstraction, in the idea; Cassius lives in the concrete, in the fact.—DOWDEN, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

Plutarch's character-drawing, like his narrative, suffers from his twofold rôle of historian and moralist. His Brutus is a compromise between the humane idealist whom he wished to portray and the grasping *doctrinaire* whom he was too honest wholly to efface. His lofty Stoic condescends to a vulgar rivalry with Cassius for the election to the prætor's chair; nay, at Pharsalia, the general whose humanity amazed friend and foe promises his soldiers "the sack of two cities if they fought like men,"—an embarrassing inconsistency for which his biographer rather awkwardly apologizes as the "only fault to be found in all Brutus' life, and that is not to be gainsaid." The faults of Shakespeare's Brutus are exposed with a far surer hand; he is nevertheless a loftier character: no soil of meanness, cruelty, or vulgar rivalry complicates the tragedy of his fate. The personal relation to Cæsar which he violates "for the general" (good) is a more intimate one. Rome calls him "Cæsar's angel." In Plutarch, Cæsar "did not trust him overmuch," and included him with Cassius in his dislike of "lean and whitely-faced" men. Brutus on his part was "incensed" by Cassius against the tyrant. The monologue which Shakespeare puts in his mouth is a marvel of fanatical self-deception. It is not any actual "tyranny" that moves him, for he owns that "the quarrel will bear no color for the thing" Cæsar "is"; it is not even the abstract name of king which moves him, but a "change of nature" which that might induce. "Then lest it may, prevent." Brutus, like Hamlet, is set in action by the bidding of a ghost; but his ghost is not the discloser of a crying wrong which he groans to be summoned to set right, but a true phantom which drives him headlong to the redress of wrongs which even his biased reason can only discover in a hypothetical futurity.—HERFORD, *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

CASSIUS

Next we notice that another character in the play must suffer from Shakespeare's purpose of lending luster to the deed of Brutus, for Cassius, like Cæsar, is painted at the outset with colors that are unduly dark: we can have little respect for the man who deliberately seduces the honorable mettle of his friend, and still less when Brutus is that friend. Cassius, therefore, like Cæsar, will gain in dignity and glory when the play has run its half course: his petty jealousies, moreover, merge themselves in patriotism: and we are not altogether surprised that the honor reserved for him in death—"The last of all the Romans, fare thee well," should so nearly resemble the tribute paid by Antony to Brutus and Cæsar.

Apart from all this, Cassius is a foil to Brutus—a man of the world, and practical, as opposed to a man of the highest moral purity, and a dreamer. Antony is another man of the world, and another foil to Brutus: but he differs from Cassius in being fond of pleasure, and he is an adventurer rather than a politician. Both men, however, owe allegiance to a stronger and a grander nature than their own, Cassius to Brutus, Antony to Cæsar: and herein lies their chief virtue and their chief dramatic interest. But as in *Hamlet*, so also in *Julius Cæsar*, the poet takes refuge for one erring moment in that old treacherous doctrine: "Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."—Luce, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

It is Cassius who hatches the plot against Cæsar. Physically and mentally he is suited to the part of a ringleader. He is a spare man, with a lean and hungry look. He seldom smiles, loves no plays, and hears no music, being thus fit (as Shakspere had declared in *The Merchant of Venice*) for "treasons, stratagems, and spoils." On the other hand he reads much, and is a great observer, who looks quite

through the deeds of men. Cæsar's instinct is not at fault when he labels him "dangerous" on the ground that

> "Such men as he be never at heart's ease
> When they behold a greater than themselves."

His attitude towards the dictator thus springs in part from personal jealousy and mortification at being outstripped by a rival in the political race. But this is mingled with a sincere republican passion, which gives dignity to a character lacking in moral elevation. The distinction between Brutus and Cassius is thus not simply that between the idealist and the man of affairs. Cassius is an idealist in his own way. The principle of the equality of all men is as dear to him as abstract right is to his kinsman. Liberty, as he declares over and over again, is more to him than life:

> "I had as lief not be as live to be
> In awe of such a thing as I myself.
> I was born free as Cæsar."

Or, as he cries later in words of melancholy grandeur:

> "Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
> Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
> Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
> Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
> Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
> Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
> But life, being weary of those worldly bars,
> Never lacks power to dismiss itself."

Cassius' doctrine of liberty rests upon the simple axiom that every man, by the mere fact of his existence, is equal to every other. This finds its extreme expression in his singular piece of reasoning that Brutus and Cæsar must be on all points on a par because there is nothing to choose between their names as examples of the proper noun.

> "Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that 'Cæsar'?
> Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
> Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
> Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;

> Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
> 'Brutus' will start a spirit as soon as 'Cæsar.'"

Such an argument is an unconscious *reductio ad absurdum* of Cassius' own theory, and it is needless to say that, from a historical point of view, this decidedly primitive conception of democracy is curiously inapt on the lips of a Roman of the first century B. C. With Cassius' passionate conviction of the divine right of republicanism, he sees in Cæsar's ascendency nothing but a proof of the degeneracy of the times.

> "Age, thou art shamed!
> Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
> When went there by an age, since the great flood,
> But it was famed with more than with one man?"

Cæsar has become a wolf, because the Romans are sheep; a lion, because they are hinds. Let the brood of Romulus recover its ancient spirit, and all will yet be well.

> "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
> But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

He, at least, is determined not to be one of the petty men walking under the legs of the Colossus, and he starts the conspiracy for his overthrow. He is ready, if need be, to die in the cause of liberty, but he will first try what killing can do on its behalf.—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

CASCA

Casca is the type of the aristocratic republican. No one could despise the mob more thoroughly than he. But his cynical contempt is not confined to the people. It is his pride to hate "humbug" of all kinds, whether it is in Cæsar or in the mob. Such a man is a mere tool in the hands of Cassius, while his genuine bravery and complete freedom from sentimentalism make him exactly the man for a conspirator.—Ransome, *Short Studies of Shakespeare's Plots.*

THE MARKS OF A MASTERHAND

The quarrel between Brutus and Cassius is managed in a masterly way. The dramatic fluctuation of passion, the calmness of Brutus, the heat of Cassius, are admirably described; and the exclamation of Cassius on hearing of the death of Portia, which he does not learn till after their reconciliation, "How 'scaped I killing when I crost you so?" gives double force to all that has gone before. The scene between Brutus and Portia, where she endeavors to extort the secret of the conspiracy from him, is conceived in the most heroical spirit, and the burst of tenderness in Brutus—

> "You are my true and honorable wife;
> As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
> That visit my sad heart"—

is justified by her whole behavior. Portia's breathless impatience to learn the event of the conspiracy, in the dialogue with Lucius, is ful. of passion. The interest which Portia takes in Brutus anc that which Calpurnia takes in the fate of Cæsar are discriminated with the nicest precision. Mark Antony's speech over the dead body of Cæsar has been justly admired for the mixture of pathos and artifice in it: that of Brutus certainly is not so good. The entrance of the conspirators to the house of Brutus at midnight is rendered very impressive.—HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

THE ORATION OF BRUTUS

Hazlitt, acute enough in general, appears to us singularly superficial in his remarks on this play:—"Mark Antony's speech over the dead body of Cæsar has been justly admired for the mixture of pathos and art in it: that of Brutus certainly is not so good." In what way is it not so good? As a specimen of eloquence, put by the side of Antony's, who can doubt that it is tame, passionless, severe,

and therefore ineffective? But as an example of Shakspere's wonderful power of characterization, it is beyond all praise. It was the consummate artifice of Antony that made him say—

"I am no orator as Brutus is."

Brutus was *not* an orator. Under great excitement he is twice betrayed into oratory: when he addresses the conspirators—"No, not an oath"; and after the assassination —"Stoop, Romans, stoop." He is a man of just intentions, of calm understanding, of settled purpose, when his principles are to become actions. But his notion of oratory is this:—

"I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death."

And he does show the *reason*. The critics have made amusing work with this speech. Warburton says, "This speech of Brutus is wrote in imitation of his famed laconic brevity, and is very fine in its kind; but no more like that brevity than his times were like Brutus'." To this Mr. Monck Mason rejoins,—"I cannot agree with Warburton that this speech is very fine in its kind. I can see no degree of excellence in it, but think it a very paltry speech, for so great a man, on so great an occasion." The commentators have not a word of approbation for the speech of Antony to counterbalance this. There was a man, however, of their times, Martin Sherlock, who wrote 'A fragment on Shakspere,' in a style sufficiently hyperbolical, but who nevertheless was amongst the few who then ventured to think that "the barbarian," Shakspere, possessed art and judgment. Of Antony's speech he thus expresses his opinion:—"Every line of this speech deserves an eulogium; and, when you have examined it attentively, you will allow it, and will say with me that neither Demosthenes, nor Cicero, nor their glorious rival, the immortal Chatham, ever made a better." There may be exaggerations in both styles of criticism: the speech of Antony may not be equal

to Demosthenes, and the speech of Brutus may not be a very paltry speech. But, each being written by the same man, we have a right to accept each with a conviction that the writer was capable of making a good speech for Brutus as well as for Antony; and that if he did not do so he had very abundant reasons. It requires no great refinement to understand his reasons. The excitement of the great assertion of republican principles, which was to be acted over,

> "In states unborn, and accents yet unknown,"

had been succeeded by a momentary calm. In the very hour of the assassination Brutus had become its apologist to Antony:—

> "Our reasons are so full of good regard,
> That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
> You should be satisfied."

He is already preparing in mind for "the pulpit." He will present, calmly and dispassionately, the "reason of our Cæsar's death." He expects that Antony will speak with equal moderation—all good of Cæsar—no blame of Cæsar's murderers; and he thinks it an advantage to speak *before* Antony. He knew not what *oratory* really is. But Shakspere knew, and he painted Antony.—KNIGHT, *Pictorial Shakspere.*

ANTONY'S ORATION

The oration of Antony is in the first place remarkable for the calculated difference of style which it displays. Here we have no antitheses, no literary eloquence; but a vernacular eloquence of the most powerful demagogic type. Antony takes up the threat just where Brutus has dropped it, expressly assures his hearers at the outset that this is to be a speech over Cæsar's bier, but not to his glory, and emphasizes to the point of monotony the fact that Brutus and the other conspirators are all, all honorable men. Then the eloquence gradually works up, subtle and potent

in its adroit crescendo, and yet in truth exalted by something which is not subtlety: glowing enthusiasm for Cæsar, scathing indignation against his assassins. The contempt and anger are at first masked, out of consideration for the mood of the populace, which has for the moment been won over by Brutus; then the mask is raised a little, then a little more and a little more, until, with a wild gesture, it is torn off and thrown aside.—BRANDES, *William Shakespeare.*

THE UNITY OF INTEREST

What has been most censured in *Julius Cæsar* is that the piece suffers from a very undramatic form of composition inasmuch as it obviously falls into two halves, of which the one represents the death of Cæsar, the other the history of Brutus and Cassius. And certainly the external composition is defective, in so far as in the first half the action turns upon the fall of Cæsar and in the second upon the fate of Brutus and Cassius, and our interest, therefore, is divided, being at first fixed upon Cæsar, afterwards upon Brutus and Cassius. Yet both halves are nevertheless externally connected in so far as the subject of the action in the first part is not so much Cæsar's death, as, in reality, the conspiracy against his supreme power and the attempt to restore the Republic; in the second, we have the course and unhappy termination of this undertaking.

The unity of interest in a free dramatic poem, however, does not necessarily require to be a purely personal one; in this case the interest—just because it is dramatic—is first of all connected with the action, springs forth out of it, and rises and falls with it. And even though the free dramatic poem is the more perfect in form and composition, the more it manages to concentrate the interest of the action in the one person of the hero, still the historical drama is not bound by exactly the same laws as the freely invented composition. In the *historical* drama, the interest—if it is to be *historical*—must above all things

be truly historical, then it will be truly poetic as well. History, however, in a certain sense does not trouble itself about persons; its chief interest is in historical facts and their meaning. Now in *Julius Cæsar* we have absolutely only one point of interest, a true, but variously-jointed unity. One and the same thought is reflected in the fall of Cæsar, in the deaths of Brutus and Cassius, and in the victory of Antony and Octavius. No man, even though he were as mighty as Cæsar and as noble as Brutus, is sufficiently great to guide history according to his own will; every one, according to his vocation, may contribute his stone to the building of the grand whole, but let no one presume to think that he can, with impunity, experiment with it. The great Cæsar, however, merely experimented when he allowed the royal crown to be offered to him, and then rejected it thrice against his own will. He could not curb his ambition—this history might perhaps have pardoned—but he did not understand her, and attempted that which she, at the time at least, did not yet wish. The consequence of this error which was entirely his own, the consequence of this arrogant presumption which the still active republican spirit, the old Roman love and pride of freedom, stirred up against him, proved his downfall. But Brutus and Cassius erred also, by imagining that Rome could be kept in its glory and preserved from its threatening ruin simply by the restoration of the republic; as if the happiness, the power and the greatness of a state depended upon its form, and as if a single man could repair a nation's demoralization by a mere word of command. And as Cæsar had thought life unendurable without the outward dignity of the royal throne, so they imagined life not worth having without the honor of outward freedom, for they confounded outward with inward moral freedom, or, at all events, omitted to consider that the former can exist only as the result and expression of the latter. They too, experimented with history; Cassius trusted that his ambitious and selfish will, and Brutus, that his noble and self-sacrificing will, would be strong enough

to direct the course of history. For both felt that the moral spirit of the Roman nation had sunk too deep to be able in future to govern itself as a Republic; Cassius knew, Brutus suspected, that the time of the Republic was coming to an end. But in their republican pride, and feeling their republican honor hurt, they thought themselves called upon to make an attempt to save it, they trusted to their power to be able, as it were, to take it upon their shoulders and so keep its head above water. This was the arrogance which was added to the error, and which spurred them on not only to unreasonable undertakings but to commit a criminal act; and, therefore, they doubly deserved the punishment which befell them. Antony, on the other hand, with Octavius and Lepidus—the talented voluptuary, the clever actor and the good-natured simpleton—although not half so powerful and noble as their opponents, come off victorious, because, in fact, they but followed the course of history and knew how to make use of it. Thus in all the principal parts we have the same leading thought, the same unity in the (historical) interest, except that it is reflected in various ways. But it also shines forth in the secondary parts, in Portia's death, as well as in the fall of Cato, Cicero and the other conspirators; Portia and Cato perish with the noble but erring Brutus, who desires only what is good, the others with the selfish Cassius, who thinks only of himself. All perish because they do not understand, but endeavored arbitrarily to make history, or, as arbitrarily, went round the problem which had to be solved in its own time and "spoke Greek." Thus history appears represented from one of its main aspects, in its inner autocratic, active and formative power, by which, although externally formed by individual men, it nevertheless controls and marches over the heads of the greatest of them.—Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

SHAKESPEAREAN TRAGEDY

Shakespeare was an idealistic artist, but he lived in the center of the actual. The tragedy of moral struggle, or of heroic failure, or of love are rare things comparatively, but the tragedy of weakness is everywhere. The tragedy of mere weakness, however, is apt to be sordid. It is never so with Shakespearean tragedy. Shakespeare's tragic heroes, though they are none of them heroic, are all finely or even splendidly endowed. Every one of them has great qualities, and most of them are men of great intellect. Coriolanus, Antony, Hamlet, even Lear, are all men of commanding intellect; men whose intellect is beyond that of the common man of genius. If Shakespeare had died in the year 1600, we should know him as a great poet, a great humorist, a great artist, hardly to be matched in the realization of character, and the greatest of all dramatists. We should not know him as he revealed himself in the following years, as the greatest of all poets who have dealt with human life, as the poet of universal humanity, supreme, solitary, omnipotent.—SECCOMBE AND ALLEN, *The Age of Shakespeare.*

TYRANNICIDE

The justifiableness of Tyrannicide is a question which is capable of being so stated as to match any difficulty that casuistry can indulge in. The right and duty of insurrection against clear tyranny and usurpation none but slaves deny, and cases may be easily combined in which the assassination of the tyrant appears the only form of insurrection available, and also most promising of success; the tyrant, it may be urged, is self-outlawed,—he stands at open warfare with all the rights of humanity,—innocent lives are dropping daily while he walks in impunity, and what in such a case, it may be said, is covert conspiracy and sudden onset, but the laudable and prudential subtlety that is not simply excusable but incumbent in warfare.

To this, experience and history supply a rejoinder more decisive, and probably more influential than theory, or may guide to a theory afterwards. No instance can be adduced of justice in this wild irregular form having ever been effective; I do not believe that any tyrannous life has thus been forfeited that the tyrannical element did not survive: tyranny springs native from the corruption of states, and no accidental effort will eradicate the germ,—nothing less than such a summoning up of the vital spirit as reëstablishes healthy action throughout the organism, and throws off the infection by general reäction; or at least such a partial recovery as gains a preponderating force for the happier force of political energy. Little did it profit the Roman aristocracy to exchange the glorious clemency of Julius, for the precocious astuteness and cold heartedness of his adopted son, who reverted to clemency at last in policy and not from sensibility, and then not until he had taken security and more than security, by unsparing and deliberate extirpation of all but the very off-shoots of the entire order. Even war itself, the bitterest and most desperate, has some restraints imposed as much by experience as by theory or sentiment, and the poisoning of wells, poisoning of weapons, and subornation of assassins, are given up by tacit convention, not merely as barbarisms, but as blunders.—LLOYD, *Critical Essays*.

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JULIUS CÆSAR,
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
MARCUS ANTONIUS,
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, } *triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar*

CICERO,
PUBLIUS,
POPILIUS LENA, } *senators*

MARCUS BRUTUS,
CASSIUS,
CASCA,
TREBONIUS,
LIGARIUS,
DECIUS BRUTUS,
METELLUS CIMBER,
CINNA, } *conspirators against Julius Cæsar*

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, *tribunes*
ARTEMIDORUS of Cnidos, *a teacher of Rhetoric*
A Soothsayer
CINNA, *a poet.* Another Poet

LUCILIUS,
TITINIUS,
MESSALA,
Young CATO,
VOLUMNIUS, } *friends to Brutus and Cassius*

VARRO,
CLITUS,
CLAUDIUS,
STRATO,
LUCIUS, } *servants to Brutus*

DARDANIUS,
PINDARUS, *servant to Cassius*

CALPURNIA, *wife to Cæsar*
PORTIA, *wife to Brutus*

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE: *Rome; the neighborhood of Sardis; the neighborhood of Philippi*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Cæsar returns victorious from his foreign wars and is escorted in triumph to the Capitol. On his way thither he is warned by a soothsayer to "Beware the ides of March." Antony offers him a crown three times and as many times does Cæsar refuse it. But while his friends are thus honoring him, his enemies are plotting against his life. Their leader is Cassius and they succeed in persuading Brutus, a truly noble Roman, to join them on the belief that Cæsar is a menace to his country's welfare.

ACT II

Remembering the warning of the soothsayer and unnerved by the dreams of his wife on the preceding night, Cæsar is inclined to stay at home on the ides of March. The conspirators were expecting this hesitancy and had planned to go in a body to his house and to urge him to go to the senate-house. Cæsar yields to their entreaties and goes with them.

ACT III

In the senate-house, one of their members presents a petition to Cæsar and the others press near. On his refusal to grant the request, the conspirators stab him one after another, beginning with Casca and ending with Brutus. Murmuring "Et tu, Brute? Then fall Cæsar," the great general dies. Antony flees at first but afterward he returns, pretending to approve of the assassination and

asking permission to address the people at the funeral. To this Brutus consents, only reserving for himself the right to speak first and exacting from Antony a promise to make no charges against them. These conditions are satisfactory to Antony. Brutus addresses the assembled citizens and his speech explaining why the conspirators had deemed Cæsar worthy of death wins great applause. Antony follows him in a speech lauding Cæsar, and although calling Brutus, Cassius, and the others "honorable men," he uses the expression in such a way that to the people it soon becomes synonymous with "traitors." The commons turn against Brutus and his friend and they are driven to flee the city.

ACT IV

Antony, Octavius Cæsar, and Lepidus form a triumvirate and gather together an army. Brutus and Cassius collect another army and the two parties encamp near the plains of Philippi. One night while Brutus was sitting in his tent trying to read and with his attendants sleeping around him he has a supernatural visitor—the ghost of Cæsar—who says to him, "Thou shalt see me at Philippi."

ACT V

At the battle of Philippi the triumvirs are successful. Cassius forces his slave Pindarus to redeem a promise made to him long before by slaying him. Later Brutus causes his servant Strato to hold out his sword and he runs upon it and is killed.

THE TRAGEDY OF
JULIUS CÆSAR

ACT FIRST

SCENE I

Rome. A street.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Commoners.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? what! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a laboring day without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

First Com. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, sir, what trade are you? 9

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

3. *"you ought not walk,"* etc.; a regulation borrowed from English trade-guilds.—C. H. H.

Sec. Com. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Sec. Com. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow!

Sec. Com. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,

26. *"with awl. I"*; Ff., *"withal I"*; the correction was made by Farmer.—I. G.

38–61. Campbell makes a brief criticism on this passage, so just and so genial, that it ought always to go with the play: "It is evi-

To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day with patient expectation
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way

dent from the opening scene, that Shakespeare, even in dealing with classical subjects, laughed at the classic fear of putting the ludicrous and sublime into juxtaposition. After the low and farcical jests of the saucy cobbler, the eloquence of Marullus 'springs upwards like a pyramid of fire.' It can be no exaggeration to say that these lines in the speech of Marullus are among the most magnificent in the English language. They roll over my mind's ear like the lordliest notes of a cathedral organ; and yet they succeed immediately to the ludicrous idea of a cobbler leading a parcel of fools about the streets, in order to make them wear out their shoes, and get himself into more work."—H. N. H.

41. *"senseless"*; inanimate.—C. H. H.

51. *"her"*; the Tiber being always personified as a god, the feminine gender is here, strictly speaking, improper. Milton says: "The river of bliss rolls o'er Elysian flowers *her* amber streams." But he is speaking of the water, and not of its presiding power or genius. Malone observes that Drayton describes the presiding powers of the rivers of England as females; Spenser more classically represents them as males.—H. N. H.

That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt all the Commoners.*

See, whether their basest metal be not moved;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I 'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing

71. *"ceremonies"*; Plutarch says "diadems." In Plutarch's narrative, however, the offer of the "diadem" to Cæsar, which Shakespeare places in the following scene, has already occurred. With him, the crowning of the images was a second attempt to sound the popular disposition after the collapse of the first: Shakespeare treats it as preliminary to this.—C. H. H.

75. *"trophies"*; a passage in the next scene shows what these *trophies* were. Casca there informs Cassius that Marullus and Flavius, for pulling *scarfs* off Cæsar's images, are put to silence.—H. N. H.

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A public place.

Flourish. Enter Cæsar; Antony, for the course; Calpurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, and Casca; a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calpurnia!
Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.
[*Music ceases.*
Cæs. Calpurnia!
Cal. Here, my lord.
Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course. Antonius!
Ant. Cæsar, my lord?
Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.
Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says 'do this,' it is perform'd.
Cæs. Set on, and leave no ceremony out. [*Flourish.*
Sooth. Cæsar!

4. "*run his course*"; the course of the Luperci, or priests of Lupercus, the god of fertility, at the Lupercalia, through the streets of the city.—C. H. H.

Cæs. Ha! who calls?
Casca. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!
Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry 'Cæsar.' Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. What man is that?
Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.
Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.
Cas. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.
Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.*

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?
Bru. Not I.
Cas. I pray you, do.

19. The line is evidently to be read thus:—
"A soothsay'r bids you 'ware the ides of March."—I. G.

Coleridge has a remark on this line, which, whether true to the subject or not, is very characteristic of the writer: "If my ear does not deceive me, the metre of this line was meant to express that sort of mild philosophic contempt, characterising Brutus even in his first casual speech."—Plutarch's *Life of Julius Cæsar* furnished the basis of the passage, thus: "There was a certaine Soothsayer that had given Cæsar warning long time afore, to take heed of the Ides of March, which is the fifteenth of the month, for on that day he should be in great danger. That day being come, Cæsar, going unto the Senate house, and speaking merily unto the Soothsayer, told him the Ides of March be come. So they be, softly answered the Soothsayer, but yet are they not past." —H. N. H.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I 'll leave you.
Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviors;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one—
Nor construe any further my neglect
Than that poor Brutus with himself at war
Forgets the shows of love to other men.
Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?
Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection, by some other things.
Cas. 'Tis just:

40. *"passions of some difference"*; conflicting emotions.—C. H. H.

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I your glass
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.
[*Flourish and shout.*

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Aye, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius, yet I love him well.

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honor in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.
Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favor.
Well, honor is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life, but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, 'Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,
Accoutered as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow: so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside

88–89. Coleridge makes the following comment on this somewhat obscure passage: "Warburton would read *death* for *both;* but I prefer the old text. There are here three things, the public good, the individual Brutus' honor, and his death. The latter two so balanced each other, that he could decide for the first by equipoise; nay,—the thought growing,—that honor had more weight than death. That Cassius understood it as Warburton, is the beauty of Cassius as contrasted with Brutus."—H. N. H.

And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'
I, as Æneas our great ancestor
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their color fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his luster: I did hear him groan:
Aye, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'
As a sick girl. Ye gods! it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are

112. *"Æneas"*; regarded in Roman legend as the progenitor of the Roman people. He was said to have borne his father Anchises on his shoulders from the flames of Troy (Vergil, *Æn.* ii.).—C. H. H.

122. This is oddly expressed; but a quibble, alluding to a coward flying from his colors, was intended.—H. N. H.

For some new honors that are heap'd on Cæsar.
Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say till now that talk'd of Rome
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say

155. *"walls"*; Rowe's emendation of Ff., *"walkes."*—I. G.

There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

159. *"a Brutus once"*; Lucius Junius Brutus, who caused the expulsion of the last kings of Rome.—C. H. H.

163. *"aim"*; that is, guess. So in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona:* "But fearing lest my jealous *aim* might err."—H. N. H.

174. *"As,"* according to Tooke, is an article, and means the same as *that, which,* or *it:* accordingly we find it often so employed by old writers; and particularly in our version of the *Bible.* Thus Lord Bacon also in his *Apophthegmes:* "One of the Romans said to his friend; what think you of such a one, *as* was taken with the manner in adultery?"—H. N. H.

Re-enter Cæsar and his Train.

Bru. I will do so: but, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calpurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.
Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.
Cæs. Antonius! 190
Ant. Cæsar?
Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar; he 's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.
Cæs. Would he were fatter! but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid 200
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,

192–195. So in North's *Plutarch, Life of Julius Cæsar:* "Cæsar had Cassius in jelousie, and suspected him much: whereupon he said on a time to his friends, 'What wil Cassius do, think ye? I like not his pale looks.' Another time, when Cæsars friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him, he answered them,—'As for those fat men, and smooth combed heads, I never reckon of them; but these pale visaged and carion leane people, I feare them most'; meaning Brutus and Cassius."—H. N. H.

193. *"Sleek-headed";* an excellent variant for North's matter-of-fact "smooth-combed."—C. H. H.

As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar and all his train but Casca.*

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

Bru. Aye, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-day, That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him: and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus: and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice?

226. *"They shouted thrice"*; in *Plutarch* the offer was made twice. —C. H. H.

Casca. Aye, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by mine honest neighbors shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown: yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets: and, as I told you, he put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by

229–232. Plutarch's best account of this incident is given in the *Life of Antonius:* "The Romaines celebrated the feast called Lupercalia, and Cæsar, being apparalled in his triumphing robe, was set in the tribune where they use to make orations to the people, and from thence did behold the sport of the runners. Antonius, being one among the rest that was to run, leaving the old customes of that solemnity, ran to the tribune where Cæsar was set, and caried a laurell crowne in his hand, having a royall band or diademe wreathed about it, which was the ancient marke and token of a king. When he was come to Cæsar, he made his fellow-runners lift him up, and so he put the laurell crowne upon his head, signifying thereby that he deserved to be king. But Cæsar, making as though he refused it, turned away his head. The people were so rejoiced at it, that they al clapped their hands for joy. Antonius againe did put it on his head; Cæsar againe refused it: and thus they were striving off and on a great while together. As oft as Antonius did put this laurell crowne unto him, a few of his followers rejoiced at it; and as oft also as Cæsar refused it, all the people together clapped their hands. And this was a wonderfull thing, that they suffered al things subjects should do by commandment of their kings; and yet they could not abide the name of a king, detesting it as the utter destruction of their liberty."—H. N. H.

again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their chopped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swounded and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swound?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place and foamed at mouth and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not: but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that, but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him according as he pleased and displeased them, as they used to do the players in the theater, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he

260. *"'Tis very like: he hath"*; Theobald's emendation; Ff.,*"'Tis very like he hath."*—I. G.

270.–285. The Poet here borrows an incident that is related by Plutarch as having taken place on another occasion some time before the offering Cæsar the crown in public: "When they had decreed divers honors for him in the Senate, the Consuls and Prætors,

perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four 280
wenches, where I stood, cried 'Alas, good soul!' and forgave him with all their hearts: but there 's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Aye.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Aye, he spoke Greek.

accompanied with the whole Senate, went unto him in the market place, where he was set by the pulpit for orations, to tell him what honors they had decreed for him in his absence. But he, sitting still in his majestie, disdaining to rise up unto them, when they came in, as if they had been private men, answered them, that his honors had more need to be cut off than enlarged. This did not onely offend the Senate but the people also, to see that he should so lightly esteeme of the magistrates; insomuch as every man that might lawfully go his way departed thence very sorrowfully. Thereupon also Cæsar rising departed home, and, tearing open his dublet coller, making his necke bare, he cried out aloud to his friends, that his throate was readie to offer to any man that would come and cut it. Notwithstanding, it is reported that afterwards, to excuse his folly, he imputed it to his disease, saying that their wits are not perfit which have this disease of the falling evill, when standing on their feete they speake to the people, but are soone troubled with a trembling of their bodie, and a sodaine dimnesse and giddinesse."—H. N. H.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I 'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Aye, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: farewell, both. [*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick metal when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,

296–297. *"Marullus . . . silence"*; this is related in *Plutarch* thus: "There were set up images of Cæsar in the city, with diademes upon their heads, like kings. Those the two Tribunes, Flavius and Marullus, went and pulled downe; and furthermore, meeting with them that saluted Cæsar as king, they committed them to prison. The people followed them, rejoicing at it, and called them Brutes, because of Brutus who had in old time driven the kings out of Rome, and brought the kingdome of one person unto the government of the Senate and people. Cæsar was so offended withall, that he deprived Marullus and Flavius of their Tribuneships, and spake also against the people, and called them Bruti and Cumani, to wit, beasts and fooles."—H. N. H.

Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you, or, if you will,
Come home to me and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so: till then, think of the world.
[*Exit Brutus.*

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honorable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed: therefore, it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,
He should not humor me. I will this night,

327. *"He should not humor me"; i. e.* "he (Brutus) should not influence me, as I have been influencing him"; others take "he" to refer to Cæsar, and Johnson explains the passage as follows:—"Cæsar loves Brutus, but if Brutus and I were to change places, his (Cæsar's love) should not humor me, so as to make me forget my principles."—I. G.

To *humor* a man, as the term is here used, is to turn and wind and work him, by playing on his passions. There is some obscurity in the passage, it being not quite clear whether the last *he* refers to Cassius or to Cæsar. Warburton explains it thus: "If I were Brutus, and Brutus were Cassius, he should not cajole me as I do him." Johnson's explanation runs thus: "Cæsar loves Brutus; but if Brutus and I were to change places, his love should not take hold of my affections, so as to make me forget my principles." It is not easy to say which of these is the better. The former is favored by what Cassius has just been saying about Brutus' being seduced from the honorable disposition of his nature. On the other hand, the latter best agrees with what the Poet read in Plutarch's *Life of Brutus:* "Brutus in many things tasted of the benefite of Cæsars favour in any thing he requested. For, if he had listed, he might have been one of Cæsars chiefest friends, and of greatest authoritie and credite about him.—H. N. H.

In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name, wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And after this let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.
[*Exit.*

Scene III

A Street.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, Casca, with his sword drawn, and Cicero.

Cic. Good even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?
Casca. Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds;
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world too saucy with the gods
Incenses them to send destruction.
Cic. Why, saw you a thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave—you know him well by sight—
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand
Not sensible of fire remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword—
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glazed upon me and went surly by
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women
Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noon-day upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
'These are their reasons: they are natural:'
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.
Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:

15–28. Plutarch, in the *Life of Julius Cæsar*, gives the following account of these wonders: "Touching the fires in the element, and spirits running up and downe in the night, and also the solitary birds to be seene at noon dales sitting in the great market place, are not all these signes perhaps worth the noting in such a wonderfull chance as happened? But Strabo the Philosopher writeth, that divers men were seene going up and downe in fire; and furthermore, that there was a slave of the soldiers, that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand; insomuch as they that saw it thought he had beene burnt, but when the fire was out it was found he had no hurt."—H. N. H.

30. *"These are their reasons"*; Jervis conj. *"These have their seasons"*; Collier MS., *"These are the seasons."*—I. G.

But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit Cicero.*

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who 's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone;
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble

When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze
And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men fool and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures and preformed faculties,
To monstrous quality, why, you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

64. That is, why birds and beasts deviate from their condition and nature.—H. N. H.

65. *"Why old men fool and"*; Mitford conj.; Ff., *"Why old men, Fools, and"*; Blackstone conj. *"Why old men fools, and."*—I. G.

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mother's spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.
Casca. Indeed they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place save here in Italy.
Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then:
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*
Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.
Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,

What rubbish and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There 's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honorable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets,
And the complexion of the element
In favor 's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

114. *"My answer must be made"*; I shall be called to account.—C. H. H.

121. *"moved"*; proposed to.—C. H. H.

126. *"Pompey's porch"*; "This porch was the actual scene of the assassination, which Shakespeare places on the Capitol; and the 'image' is that which he nevertheless makes Cæsar's body stain with blood (iii. 2. 196)." (North.)—C. H. H.

129. *"In favor's like"*; Johnson reads *"In favour's, like"*; Ff. 1, 2, *"Is Fauors, like"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"Is Fauours, like"*; Rowe, *"Is feau'rous, like"*; Capell, *"Is favour'd like,"* &c., &c.—I. G.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend. Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who 's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this!
There 's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.
O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party—

Cas. Be you content: good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it, and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he 's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theater.
[*Exit Cinna.*
Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day

144. *"Where Brutus may but find it"*; where Brutus alone may find it.—C. H. H.

See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.
Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offense in us
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.
Cas. Him and his worth and our great need of him
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight, and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

SCENE I

Rome. Brutus' orchard.

Enter Brutus

Bru. What, Lucius, ho!
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?
Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there 's the question:
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;

"*Brutus' orchard*"; *orchard* and *garden* appear to have been synonymous with our ancestors. In *Romeo and Juliet* Capulet's *garden* is twice called *orchard*. The word was anciently written *hort-yard*.—H. N. H.

And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—
that;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of
Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common
proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the
quarrel
Will bear no color for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which hatch'd would as his kind grew mis-
chievous,
And kill him in the shell.

30–34. The subtle casuistry of Brutus in finding out reasons for his foregone conclusion of patriotism, is thus commented on by Coleridge: "This speech is singular;—at least, I do not at present see into Shakespeare's motive, his *rationale*, or in what point of view he meant Brutus' character to appear. For, surely, nothing can seem more discordant with our historical preconceptions of Brutus, or more lowering to the intellect of the Stoico-Platonic tyrannicide, than the tenets here attributed to him; namely, that he would have no objection to a king, or to Cæsar, a monarch in Rome, would

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint I found
This paper thus seal'd up, and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.
[*Gives him the letter.*

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March? 40

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter and reads.*
'Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake and see thyself.

Cæsar but be as good a monarch as he now seems disposed to be! How, too, could Brutus say that he found no personal cause, none in Cæsar's past conduct as a man? Had he not passed the Rubicon? Had he not entered Rome as a conqueror? Had he not placed his Gauls in the Senate?—Shakespeare, it may be said, has not brought these things forward. True; and this is just the ground of my perplexity. What character did Shakespeare mean his Brutus to be?" —H. N. H.

40. *"the ides of March";* Theobald's correction of Ff., *"the first of March."*—I. G.

It is possible that Shakespeare may casually have written "first," the first of March having been originally fixed for the Senate meeting. He read in *Plutarch* that "Cassius asked (Brutus) if he were determined to be in the Senate-house the 1st day of the month of March, because he heard say that Cæsar's friends should move the council that day that Cæsar should be called king." But it is clear from i. 2. 19, that Brutus is meant here to be struck with the fulfillment of the soothsayer's prophecy.—C. H. H.

46–58. This passage is based upon the following from Plutarch's *Life of Brutus:* "But, for Brutus, his friends and countrimen, both by divers procurements and sundry rumours of the city, and by many bils also, did openly call him to do that he did. For under the image of his ancestor, Junius Brutus, that drave the kings out

Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress.
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake.'
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
'Shall Rome, &c.' Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
'Speak, strike, redress.' Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

[*Knocking within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

[*Exit Lucius.*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream:
The Genius and the mortal instruments

of Rome, they wrote,—'O, that it pleased the gods thou wert now alive, Brutus!' and againe,—'That thou wert here among us now!' His tribunall or chaire, where he gave audience during the time he was Prætor, was full of such bils,—'Brutus, thou art asleep, and art not Brutus indeed!'"—H. N. H.

59. *"fiftsen"*; so Ff. Warburton (followed by many modern edd.) wrongly altered to "fourteen." It is, in fact, the dawn of the fifteenth, which Lucius may be supposed to include.—C. H. H.

Are then in council, and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter Lucius

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, sir, there are moe with him.
Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, sir: their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favor.
Bru. Let 'em enter. [*Exit Lucius.*
They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,

67. *"state of man"*; the original reads, "the state of *a* man"; which is retained by Knight, Collier and Verplanck, while all other modern editions leave out the *a*. Mr. Dyce says,—"For my own part, I am convinced that *a* is the barbarous and impertinent addition of a transcriber or printer." It were indeed strange that the Poet should have thrust in an *a* here, to no end, apparently, but to spoil the meter.—H. N. H.

70. Cassius had married Junia, the *sister* of Brutus; hence the former is here spoken of as the latter's *brother*.—H. N. H.

83. *"For if thou path, thy native semblance on"*; so F. 2; Ff. 1, 3, 4, *"For if thou path thy . . ."*; Pope, *"For if thou march, thy*

Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter the conspirators, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus Cimber and Trebonius.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?
Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honors you; and everyone doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
Bru. He is welcome hither.
Cas. This, Decius Brutus.
Bru. He is welcome too.
Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.
Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*
Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?
Casca. No.
Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth, and yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.
Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceived.

. . ."; Singer conj. *"For if thou put'st thy....."* &c.; but there is no need to improve on the reading of F. 2.—I. G.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire, and the high east
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards and to steel with valor
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged
That this shall be or we will fall for it?

114. *"the face of men"*; Johnson thus explains this passage; in which, with a view perhaps to imitate the abruptness of discourse, Shakespeare has constructed the latter part without regard to the beginning: "The *face of men* is the *countenance*, the *regard*, the *esteem* of the public; in other terms, *honor* and *reputation:* or the *face* of men may mean the dejected look of the people."—H. N. H.

119. *"by lottery"*; Steevens thinks there may be an allusion here to the custom of *decimation*, that is, the selection by *lot* of every tenth soldier in a general mutiny for punishment.—H. N. H.

Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said his judgment ruled our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him,
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urged: I think it is not meet
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and you know his means,

If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.
Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar:
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar? But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let 's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let 's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.
Cas. Yet I fear him,
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—
Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought and die for Cæsar:

And that were much he should, for he is given
To sports, to wildness and much company.
Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live and laugh at this hereafter.
[*Clock strikes.*
Bru. Peace! count the clock.
Cas. The clock hath stricken three.
Treb. 'Tis time to part.
Cas. But it is doubtful yet
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies:
It may be these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.
Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils and men with flatterers:
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work;
For I can give his humor the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?
Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

188. *"And that were much he should"*; and that for him were much.—C. H. H.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder none of you have thought of him.
Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I 'll fashion him.
Cas. The morning comes upon 's: we 'll leave you, Brutus:
And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember
What you have said and show yourselves true Romans.
Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal constancy:
And so, good morrow to you every one.
[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*
Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep! It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord!
Bru. Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?

218. *"go along by him";* that is, by his house; make that your way home.—H. N. H.

234. The matter of this noble dialogue is thus delivered in Plutarch's *Life of Brutus:* "His wife Porcia was the daughter of Cato, whom Brutus maried, being his cousin; not a maiden, but a

It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.
Por. Nor for yours neither. You 've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight at supper
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks:
I urged you further; then you scratch'd your head,

young widow after the death of her first husband, Bibulus. This ladie, loving her husband well, and being of a noble courage, as she was also wise; because she would not aske her husband what he ayled before she had made some proofe by herselfe; took a little rasour, and, causing her women to go out of her chamber, gave herselfe a great gash withall in her thigh; and incontinently after a vehement feaver tooke her, by reason of the paine of her wound. Then, perceiving her husband was marvellously out of quiet, and could take no rest, she spake in this sort unto him: 'I, being, O Brutus! the daughter of Cato, was maried unto thee; not to be thy bed-fellow and companion at board onely, like a harlot, but to be partaker also with thee of thy good and evill fortune. Now, for thyselfe, I can find no cause of fault in thee touching our match; but, for my part, how may I shew my duty towards thee, and how much I would do for thy sake, if I cannot constantly beare a secret mischance or griefe with thee? I confesse that a womans wit commonly is too weake to keepe a secret safely: but yet good education and the company of vertuous men have some power to reforme the defect of nature. And, for myselfe, I have this benefite, moreover, that I am the daughter of Cato, and wife of Brutus. Notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things, until now I have found by experience, that no paine or griefe whatsoever can overcome me.' With these words, shee shewed him the wound on her thigh, and told him what she had done to prove herselfe. Brutus was amazed to heare what she sayd unto him; and, lifting up his hands to heaven, he besought the goddes to give him the grace that he might be found a husband worthy of so noble a wife as Porcia: so he then did comfort her the best he could." —H. N. H.

And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry wafture of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humor,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And, could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do: good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick, and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humors
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offense within your mind,
Which by the right and virtue of my place
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,

Por. "—— No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: "

Julius Cæsar. Act 2, Scene 1.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it expected I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honorable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here in the thigh: can I bear that with patience
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!
[*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart:
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.
Leave me with haste. [*Exit Portia.*] Lucius, who 's that knocks?

Re-enter Lucius with Ligarius.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.
Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?
Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.
Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!
Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honor.
Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, derived from honorable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible,
Yea, get the better of them. What 's to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fired I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Cæsar's house.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Cæsar, in his night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
'Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!' Who 's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Calpurnia.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk
forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.
Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd
me
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall
see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.
Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their
dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the
streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.
Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.
Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;

19. *"fight"*; so Ff.; Dyce, *"fought"*; Keightley, *"did fight."*—I. G.
24. *"squeal"*; in Shakespeare's time still a dignified word.—C. H. H.

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their death;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:

31. This may have been suggested by Suetonius, who relates that a blazing star appeared for seven days together during the celebration of games, instituted by Augustus, in honor of Julius. The common people believed that this indicated his reception among the gods: his statues were accordingly ornamented with its figure, and medals struck on which it was represented.—H. N. H.

32–33. So in *Plutarch:* "When some of his friends did counsell him to have a guard for the safety of his person, and some also did offer themselves to serve him; he would never consent, but said it was better to die once, than alwayes to be afraid of death."—H. N. H.

41–48. Steevens observes, that any speech of Cæsar, throughout this scene, will appear to disadvantage, if compared with the following, put into his mouth by May in the seventh book of his *Supplement to Lucan:*

"Plus me, Calphurnia, luctus
Et lachrymæ movere tuæ, quam tristia vatum
Responsa, infaustæ volucres, aut ulla dierum
Vana superstitio poterant. Ostenta timere
Si nunc inciperem, quæ non mihi tempora posthac
Anxia transirent? quæ lux jucunda maneret?
Aut quæ libertas? frustra servire timori
(Dum nec luce frui, nec mortem arcere licebit)
Cogar, et huic capiti quod Roma veretur, aruspex
Jus dabit, et vanus semper dominabitur augur."—H. N. H.

Cæsar should be a beast without a heart
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible:
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house and not your own.
We 'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
And, for thy humor, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here 's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell graybeards the truth?

46. *"are"*; Upton conj.; Ff. 1, 2, *"heare"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"hear"*; Rowe, *"heard"*; Theobald, *"were."*—I. G.

Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.
Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.
Cæs. The cause is in my will: I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statuë,
Which like a fountain with an hundred spouts
Did run pure blood, and many lusty Romans
Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply for warnings and portents
And evils imminent, and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.
Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

76. *"statuë"*; in Shakespeare's time *statue* was pronounced indifferently as a word of two syllables or three. Bacon uses it repeatedly as a trisyllable, and spells it *statua*, as in his *Advancement of Learning*, 1633: "It is not possible to have the true pictures or *statuaes* of Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, no, nor of the kings or great personages of much later years." The measure evidently requires that it be a word of three syllables here, as also in Act iii. sc. 2,

"And at the base of Pompey's *statue*."—H. N. H.

89. *"tinctures"*; at the execution of several of our ancient nobility,

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.
Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say
'Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper
'Lo, Cæsar is afraid'?
Pardon me, Cæsar, for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable.
Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, and Cinna.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.
Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.
Cæs. Welcome, Publius.
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,

martyrs, &c., we are told that handkerchiefs were *tinctured* with their blood, and preserved as affectionate or salutary memorials of the deceased.—H. N. H.

104. That is, propriety of speech stands second, gives way to my love.—H. N. H.

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.
What is 't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you; 121
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will. [*Aside*] And so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in and taste some wine with me;
And we like friends will straightway go together.

Bru. [*Aside*] That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A street near the Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.

Art. 'Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not: thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee!

Thy lover, Artemidorus.'

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live:
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.

[*Exit.*

16, 17. The Poet here follows Plutarch very closely: "One Artemidorus, born in the ile of Cnidos, a doctor of rhetorick in the Greeke tongue, who by means of his profession was very familiar with Brutus confederates, and therefore knew the most part of al their practices against Cæsar, came and brought him a litle bill, written with his owne hand, of all that he meant to tel him. He, marking how Cæsar received all the supplications that were offered him, and that he gave them straight to his men that were about him, pressed nearer to him, and said,—'Cæsar, reade this me-

Scene IV

Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?
Luc. To know my errand, madam.
Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?
Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?
Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?
Luc. I hear none, madam.

moriall to yourselfe, and that quickly, for they be matters of great weight, and touch you nearly.' Cæsar took it of him, but could never reade it, though he many times attempted it, for the number of people that did salute him; but, holding it still in his hand keeping it to himselfe, went on withall into the Senate-house."—H. N. H.

Por. Prithee, listen well:
I heard a bustling rumor like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow:
Which way hast thou been?
Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.
Por. What is 't o'clock?
Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.
Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?
Sooth. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.
Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?
Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.
Por. Why, know'st thou any harm 's intended towards him?
Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I 'll get me to a place more void and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*
Por. I must go in. Aye me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!

Sure, the boy heard me. Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow faint.
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
[*Exeunt severally.*

42. *"Brutus hath a suit";* these words Portia addresses to Lucius, to deceive him, by assigning a false cause for her present perturbation.—H. N. H.

43–46. *"O, I grow faint,"* etc.; in Plutarch's *Life of Brutus* the incident of this scene is related as follows: "In the meane time, there came one of Brutus men post hast unto him, and told him his wife was dying. For Porcia, being very carefull and pensive for that which was to come, and being too weake to away with so great and inward griefe of mind, could hardly keepe within, but was frighted with every little noyse and crie she heard; asking every man that came from the market place what Brutus did, and sending messenger after messenger, to know what news. At length, Cæsars comming being prolonged, Porciaes weakness was not able to hold out any longer; and thereupon shee sodainly swounded, that she had no leysure to go to her chamber, but was taken in the middest of her house. Howbeit, she soone came to herselfe againe, and so was layd in her bed, and attended by her women. When Brutus heard these newes, it grieved him; yet he left not off the care of his countrie, neither went to his house for any newes he heard."—H. N. H.

ACT THIRD

SCENE I

Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.

A crowd of people; among them Artemidorus and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, Publius, and others.

Cæs. The ides of March are come.
Sooth. Aye, Cæsar; but not gone.
Art. Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.
Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine 's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.
Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last served.
Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

1. In *Plutarch* these words form a private colloquy between Cæsar and the soothsayer: Cæsar addresses him "merrily," and he "softly" answers. Shakespeare's Cæsar does not unbend so far.—C. H. H.

8. *"ourself";* Shakespeare gives Cæsar the plural of modern royalty, unknown even to the emperors of Rome.—C. H. H.

Mr. Collier's second folio offers a shrewd change in this line, thus: *"That touches us? Ourself shall be last serv'd."* Nevertheless, we are not prepared to adopt it; the text making good enough sense as it stands.—H. N. H.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place.
Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Cæsar goes up to the Senate-house, the rest following.

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.
Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?
Pop. Fare you well.
[*Advances to Cæsar.*
Bru. What said Popilius Lena?
Cas. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.
Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.
Cas. Casca,
Be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known;
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.
Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.
Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.
[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.*
Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.
Bru. He is address'd: press near and second him.
Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.
Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss

That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart:— [*Kneeling.*

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools, I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

36. Mr. Collier's second folio changes *"couchings"* into *crouchings*, and *"low-crooked,"* some lines below, into *low-crouched*. This seems an inadmissible modernizing of the Poet's language.—H. N. H.

39. *"law of children"*; Johnson's emendation of Ff., *"lane of children"*; Steevens conj. *"line of c."*; Mason conj. *"play of c."* Mr. Fleay approves of the Folio reading, and explains *"lane"* in the sense of "narrow conceits"; he compares the following lines from Johnson's *Staple of News*:—

> *"A narrow-minded man! my thoughts do dwell*
> *All in a lane."*—I. G.

47, 48. *"Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause Will he be satisfied"*; there is an interesting piece of literary history connected with these lines. In Ben Jonson's *Sylva* or *Discoveries* occurs the famous criticism on Shakespeare, where Jonson, after speaking

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?
Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar,
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.
Cæs. What, Brutus!
Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.
Cæs. I could be well moved, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks;
They are all fire and every one doth shine;

of his love for Shakespeare "on this side of idolatry," expresses a wish "that he had blotted more." "His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too! Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong,' he replied, *'Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause,'* and such like; which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned." Again in his *Staple of News* (acted 1625), a character says, "Cry you mercy, *you never did wrong, but with just cause.*" From these references it is inferred that in its original form the passage stood thus:—

"METELLUS. *Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.*
CÆSAR. *Know, Cæsar doth not wrong but with just cause,*
Nor without cause will he be satisfied."

It is impossible to determine whether Jonson misquoted, or whether (as seems more likely) his criticism effected its purpose, and the lines were changed by Shakespeare or by his editors.—I. G.

But there 's but one in all doth hold his place:
So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me!

[*Casca first, then the other Conspirators and Marcus Brutus stab Cæsar.*

Cæs. Et tu, Brute? Then fall, Cæsar! [*Dies.*

Cin. Liberty! freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out
'Liberty, freedom and enfranchisement!'

Bru. People, and senators, be not affrighted;

77. *"Et tu, Brute"*; according to Plutarch, Cæsar called out in Latin to Casca, *"O vile traitor, Casca, what doest thou?"* Suetonius, however, states that Cæsar addressed Brutus in Greek:—*"καὶ σὺ, τέκνον,"* i. e. *"and thou, too, my son."* The words *"Et tu, Brute,"* proverbial in Elizabethan times, must have been derived from the Greek; they are found in at least three works published earlier than *Julius Cæsar*:—(i) Eedes' Latin play, *Cæsaris interfecti*, 1582; (ii) *The True Tragedie of Richard, Duke of York*, 1595; (iii) *Acolastus, his Afterwitte*, 1600. In Cæsar's Legend, *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1587, these lines occurs:—

"O this, quoth I, is violence: then Cassius pierced my breast;
And Brutus thou, my son, quoth I, whom erst I loved best."
—I. G.

Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where 's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people
Rushing on us should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so: and let no man abide this deed
But we the doers.

Re-enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where is Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amazed:
Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

101–102. This speech was originally given to Casca, but has unaccountably been taken from him by modern editors, and transferred to Cassius. The sentiment is in strict keeping with what Casca says in Act i. sc. 3: "Every bondman in his own hand bears the power to cancel his captivity." Steevens justly remarks, upon the dismissal of Casca, that the Poet knew he had a sufficient number of heroes on his hands, and was glad to lose an

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let 's all cry 'Peace, freedom and liberty!' 110
Cas. Stoop then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!
Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!
Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.
Dec. What, shall we forth?
Cas. Aye, every man away:

individual in the crowd; and that Casca's singularity of manners would have appeared to little advantage amid the succeeding war and tumult.—H. N. H.

105–110. These lines are given to Casca by Pope.—I. G.

115. *"on Pompey's basis"*; at the base of Pompey's statue. This was the actual scene of the murder, according to Plutarch. Shakespeare appears to assume that it was by the Capitol.—C. H. H.

116–118. There is nothing in the play more puzzling to us than this and the two preceding speeches. It seems to us that the Poet either committed a great oversight in making his heroes talk thus, or else meant it as a very significant and characteristic passage. Did he mean to indicate a sort of sentimental hanging and brooding over their own virtue, to suck thereout self-solacement and self-assurance of fame, such as might naturally grow from making patriotism the special purpose and profession of their lives?—H. N. H.

Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal and loving:
Say I love Brutus and I honor him;
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honor'd him and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him and be resolved
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living, but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied and, by my honor,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I 'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind

143. *"to friend"*; as our friend.—C. H. H.

That fears him much, and my misgivings still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfill your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands

152. Johnson explains this: "Who else may be supposed to have *overtopped* his equals, and *grown too high* for the public safety." So in the speech of Oliver in *As You Like It*, Act i. sc. 1, when incensed at the high bearing of Orlando: "Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your *rankness*."—H. N. H.

And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:

174. *"in strength of malice"*; so Ff.; Pope, *"exempt from malice"*; Capell, *"no strength of malice"*; Seymour, *"reproof of malice"*; Collier MS., adopted by Craik, *"in strength of welcome"*; Badham conj. *"unstring their malice,"* &c. If any emendation is necessary, Capell's suggestion commends itself most; but *"in strength of malice"* may mean "in the intensity of their hatred to Cæsar's tyranny," and this, as Grant White points out, suits the context.—I. G.

Ib.; nerved with the hatred just displayed towards Cæsar, but which is innocuous to Antony.—C. H. H.

177–178. Mr. Blakeway observes, that Shakespeare has maintained the consistency of Cassius's character, who, being selfish and greedy himself, endeavors to influence Antony by similar motives. Brutus, on the other hand, is invariably represented as disinterested and generous, and is adorned by the Poet with so many good qualities, that we are almost tempted to forget that he was an assassin.—H. N. H.

First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave heart;
Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.

207–208. Coleridge gives out a strong opinion that these two lines were interpolated by some actor, and that we have but to read the passage without them, to see that they never were in it. He adds the following: "I venture to say there is no instance in Shakespeare fairly like this. Conceits he has; but they not only rise

How like a deer strucken by many princes
Dost thou here lie!

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That 's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,

out of some word in the lines before, but also lead on to the thought in the lines following. Here the conceit is a mere alien: Antony forgets an image, when he is even touching it, and then recollects it, when the thought last in his mind must have led him away from it." We willingly give the Poet the benefit of this most subtle criticism, and should rejoice to be assured that Coleridge's opinion is right; for the lines are certainly a foul blemish in the passage: but, alas! to our thinking, they have too many brothers and sisters to admit of their being criticised out of the family.—H. N. H.

Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.
[*Aside to Bru.*] You know not what you do: do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon:
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
And say you do 't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.
[*Exeunt all but Antony.*

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man

That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

262. "limbs of men"; so Ff.; Hanmer, *"kind of men"*; Johnson conj. *"lives of"* or *"lymmes of men"*; Jackson, *"imps of men"*; Collier MS., adopted by Craik, *"loins of men"*; Bulloch, *"limbs of Rome,"* etc.—I. G.

By *"men"* Antony means not mankind in general. The scope of the curse is limited by the subsequent words, *"the parts of Italy,"* and *"in these confines."*—H. N. H.

"limbs"; the commentators have stumbled at this word, and suggested in its place "line" (Warburton), "lives" or "lymmes," *i. e.* blood-hounds (Johnson), "minds" (Dyce), etc. But Antony contemplates the physical manglings and maimings of man which will be wrought by civil war.—C. H. H.

273. "dogs of war"; Steele, in the *Tattler*, No. 137, and some others after him, think that, by the *"dogs of war," fire, sword,* and *famine* are typified. So in the Chorus to Act I of *King Henry V:* "At his heels, *leash'd* in like *hounds,* should *famine, sword,* and *fire,* crouch for employment."—H. N. H.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
O Cæsar! [*Seeing the body.*

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching, for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt with Cæsar's body.*

294. "*issue*"; deed (the "issue" of their minds).—C. H. H.

Scene II

The Forum.

Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the pulpit.*

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then

that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offenses enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter Antony and others, with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his

48–55. In this celebrated speech, which, to our taste, is far from being a model of style either for oratory or anything else, the

death, shall receive the benefit of his dying,
a place in the commonwealth; as which of
you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as
I slew my best lover for the good of Rome,
I have the same dagger for myself, when it
shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Cit. Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

First Cit. We 'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

Bru. My countrymen,—

Sec. Cit. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

First Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good Countryman, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony
By our permission is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Poet seems to have aimed at imitating the manner actually ascribed to Brutus. And Shakespeare's idea, as followed out in this speech, is sustained also by the *Dialogus de Oratoribus*, ascribed to Tacitus; wherein it is said that Brutus' style of eloquence was censured as *otiosum et disjunctum*. For, as Mr. Verplanck remarks, "the *disjunctum*, the broken-up style, without oratorical continuity, is precisely that assumed by the dramatist."—H. N. H.

Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;
We 'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.
Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you
[*Goes into the pulpit.*
Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?
Third. Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.
Fourth Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
First Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.
Third Cit. Nay, that 's certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.
Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.
Ant. You gentle Romans,—
All. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men,—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Cit. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Sec. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Cit. There 's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here 's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar' wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Cit. We 'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

Fourth Cit. Read the will; we 'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

Fourth Cit. They were traitors: honorable men!

All. The will! the testament!

Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

Sec. Cit. Descend.

[*He comes down from the pulpit.*

Third Cit. You shall have leave.

Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round.

First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

Sec. Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

All. Stand back. Room! Bear back.

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no:
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statuë,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.

196. *"statuë"* is here a word of three syllables.—H. N. H.

197. *"ran blood"*; the image seems to be that the blood flowing from Cæsar's wounds appeared to run from the statue. The words are from North's *Plutarch:* "Against the very base whereon Pompey's image stood, which ran all a gore of blood, till he was slain." —H. N. H.

Kind souls, what weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.
First Cit. O piteous spectacle!
Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar!
Third Cit. O woeful day!
Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!
First Cit. O most bloody sight! 210
Sec. Cit. We will be revenged.
All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill!
Slay! Let not a traitor live!
Ant. Stay, countrymen.
First Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.
Sec. Cit. We 'll hear him, we 'll follow him, we 'll die with him.
Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny. 219
They that have done this deed are honorable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

229. "*wit*" formerly meant *understanding*, and is so used by all

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We 'll mutiny.

First Cit. We 'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen: yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not; I must tell you then:
You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true: the will! Let 's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Sec. Cit. Most noble Cæsar! we 'll revenge his death.

the writers of Shakespeare's time. The first folio has *writ* in this place, which was changed to *wit* in the second. Modern editors are somewhat divided between the two words, some taking *writ* for a *written speech;* a most unlikely meaning for the place, as it seems to us.—H. N. H.

Third Cit. O royal Cæsar!
Ant. Hear me with patience.
All. Peace, ho!
Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?
First Cit. Never, never. Come, away, away! 260
We 'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.
Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.
Third Cit. Pluck down benches.
Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow!
Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.
Ant. Where is he? 270
Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.
Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him.

256. *"On this side Tiber"* Theobald proposed *"that"* for *"this"*; Cæsar's gardens were on the left bank of the river. Shakespeare followed North's *Plutarch*, and North merely translated the words in Amyot.—I. G.

262. The second folio reads "fire *all* the traitors' houses." The Poet often uses *fire* as two syllables, which dispenses with *all*.—H. N. H.

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A street.

Enter Cinna the poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

First Cit. What is your name?
Sec. Cit. Whither are you going?
Third Cit. Where do you dwell?
Fourth Cit. Are you a married man or a bachelor?
Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly.
First Cit. Aye, and briefly.
Fourth Cit. Aye, and wisely.

2. That is, "things of ill omen oppress me." Steevens tells of having read in an old treatise on Fortune-Telling, that "to dream of being at banquets betokeneth misfortune." The old copies read *unluckily*, which is changed to *unlikely* in Mr. Collier's second folio; a very unlikely reading. The matter of this scene is taken from Plutarch's *Life of Brutus*.—H. N. H.

Third Cit. Aye, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

Sec. Cit. That 's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: you 'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

First Cit. As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

Sec. Cit. That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Cit. For your dwelling, briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna,

First Cit. Tear him to pieces; he 's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Fourth Cit. It is no matter, his name 's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-brands: to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go! [*Exeunt.*

36. This speech has been lost out of all modern editions until Knight's.—H. N. H.

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I

A house in Rome.

Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, seated at a table.

Ant. These many then shall die; their names are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent—

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here? 10

Scene 1. *"A house in Rome"*; the original stage direction indicates no place. Plutarch describes the meeting of the triumvirs as "in an island environed about with a little river." But Shakespeare evidently intended it to be in Rome.—C. H. H.

4. Either the Poet or the printer fell into an error here; the true name of this person being not *Publius* but *Lucius*. Thus in Plutarch's *Life of Antonius:* "Cæsar left Cicero to Antonius will; Antonius also forsooke *Lucius* to Cæsar, who was his uncle by his mother; and both of them together suffered Lepidus to kill his own brother Paulus."—H. N. H.

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*
Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?
Oct. So you thought him,
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die
In our black sentence and proscription.
Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honors on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears
And graze in commons.
Oct. You may do your will:
But he 's a tried and valiant soldier.
Ant. So is my horse, Octavius, and for that
I do appoint him store of provender:
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On abjects, orts and imitations,

37. "*abjects, orts*"; Staunton's reading; Theobald, "*abject orts*"; Ff., "*Obiects, Arts*"; Becket conj. "*abject arts*"; Gould conj. "*objects, orts*."—I. G.

Which, out of use and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things: Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combined,
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus's tent.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Lucius, and Soldiers; Titinius and Pindarus meet them.

Bru. Stand, ho!
Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand
Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?
Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.
Bru. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,

44. *"our means stretch'd"*; F. 1, *"our meanes stretcht"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"and our best meanes stretcht out"*; Johnson, *"our best means stretcht"*; Malone, *"our means stretch'd to the utmost."*—I. G.

In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done undone: but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honor.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius,
How he received you: let me be resolved.

Lucil. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests and like deceitful jades
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*Low march within.*

Bru. Hark! he is arrived:
March gently on to meet him.

Enter Cassius and his powers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.
First Sol. Stand!
Sec. Sol. Stand!
Third Sol. Stand!
Cas. Most noble brother, you have done we wrong.
Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?
Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—
Bru. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.
Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
Bru. Lucilius, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.
[*Exeunt.*

50, 52. Craik's suggestion that "*Lucilius*" and "*Lucius*" have been transposed in these lines has been accepted by many Editors. The Cambridge editors are of opinion that the error is due to the author and not to a transcriber, and have, therefore, not tampered with the text.—I. G.

Scene III

Brutus's tent.

Enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.
Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.
Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offense should bear his comment.
Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cas. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,

20. *"what villain"*; this question is far from implying that any of those who touched Cæsar's body were villains. On the contrary, it

And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bait not me;
I 'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is 't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

is an indirect way of asserting that there was not one man among them who was base enough to stab him for any cause but that of justice.—H. N. H.

28. *"bait"*; so in all the old copies; but commonly changed to *bay* in modern editions, the repeating of the word being thought to add spirit to the dialogue. We think otherwise. To *bait* is to worry or harass with violent attacks. Richardson says it is formed regularly from *bay*, to bark at, thus,—*bayed, bay'd, bayt, bait.* In *The* Winter's Tale, Act ii. sc. 3, Leontes says of Paulina,—"A callat, of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband, and now *baits* me!"—H. N. H.

32. *"make conditions"*; to know on what terms it is fit to confer the offices at my disposal.—H. N. H.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?
Bru. All this! aye, more: fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I 'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.
Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.
Cas. I durst not!
Bru. No.
Cas. What, durst not tempt him!
Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me:
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!
Cas. I denied you not.
Bru. You did.
Cas. I did not: he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cas. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.
Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark
And straight is cold again.
Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him.
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.
Cas. O Brutus!
Bru. What 's the matter?
Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He 'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.
Poet. [*Within*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between 'em; 'tis not meet
They be alone.
Lucil. [*Within*] You shall not come to them.
Poet. [*Within*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, followed by Lucilius, Titinius, and Lucius.

Cas. How now! what 's the matter?
Poet. For shame, you generals! what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I 'm sure, than ye.

124. This incident of the Poet is from North's *Plutarch, Life of Brutus*, though the intruder is not there a poet.—H. N. H.

129. *Cp.* "This Phaonius . . . came into the chamber and with a certain scoffing and mocking gesture, which he counterfeited of purpose, he rehearsed the verses which old Nestor said in Homer:—

'My lords I pray you hearken both to me,
For I have seen more years than suckle three.'"

(North's *Plutarch*).—I. G.

Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!
Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!
Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.
Bru. I 'll know his humor when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?
Companion, hence!
Cas. Away, away, be gone! [*Exit Poet.*
Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us.
[*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*
Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine! [*Exit Lucius.*
Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.
Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears sorrow better: Portia is dead.
Cas. Ha! Portia!
Bru. She is dead.
Cas. How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so?
O insupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?
Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony

133. *"vilely"*; so F. 4; Ff. 1, 2, *"vildely"*; F. 3, *"vildly."*—I. G.
"cynic"; the Cynics, or followers of Diogenes, professed, like their master, a bold manner of speech, and deliberately ignored social conventions.—C. H. H.

Have made themselves so strong: for with her death
That tidings came: with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Re-enter Lucius, with wine and taper.

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge. 160
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.
[*Drinks.*

Bru. Come in, Titinius! [*Exit Lucius.*

Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.

Welcome, good Messala.
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.
Messala, I have here received letters,

156. So in North's *Plutarch:* "And for Porcia, Brutus wife, Nicolaus the philosopher and Valerius Maximus do write that she, determining to kill herselfe (her parents and friends carefully looking to keepe her from it,) tooke hote burning coles and cast them into her mouth, and kept her mouth so close that she choked herselfe. There was a letter of Brutus found, written to his friends, complaining of their negligence, that, his wife being sicke, they wold not helpe her, but suffered her to kill herself, chusing to die rather than to languish in paine."—H. N. H.

That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.
Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.
Bru. With what addition?
Mes. That by proscription and bills of outlawry
Octavius, Antony and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
Cas. Cicero one!
Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru. No, Messala.
Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, Messala.
Mes. That, methinks, is strange.
Bru. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?
Mes. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once
I have the patience to endure it now.
Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

5033

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
Cas. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reason?
Cas. This it is:
'Tis better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offense; whilst we lying still
Are full of rest, defense and nimbleness.
Bru. Good reasons must of force give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection,
For they have grudged us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added and encouraged;
From which advantage shall we cut him off
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.
Cas. Hear me, good brother.
Bru. Under your pardon. You must note beside
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life

194. *"in art"*; that is, in *theory*.—H. N. H.

Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on;
We 'll along ourselves and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow will we rise and hence.

Bru. Lucius! [*Re-enter Lucius.*] My gown. [*Exit Lucius.*] Farewell, good Messala:
Good night, Titinius: noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*

Re-enter Lucius, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatch'd.
Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I 'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs; 250
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here 's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[*Var. and Clau. lie down.*

250–253. This characteristic little incident of the book was suggested by a passage in Plutarch's *Life of Brutus*. It makes a part of the account there given of the apparition: "As they prepared to passe over out of Asia into Europe, there went a rumour that there appeared a wonderfull signe unto him. Brutus was a carefull man, and slept very little, both for that his diet was moderate, as also because he was continually occupied. He never slept in the day time, and in the night no longer then the time he was driven to be alone, and when every body else tooke their rest. But now whilest he was in the warre, and his head over-busily occupied to thinke of his affaires and what would happen, having slumbered a little after supper, he spent all the rest of the night in dispatching of his weightiest causes; and, after he had taken order for them, if he had any leisure left him, he would read some booke till the third watch of the night, at what time the captains and colonels did use to come to him." The passage then goes on with the story, how, "casting his eye towards the doore of his tent, he saw a wonderfull strange and monstrous shape of a bodie coming towards him."—H. N. H.

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
Luc. Aye, my lord, an 't please you.
Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty, sir.
Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.
Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.
Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again.
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a song.*
This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I 'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.
[*Sits down.*

268. A "*mace*" is the ancient term for a *scepter*. Shakespeare probably remembered Spenser in his *Faerie Queene:*

"When as *Morpheus* had with *leaden mace*
Arrested all that courtly company."—H. N. H.

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That makest my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why comest thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again.

Ghost. Aye, at Philippi.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.

[*Exit Ghost.*

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest.
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.
Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord?

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

"*Enter the Ghost*"; in Plutarch's *Life of Brutus* this apparition is not spoken of as the *ghost* of Cæsar, but only as "a wonderfull strange and monstrous shape of a bodie coming towards him." The point is of little moment, save as showing the Poet's care to make the most out of his materials. In the *Life of Julius Cæsar*, he had the following: "Above all, the *ghost* that appeared unto Brutus shewed plainly that the gods were offended with the murder of Cæsar.—H. N. H.

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Bru. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?
Luc. Nothing, my lord.
Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius! 300
[*To Var.*] Fellow thou, awake!
Var. My lord?
Clau. My lord?
Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?
Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?
Bru. Aye: saw you any thing?
Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.
Clau. Nor I, my lord
Bru. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius:
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.
Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I

The plains of Philippi.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:

10. Though *"fearful"* is often used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries in an active sense, for *producing fear*, or *terrible*, it may in this instance bear its usual acceptation of *timorous*, or, as it was sometimes expressed, *false-hearted*. Thus in Sidney's *Arcadia:* "Her horse faire and lustie; which she rid so as might show a *fearefull boldness*, daring to do that which she knew that she knew not how to doe."—H. N. H.

The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.
[*March.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their army; Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, and others.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying 'Long live! hail, Cæsar!'

Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;

20. *"I will do so,"* i. e. "I will do as you wish, and keep on the left"; according to some Editors, the words may mean "I will not wrangle, but will have my way."—I. G.

33. *"are"*; it should be *"is* yet unknown." More correct writers

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have ruled.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look;
I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds
Be well avenged, or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

than Shakespeare have committed this error, where a plural noun immediately precedes the verb, although such noun be not the subject of the verb.—H. N. H.

53. *"three and thirty"*; Theobald, *"three and twenty,"* (the number given in *Plutarch*).—I. G.

55. That is, "till you, traitors as you are, have added the slaughtering of me, another Cæsar, to that of Julius." There were no

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.
Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.
Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honorable.
Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honor,
Join'd with a masker and a reveler!
Ant. Old Cassius still!
Oct. Come, Antony; away!
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth;
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field:
If not, when you have stomachs.
[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their army.*
Cas. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.
Lucil. [*Standing forth*] My lord?
[*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*
Cas. Messala!
Mes. [*Standing forth*] What says my general?
Cas. Messala,
This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that, against my will,

need of saying this, but that Mr. Collier, on the strength of his second folio, would read, "to the *word* of traitors."—H. N. H.

72. "*as this very day*"; (on) this very day. "As" was used to specify determinations of time; of modern "*as* yet."—C. H. H.

As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone;
And in their steads do ravens, crows and kites
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let 's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy

101–108. To the understanding of this speech, it must be observed, that the *sense* of the word, *"arming myself,"* &c., follows next after the words, *"which he did give himself."*—H. N. H.

The construction is somewhat ambiguous. But it is better (with

By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself: I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life: arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome? 110

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,

Craik and Camb. edd.) to make "I know not how" depend on what precedes than (with Dyce) to suppose a long parenthesis, "I know not how . . . life," foreign to the simple style of this play; the first two lines being then a direct answer to Cassius' question, which, however, they do not neatly fit. Brutus' argument has been much discussed. Plutarch makes him say: "Being yet but a young man and not over-greatly experienced in the world, I trust[ed] (I know not how) a certain rule of Philosophy by the which I did greatly blame and reprove Cato for killing himself . . . but being now in the midst of the danger, I am of a contrary mind." Shakespeare's Brutus does not thus formally announce his retractation; he is startled into it by the sudden vision of a Roman triumph. —C. H. H.

102. *"Cato,"* of Utica, who committed suicide after the triumph of Cæsar at Pharsalia. This incident was doubtless familiar to Shakespeare's audience from the "Cæsar and Pompey" plays.—C. H. H.

111. It has been said that there is an apparent contradiction between the sentiments Brutus expresses in this and in his former speech; but there is no real one. Brutus had laid down to himself as a principle, to abide every chance and extremity of war; but when Cassius reminds him of the disgrace of being led in triumph through the streets of Rome, he acknowledges that to be a trial which he could not endure. The passage seems designed to indicate a struggle between the speculative and the practical in the mind of Brutus. Experience is at length growing too strong for his philosophy; and he here wavers between his cherished ideal of right and the suggestions of a pressing exigency. But

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take.
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever and for ever farewell, Brutus! 120
If we do meet again, we 'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on. O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away!
[*Exeunt.*

what shall we say of the remark with which he closes his oration "showing the reason of our Cæsar's death?" He there says,—"I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death." Were these discrepancies or variations of temper and purpose intended by the Poet as a part of Brutus' character? Or were they mere slips of memory in the Poet, like that seeming oversight in the case of Shylock? Compare his two speeches, Act i. sc. 3,—"Yes, to smell pork," &c., and Act ii. sc. 5,—"I am bid forth to supper," &c.—H. N. H.

Scene II

The field of battle.

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side:
[*Loud alarum.*
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.
Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:

Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
And here again; that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.
[*Exit.*

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill; 20
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou notest about the field.
[*Pindarus ascends the hill.*
This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [*Above*] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. [*Above*] Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights too. 31
He 's ta'en. [*Shout.*] And, hark! they shout for joy.

Cas. Come down; behold no more.
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

20. *"get higher"*; Cassius is now on a hill: he therefore means a hill somewhat *higher* than that he is on.—H. N. H.

Pindarus descends.

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;
Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. [*Pindarus stabs him.*]
Cæsar, thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter Titinius with Messala.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.
Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.
Mes. Where did you leave him?
Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.
Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?
Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?
Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set,
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.
Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,
Thou never comest unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!
Tit. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?
Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say 'thrusting' it,
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.
Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.
[*Exit Messala.*
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing!
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
By your leave, gods: this is a Roman's part.
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.
[*Kills himself.*

Alarum. Re-enter Messala, with Brutus, young Cato, and others.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
Mes. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.
Bru. Titinius' face is upward.
Cato. He is slain.
Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*
Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!
Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe moe tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.
Come therefore, and to Thasos send his body:
His funerals shall not be in our camp,

99. *"The last"*; Rowe unnecessarily suggested, *"Thou last"*; but *cp.* North's *Plutarch*, "he (Brutus) lamented the death of Cassius, calling him *the last* of all the Romans."—I. G.

Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come,
And come, young Cato: let us to the field.
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on.
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight.
[*Exeunt*

Scene IV

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both armies; then Brutus, young Cato, Lucilius, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!
Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field.
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus! [*Exit.*
Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,
And mayst be honor'd, being Cato's son.
First Sold. Yield, or thou diest.
Lucil. Only I yield to die:
[*Offering money*] There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;
Kill Brutus, and be honor'd in his death.
First Sold. We must not. A noble prisoner!

Sec. Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

First Sold. I 'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

Enter Antony.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend, but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead,
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How every thing is chanced. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Another part of the field.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.
[*Whispering.*
Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.
Bru. Peace then, no words.
Cli. I 'll rather kill myself.
Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius. *Whispering.*
Dar. Shall I do such a deed?
Cli. O Dardanius!
Dar. O Clitus!
Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?
Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.
Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.
Vol. What says my lord?
Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And this last night here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour is come.
Vol. Not so, my lord.
Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
[*Low alarums.*
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That 's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum still.*
Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.
Bru. Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labor'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarum. Cry within, 'Fly, fly, fly!'*
Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.
Bru. Hence! I will follow.
[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*
I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honor in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?
Stra. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.
Bru. Farewell, good Strato. [*Runs on his sword.*]
Cæsar, now be still:

33. *"Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen";* Theobald's emendation of Ff., *"Farewell to thee, to Strato, Countrymen."*—I. G.

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. [*Dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony, Messala, Lucilius, and the army.

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honor by his death.

Lucil. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Aye, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world 'This was a man!'

71. *"in a general honest thought And"*; Collier MS., adopted by Craik, reads *"in a generous honest thought Of."*—I. G.
Ib.; out of honest regard for the common good.—C. H. H.

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honorably.
So call the field to rest, and let 's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Abide, answer for, suffer for; III. i. 94; III. ii. 123.
Abjects, things cast away; IV. i. 37.
About, go about; I. i. 75.
——!, set to work; III. ii. 212.
Abroad, about in; III. ii. 258.
Across, crossed, folded; II. i. 240.
Address'd, ready; III. i. 29.
Advantage, profit us; III. i. 242.
After, afterwards; I. ii. 76.
Against, over against, near; I. iii. 20.
All over, one after the other; II. i. 112.
Alone, only; IV. iii. 94.
An, if; I. ii. 274.
Anchises, the father of Æneas; when Troy was sacked he bore him on his shoulders from the burning town; I. ii. 114.
Angel, darling, favorite, (?) guardian angel; III. ii. 189.
Annoy, injure, harm; II. i. 160.
Answer, be ready for combat; V. i. 24.
Answer'd, paid for, atoned for; III. ii. 89.
Answered, faced; IV. i. 47.
Apace, quickly; V. iii. 87.
Apparent, manifest; II. i. 198.
Appoint, settle upon; IV. i. 30.
Apprehensive, endowed with intelligence; III. i. 67.
Apt, suitable, likely; II. ii. 97.
Apt, ready, fit; III. i. 160.
——, impressionable; V. iii. 68.
Arrive, reach; I. ii. 110.
Astonish, stun with terror; I. iii. 56.
Ate, the goddess of Mischief and Revenge; III. i. 271.
At hand, in hand; IV. ii. 23.
Aught, anything; I. ii. 85.
Augurers, professional interpreters of omens, (originally, diviners by the flight and cries of birds); II. i. 200.

Bait, hunt, chase (Theobald, *"bay"*); IV. iii. 28.
Bang, blow; III. iii. 20.
Barren-spirited, dull; IV. i. 36.
Base, low; II. i. 26.
Bastardy, act of baseness; II. i. 138.
Battles, forces; V. i. 4.
Bay, bark at; IV. iii. 27.
Bay'd, driven to bay; (a term of the chase); III. i. 204.
Bear a hand over, hold in check (as a rider); I. ii. 35.
Bear hard, bear ill-will against; I. ii. 325; II. i. 215.
Bear me, bear from me, receive from me; III. iii. 20.
Bears (betrayed) with glasses; alluding to the stories that bears were surprised by means of mirrors, which they would

gaze into, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking a surer aim; II. i. 205.

Beat, beaten; V. v. 23.

Behaviors, conduct; I. ii. 42.

Beholding, beholden; III. ii. 74.

Belike, perhaps; III. ii. 277.

Bend, look; I. ii. 123.

Bending, directing, pressing on; IV. iii. 170.

Best; "you were b.", it were best for you; III. iii. 13.

Bestow, spend; V. v. 61.

Betimes, in good time, early; II. i. 116.

Bills, billets, written documents; V. ii. 1.

Bird of night, *i. e.* the owl; I. iii. 26.

Blood; "Pompey's b." (probably) offspring; Gnæus, Pompey's son, had been killed at Munda, and Cæsar's triumph was in honor of the victory; I. i. 57.

Bloods; "young b.", young people; IV. iii. 262.

Bondman, used with a play upon "bond," *i. e.* document ("to cancel a bond"); I. iii. 101.

Bones, body, corpse; V. v. 78.

Bootless, without avail, to no purpose; III. i. 75.

Bosoms; "in their b.", in their confidence; V. i. 7.

Break with, broach the subject to; II. i. 150.

Bring, take; III. ii. 278.

Brother, *i. e.* brother-in-law, (Cassius having married a sister of Brutus); II. i. 70.

Brought, accompanied; I. iii. 1.

Brutus; "old B.", *i. e.* Lucius Junius Brutus, who expelled the Tarquins; I. iii. 146; (*cp.* I. ii. 159).

Brutus; "Decius B.", *i. e.* Decimus B., (the error being due to a misprint in Amyot's French translation of Plutarch, copied by North, and hence in Shakespeare); Decimus B. was placed next after Octavius in Cæsar's will; he had served under Cæsar in Gaul, and was made governor of Cisalpine Gaul; I. iii. 148.

Budge, give way; IV. iii. 44.

Bustling rumor, noise of tumult; II. iv. 18.

By, near, close to; III. i. 162.

Calculate, speculate upon future events; I. iii. 65.

Calpurnia, Cæsar's fourth wife, (F. 1, *"Calphurnia"*); I. ii. 1.

Carrions, worthless beings (a term of contempt); II. i. 130.

Cast; "c. yourself in wonder," *i. e.* throw yourself into wonder; (?) "dress hastily"; (Jervis conj. *"Case,"* *i. e.* "encase, clothe yourself"); I. iii. 60.

Cautelous, crafty; II. i. 129.

Censure, judge; III. ii. 17.

Ceremonies, festal ornaments; I. i. 71.

——, religious observances; II. i. 197.

——, omens; II. ii. 13.

Chafing with, fretting against; I. ii. 101.

Chance, happen; II. iv. 31.

Chanced, happened; I. ii. 216.

Change, exchange; V. iii. 51.

——; "in his own c.", by some change of disposition towards me; (Warburton, *"charge"*); IV. ii. 7.

——, change countenance; III. i. 24.

Characters, writing; II. i. 308.

CHARGE, burden, weigh upon; III. iii. 2.
CHARGES, troops; IV. ii. 48.
CHARM, conjure; II. i. 271.
CHECK'D, reproved; IV. iii. 97.
CHEW UPON, ponder; I. ii. 171.
CHOLER, anger; IV. iii. 39.
CHOPPED, chapped; (Ff., *"chopt"*; Knight, *"chapped"*); I. ii. 248.
CHOSE, chosen; II. i. 314.
CLEAN, entirely; I. iii. 35.
CLIMATE, region; I. iii. 32.
CLOSE, hidden; I. iii. 131.
——, come to terms; III. i. 202.
CLOSET, room; III. ii. 138.
COBBLER, botcher, (used quibblingly); I. i. 11.
COGNIZANCE, badges of honors; II. ii. 89.
COLOSSUS, a gigantic statue said to have stood astride at the entrance of the harbor at Rhodes; I. ii. 136.
COLOR, pretext; II. i. 29.
COME BY, get possession; II. i. 259.
COMPANION, fellow; (used contemptuously); IV. iii. 138.
COMPARE, let us compare, we will compare; III. ii. 9.
COMPASS, circle, course; V. iii. 25.
COMPLEXION, appearance; I. iii. 128.
CONCEIT, think of; III. i. 192.
CONCEITED, conceived; I. iii. 162.
CONCEPTIONS, ideas; I. ii. 41.
CONCLUDED, decided; II. ii. 93.
CONDITION, disposition; II. i. 254.
CONFINES, boundaries; III. i. 272.
CONN'D BY ROTE, learned by heart; IV. iii. 98.
CONSORTED, escorted, accompanied; V. i. 83.
CONSTANCY, firmness; II. iv. 6.
CONSTANT, firm; III. i. 22.
CONSTANTLY, firmly; V. i. 92.
CONSTRUE, explain; II. i. 307.
CONTENT, easy; I. iii. 142.
——, calm; IV. ii. 41.
——, glad; V. i. 8.
CONTRIVE, conspire, plot; II. iii. 17.
CONTRIVER, schemer, plotter; II. i. 158.
CONTROVERSY; "hearts of c.", spirits eager for resistance; I. ii. 109.
CORSE, corpse; III. i. 199.
COUCHINGS, stoopings; III. i. 36.
COUNTERS, round pieces of metal used in calculations; IV. iii. 80.
COURSE; "run his c.", alluding to the course of the Luperci round the city wall; "that day there are diverse noble men's sons, young men, and some of them magistrates themselves, that govern them, which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way with leathern thongs" (made of the skins of goats which had been sacrificed.)—*North's Plutarch;* I. ii. 4.
COURTESIES, bowings, bendings of the knee; III. i. 36.
CROSS LIGHTNING, forked lightning; I. iii. 50.
CULL OUT, pick out; I. i. 55.
CYNIC, rude man; IV. iii. 133.

DAMN, condemn; IV. i. 6.
DEARER, more bitterly, more intensely; III. i. 196.
DEGREES, steps; II. i. 26.
DELIVER, relate to; III. i. 181.
DINT, impression; III. ii. 202.
DIRECTLY, plainly; I. i. 12; III. iii. 10.
DIRECTLY, straight; I. ii. 3; IV. i. 32.

DISCOMFORT, discourage; V. iii. 106.
DISCOVER, show; I. ii. 69.
DISHONOR, insult; IV. iii. 109.
DISROBE, strip of their decorations; I. i. 70.
DISTRACT, distracted; IV. iii. 155.
DOUBLET, the inner garment of a man; I. ii. 273.
DOUBTED, suspected; IV. ii. 13.
DRACHMA, a Greek coin, strictly about half of the Roman denarius, but Plutarch's "drachmas" were probably equivalent to denarii, and were about 19 cents in value; III. ii. 250.
DRAWN, assembled; I. iii. 22.

ELEMENT, sky; I. iii. 128.
ELEPHANTS BETRAYED WITH HOLES; "elephants were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them was exposed"; II. i. 205.
EMULATION, jealousy, envy; II. iii. 15.
ENFORCED, exaggerated; III. ii. 45.
——, struck hard; IV. iii. 112.
ENFRANCHISEMENT, liberty, freedom; III. i. 57.
ENLARGE, give vent to; IV. ii. 46.
ENROLLED, recorded; III. ii. 43.
ENSIGN, standard; V. i. 80.
——, standard-bearer (and by implication, standard; hence "it," line 4); V. iii. 3.
ENTERTAIN, take into service; V. v. 60.
ENVIOUS, spiteful, malicious; II. i. 178; III. ii. 183.
ENVY, hatred, malice; II. i. 164.
EPICURUS; "I held E. strong," *i. e.* I followed the Epicurean school, which held that the gods scarcely troubled themselves with human affairs; hence the Epicureans regarded the belief in omens as mere superstition; V. iii. 77.
EREBUS, the region of utter darkness between Earth and Hades; II. i. 84.
ETERNAL, infernal, damned (used to express extreme abhorrence); I. ii. 160.
EVEN; "e. field," *i. e.* level ground; V. i. 17.
——, pure, unblemished; II. i. 133.
EVER, always; V. iii. 21.
EVILS, evil things; II. i. 79.
EXHALATIONS, meteors; II. i. 44.
EXIGENT, exigency, crisis; V. i. 19.
EXORCIST, one who raises spirits; II. i. 323.
EXPEDITION, march; IV. iii. 170.
EXTENUATED, undervalued, detracted from; III. ii. 44.
EXTREMITIES, extremes; II. i. 31.

FACE, boldness; V. i. 10.
——, "f. of men," sense of danger depicted on men's faces; II. i. 114.
FACTION, body of conspirators; II. i. 77.
FACTIOUS, active; I. iii. 118.
FAIN, gladly; I. ii. 242.
FALL, happen; III. i. 243; V. i. 105.
——, let fall; IV. ii. 26.
FALLING SICKNESS, epilepsy; I. ii. 260.
FALLS, turns out, is; III. i. 146.
FAMED WITH, made famous by; I. ii. 153.
FAMILIAR INSTANCES, marks of familiarity; IV. ii. 16.
FANTASIES, imaginings; II. i. 231.

FASHION, shape, form; II. i. 30.
——, way, manner; (trisyllabic); IV. iii. 135.
FASHION; "begin his f.", begin to be fashionable with him; IV. i. 39.
——, work upon, shape; II. i. 220.
FAVOR, appearance; I. ii. 91.
——, countenance; II. i. 76.
FAVOR 's, appearance is; I. iii. 129.
FEAR, cause of fear; II. i. 190.
FEARFUL BRAVERY, terrible display, gallant show of courage; V. i. 10.
FELL, fierce; III. i. 269.
FELLOW, equal; III. i. 69.
FERRET, red as the eyes of a ferret; I. ii. 186.
FIELD, army; V. v. 80.
FIGURES, "idle fancies" (Craik); II. i. 231.
FIRST DECREE, what has been decreed at first; (Craik conj. *"fix'd d."*; S. Walker conj. *"firmd"*); III. i. 38.
FLEERING, grinning; I. iii. 117.
FLOOD, ocean; I. ii. 103.
FLOURISH'D, triumphed; III. ii. 200.
FOND, foolish; III. i. 39.
FOR, as for; II. i. 181.
FORCE; "of f.", of necessity; IV. iii. 203.
FORM, manner of behaving; I. ii. 311.
FORMAL CONSTANCY, proper composure; II. i. 227.
FORMER, foremost; V. i. 80.
FORTH, to go out; I. ii. 301.
FORTH OF, out of; III. iii. 3.
FREEDOM OF REPEAL, free recall; III. i. 54.
FRESH, freshly; II. i. 224.
FRET, variegate (as with a kind of fretwork pattern); II. i. 104.
——, be vexed; IV. iii. 42.
FRIGHTED, afraid; IV. iii. 40.
FROM, contrary to; I. iii. 35.
——, away from; I. iii. 64; III. ii. 173; IV. ii. 49.
——, differently to; II. i. 196.
FUNERAL, funeral ceremonies; III. i. 230.

GAIT, manner of walking; I. iii. 132.
GAMESOME, fond of games; I. ii. 98.
GENERAL, general public; II. i. 12.
——, "in a g. honest thought," in the general honesty of his motives; V. v. 71.
GENERAL COFFERS, public treasury; III. ii. 98.
GENERAL GOOD, public good, welfare of the people; I. ii. 85.
GENIUS, the rational spirit temporarily lodged within the body, directing for good or bad the bodily faculties; II. i. 66.
GIVE GUESS, guess; II. i. 3.
GIVE PLACE, make way; III. i. 10.
——, give way; IV. iii. 146.
GIVES WAY, leaves open the way; II. iii. 8.
GLANCED, hinted; I. ii. 332.
GLAZED, glared; (Ff., *"glaz'd"*; changed by editors to *"glared"* or *"gazed,"* but the word was perhaps coined by Shakespeare to express a *glazed* or *glassy* stare); I. iii. 21.
GOES UP, is sheathed; V. i. 52.
GOOD CHEER, be of good cheer; III. i. 89.
GORGING, feeding, glutting; V. i. 82.

Go TO, exclamation of impatience; IV. iii. 32.
GRACE, honor, respect; III. ii. 66.
GRACIOUS, holy; III. ii. 202.
GREEK; "it was Greek to me," it was unintelligible to me; I. ii. 295.
GRIEFS, grievances; I. iii. 118; III. ii. 221.
GROWING ON, encroaching on; II. i. 107.

HAND; "my h.", there is my hand upon it; I. iii. 117.
HANDIWORK, work; I. i. 30.
HANDS, handwritings; I. ii. 328.
HAVE AIM, make a guess at; I. ii. 163.
HAVE MIND, regard, look to; IV. iii. 36.
HAVOC; "cry 'Havoc,'" in olden times the cry that no quarter was to be given; III. i. 273.
HEAD; "make h.", raise an armed troop; IV. i. 42.
HEALTH, safety; IV. iii. 36.
HEAVY, depressed; II. i. 275.
HEDGE IN, put under restraint; IV. iii. 30.
HENCE, go hence; II. i. 117.
HIE, hasten; I. iii. 150.
HIGH-SIGHTED, soaring high, (?) supercilious; II. i. 118.
HILTS, applied to a single weapon; V. iii. 43.
HIM, himself; I. iii. 156.
——; "by h.", *i. e.* by his house; II. i. 218.
HIS, its; I. ii. 124; II. i. 251; IV. iii. 8.
HOLD, consider, look upon; I. ii. 78.
——, keep, detain; I. ii. 83; II. i. 201.
HOLDS ON HIS RANK, stands firm, continues to hold his place; III. i. 69.
HONEY-HEAVY; "h. dew," heavy with honey, (with perhaps a reference to the belief that dew was honey-laden; hence the honey-flowers); II. i. 230.
HONORABLE, honorably; V. i. 60.
HOOTED, shouted with wonder; (Johnson's emendation; Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"howted"*; F. 4, *"houted"*; Hanmer, *"shouted"*); I. ii. 248.
HOOTING, crying; I. iii. 28.
HORSE, cavalry; IV. ii. 29.
HOWEVER, although; I. ii. 311.
HUMOR, distemper, caprice; II. i. 250.
——, distempered humor, passing caprice; IV. iii. 109.
HUMORS, damp airs; II. i. 262.
HURTLED, clashed; II. ii. 22.
HYBLA, a town in Sicily famous for its honey; V. i. 34.

IDES OF MARCH, *i. e.* fifteenth of March; I. ii. 18.
IDLE BED, bed of idleness; II. i. 117.
ILLUMINATE, illumine; I. iii. 110.
IMAGES, statues of Cæsar; I. i. 70.
IN, on; IV. i. 27.
——, into; V. iii. 96.
INCERTAIN, uncertain; V. i. 96.
INCORPORATE, closely united; I. iii. 135.
INDIFFERENTLY, impartially; I. ii. 87.
INDIRECTION, dishonest practice; IV. iii. 75.
INSUPPRESSIVE, not to be suppressed; II. i. 134.
INTERMIT, delay; I. i. 60.

JADE, a term of contempt for a worthless horse; IV. ii. 26.

JEALOUS ON, suspicious about; I. ii. 71.
JIGGING, rhyming; IV. iii. 137.
JOY, rejoice; V. v. 34.

KERCHIEF, a covering for the head (a sign of illness); II. i. 315.
KIND, nature; I. iii. 64.
——, species; II. i. 33.
KNAVE, boy; IV. iii. 241.

LABOR'D; "but l." labored but; V. v. 42.
LABORING; "a l. day," *i. e.* a working day; I. i. 4.
LAUGHTER, jester; (Ff., *"Laughter"?* = object of laughter); I. ii. 72.
LAY OFF, take away from; I. ii. 245.
LEFT, left off; IV. iii. 274.
LEGIONS, bodies of infantry; IV. iii. 76.
LEND ME YOUR HAND, help me; III. i. 297.
LET BLOOD, used equivocally with a play upon the surgical operation of "blood-letting"; III. i. 152.
LETHE, death; perhaps a technical term for the deer's life-blood; (F. 1, *"Lethee"*; *Cp.* lethal, L. *lethalis* or *letalis*, from *letum*, death); III. i. 206.
LIABLE, subject; II. ii. 104.
LIEF; "had as l.", would as willingly, gladly (with a play upon *'live'*); I. ii. 95.
LIES, halts; III. i. 286.
LIGHT, alight; V. iii. 31.
LIGHT ON, come down on; I. i. 61.
LIKE; "every l. is not the same," *i. e.* "to be like a thing is not to be that same thing"; II. ii. 127.
LIKE, same; IV. ii. 50.
——, likely; I. ii. 175.
LISTEN, listen to; IV. i. 41.
LIVE, if I live; III. i. 159.
LOOK, be sure, see; I. iii. 143.
LOOK FOR, expect; IV. iii. 262.
LOVER, friend; II. iii. 11.
LOW-CROOKED, lowly bendings of the knee; III. i. 43.
LUPERCAL; "the feast of L.", *i. e.* the Lupercalia; a feast of purification and fertilization held every year on 15th February (*v.* COURSE); I. i. 73.
LUSTY, strong; II. ii. 78.

MAIN, confident, firm; II. i. 196.
MAKE FORTH, go on, forward; V. i. 25.
MAKES TO, presses towards; III. i. 18.
MAKE TO, advance; V. iii. 29.
MARK, notice, observe; I. ii. 120.
MARR'D, disfigured; III. ii. 205.
MART, traffic; IV. iii. 11.
MAY BUT, only may; I. iii. 144.
ME; "plucked me ope" (Ethic dative); I. ii. 272.
MEAN, means; III. i. 161.
MECHANICAL, belonging to the working-classes, mechanics; I. i. 3.
METAL, mettle, temper; (Ff., *"mettle"*); I. i. 67.
METTLE; "quick m.", full of spirit; I. ii. 308.
MIND, presentiment; III. i. 144.
MISGIVING, presentiment, foreboding of ill; III. i. 145.
MISTOOK, mistaken; I. ii. 48.
MOCK, taunt; II. ii. 96.
MODESTY, moderation; III. i. 213.
MOE, more; II. i. 72.
MONSTROUS, unnatural; I. iii. 68. 71.

Mortal instruments, bodily powers; II. i. 66.
Mortified, deadened; II. i. 324.
Motion, impulse; II. i. 64.

Napkins, handkerchiefs; III. ii. 142.
Neats-leather, ox-hide; I. i. 29.
Nervii, a fierce Belgic tribe conquered by Cæsar at the great battle of the Sambre, B.C. 57; III. ii. 181.
New-added, re-inforced; IV. iii. 209.
Nice, trivial; IV. iii. 8.
Niggard, stint, supply sparingly; IV. iii. 228.
Night-gown, dressing-gown; II. ii. (direc.).
Noted, stigmatized; IV. iii. 2.
No whit, not at all; II. i. 148.

Observe, take notice; IV. iii. 45.
Occupation; "a man of o.", a mechanic; probably used with play upon secondary meaning, "a man of business"; I. ii. 274.
O'ershot myself, gone too far, said more than I intended; III. ii. 159.
O'er-watch'd, weary, worn out with watching; IV. iii. 241.
Of, in; II. i. 157.
Offal, worthless rubbish; I. iii. 109.
Offense; "sick o.", malady which makes you sick; II. i. 268.
Offense, harm, injury; IV. iii. 201.
Officers, "by ill o.", the ill conduct of his officers; (Johnson conj. "*affices*"); IV. ii. 7.
Omitted, neglected; IV. iii. 220.
Once, some time; IV. iii. 191.
Ope, open; I. ii. 272.
Opinion, reputation; II. i. 145.
Orchards, gardens; III. ii. 256.
Order, course; III. i. 230.
Orts, remnants, fragments; IV. i. 37.
Other, the other; I. ii. 230.
Out; "be not o.", do not be at odds, do not quarrel; I. i. 17.
——, "be o.", out at heels; I. i. 18.

Palm, the prize of victory; I. ii. 131.
Palter, shuffle, equivocate; II. i. 126.
Pardon; "by your p.", by your leave; III. i. 235.
Part, divide; V. v. 81.
Pass, pass through; I. i. 48.
——, pass on; I. ii. 24.
Passion, feelings; I. ii. 48.
——, grief; III. i. 283.
Passions of some difference, conflicting emotions; I. ii. 40.
Path, walk abroad; II. i. 83.
Peevish, wayward (used contemptuously); V. i. 61.
Phantasma, vision; II. i. 65.
Philippi, in the east of Macedonia, on the borders of Thrace; V. i. 83.
Physical, healthy; II. i. 261.
Pitch, a technical term used of the highest point to which a hawk or falcon soars; I. i. 79.
Pitiful, full of pity, merciful; III. i. 169.
Pleasures, pleasuances, pleasure grounds; III. ii. 257.
Pluck'd, pulled down; II. i. 73.
Plutus', of the god of riches (Ff., "*Pluto's*"); IV. iii. 102.
Pompey's porch, *Porticus Pompeii*, the portico of Pompey's Theater, in the Campus Martius; it was also called *Hecatostylon*, or "Hall of the hundred columns"; I. iii. 126.

PORTENTOUS, ominous; I. iii. 31.
POSTURE, position, direction; (Singer conj. *"puncture"*; Bulloch conj. *"portents"*; Schmidt conj. *"nature"*; Herr conj. *"powers"*); V. i. 33.
POWERS, armed forces, troops; IV. i. 42; IV. iii. 307.
PREFER, present; III. i. 28.
——, recommend; V. v. 62.
PREFORMED, originally intended; I. iii. 67.
PRE-ORDINANCE, what has been previously ordained; III. i. 38.
PRESAGE, foreshow future events; V. i. 79.
PRESENT, present time; I. ii. 165.
——, immediate; II. ii. 5.
PRESENTLY, immediately; III. i. 28.
PRESS, crowd, throng; I. ii. 15.
PREVAIL'D UPON, influenced; II. i. 254.
PREVENT, anticipate; II. i. 28; V. i. 105.
PREVENTION, detection; II. i. 85.
——, hindrance; III. i. 19.
PRICK, incite; II. i. 124.
PRICK'D, marked down, marked on the list; III. i. 216; IV. i. 1.
PROCEEDED, taken place; I. ii. 181.
——, acted; III. i. 183.
PROCEEDING, course of conduct; II. ii. 103.
PRODIGIOUS, portentous; I. iii. 77.
PRODUCE, bring out; III. i. 228.
PROFESS MYSELF, make professions of affection; I. ii. 77.
PROOF; "common p.", common experience; II. i. 21.
PROPER, handsome; I. i. 29.
——, own; V. iii. 96.
PROPER TO, belonging to; I. ii. 41.
PROPERTY, tool; IV. i. 40.
PROTESTER, one who protests or professes love or friendship to another; I. ii. 74.
PUBLIC CHAIR, the pulpit or *rostra;* III. ii. 72.
PUISSANT, powerful; III. i. 33.
PULPITS, *rostra,* platforms; III. i. 80.
PURGERS, healers; II. i. 180.
PURPOSE; "to the p.", to hit the purpose; III. i. 146.
PUT ON, betray; II. i. 225.
PUTS ON, assumes; I. ii. 311.

QUALITY, natural disposition; I. iii. 64.
QUESTION, subject; III. ii. 43.
——; "call in q.", discuss, consider; IV. iii. 165.
QUICK, lively; I. ii. 29.

RABBLEMENT, rabble; I. ii. 247.
RAISE, rouse; IV. iii. 247.
RANGE, roam; (derived from falconry; used of hawks and falcons in search of game); II. i. 118.
RANGING, roaming; III. i. 270.
RANK, too full of blood; III. i. 152.
RASCAL, worthless; IV. iii. 80.
REARS, raises; III. i. 30.
REGARD, consideration; III. i. 224.
——, notice; V. iii. 21.
REGARDED, respected; V. iii. 88.
REMORSE, pity; II. i. 19.
RENDER'D, given in reply; II. ii. 97.
REPEALING, recalling; III. i. 51.
REPLICATION, echo; I. i. 52.
RESOLVED, satisfied; III. i. 131.
RESPECT; "of the best r.", held in the greatest respect; I. ii. 59.
RESPECT, take notice of; IV. iii. 69.
——; "in r. of," *i. e.* in comparison with; I. i. 10.
REST, remain; V. i. 96.

RESTING, not subject to motion; III. i. 61.
RETENTIVE, restraining; I. iii. 95.
RHEUMY, moist; II. i. 266.
RIGHT ON, straight on; III. ii. 231.
RIVED, split, torn; I. iii. 6; IV. iii. 84.
ROME, used quibblingly with a play upon "room"; the pronunciation of the words was almost identical; I. ii. 156.
ROUND, rung, step; II. i. 24.
ROUT, disorderly company, mob; I. ii. 78.
RUDE, brutal; III. ii. 35.

SAD, serious; I. ii. 217.
SATISFIED, given satisfaction, convinced; III. i. 141.
SAVE ONLY, except; V. v. 69.
SAVING, in saving; V. iii. 38.
SCANDAL, defame, speak ill of; I. ii. 76.
'SCAPED, escaped; IV. iii. 150.
SCHEDULE, paper written on; (Ff. 1, 2, *"scedule"*,); III. i. 3.
SCOPE, full play; IV. iii. 108.
SEARCH, pierce; V. iii. 42.
SECURITY, over-confidence; II. iii. 8.
SENNET, a set of notes on the cornet, or trumpet; I. ii. 24–25.
SERVED, attended to; III. i. 8.
SET ON, proceed; I. ii. 11.
——, set forward; IV. iii. 307.
SEVERAL, different; I. ii. 328.
——, special; II. i. 138.
——, separate; III. ii. 250.
SHADOW, reflected image; I. ii. 58.
SHALLOWS, sandbanks; IV. iii. 221.
SHOW, demonstration; I. ii. 34.
SHREWD, mischievous; II. i. 158.
SHREWDLY, close enough; (used with an intensive force); III. i. 146.
SIGN'D, stamped, stained; III. i. 206.
SIRRAH, a form of address to inferiors; IV. iii. 300.
SLAUGHTER; "have added s.", have added another victim; V. i. 55.
SLIGHT, worthless; IV. i. 12.
SLIGHTED OFF, treated with contempt; IV. iii. 5.
SLIP; "let s.", unleash; III. i. 273.
SMATCH, smack; V. v. 46.
SO, if only; I. ii. 166.
SOBER, calm; IV. ii. 40.
SOFTLY, slowly; V. i. 16.
SOIL, blemish; I. ii. 42.
SOMETIME, sometimes; II. i. 251.
SOOTH, in sooth, in truth; II. iv. 20.
SO PLEASE HIM, if it please him to; III. i. 140.
SORT, rank; I. i. 63.
——, way; I. ii. 205.
——; "in s.", in a manner, after a fashion; II. i. 283.
SPARE, lean; I. ii. 201.
SPEAK TO ME, tell me; IV. iii. 281.
SPEED, prosper; I. ii. 88.
SPLEEN, passion; IV. iii. 47.
SPOIL; "sign'd in thy spoil", *i. e.* having the stains of thy blood as their badges; "spoil" was perhaps used in technical sense for the capture of the prey, and the division among those who have taken part in the chase; III. i. 206.
STALE, make common; I. ii. 73.
STALED, made stale or common; IV. i. 38.
STAND UPON, trouble about; III. i. 100.
STARE, stand on end; IV. iii. 280.

STARS, fortunes, fates, alluding to the old belief in the *influence* of the stars under which men were born; I. ii. 140.
STATE, court; I. ii. 160.
——, state of things; I. iii. 71.
——, kingdom, microcosm; II. i. 67.
STATUE, (trisyllabic); II. ii. 76; III. ii. 196.
STAY, wait; I. iii. 125.
——, await; V. i. 107.
STAYS, detains, keeps; II. ii. 75.
STERILE CURSE, the curse of being barren; I. ii. 9.
STILL, always; I. ii. 247.
STIR, stirring; I. iii. 127.
STIRR'D, stirring; II. ii. 110.
STOLE, stolen; II. i. 238.
STOMACHS, inclination; V. i. 66.
STOOD ON, regarded, attached any importance to; II. ii. 13.
STRAIN, race; V. i. 59.
STRANGE-DISPOSED, strangely disposed; I. iii. 33.
STRENGTH OF MALICE, (*v.* Note); III. i. 174.
STRICKEN, struck; II. i. 192.
STRUCKEN, struck; (F. 1, *"stroken"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"stricken"*); III. i. 209.
SUBURBS, outskirts, (with probably an allusion to the fact that the suburbs in London and other cities were the general resort of disorderly persons); II. i. 285.
SUCCESS, good fortune; II. ii. 6.
——, issue; V. iii. 66.
SUDDEN, quick; III. i. 19.
SUFFERANCE, patience; I. iii. 84.
——, suffering; II. i. 115.
SUREST, most safely; IV. i. 47.
SURLY, sullenly; I. iii. 21.
SWAY, "the s. of earth", equilibrium; (? "the government and established order of the earth" Schmidt); I. iii. 3.
SWEAR, let swear; II. i. 129.
SWORE, caused to take an oath; V. iii. 38.
SWOUND, swoon; I. ii. 257.
SWOUNDED, swooned; (Ff., *"swoonded"*); I. ii. 252.

TAG-RAG PEOPLE, the common people, rabble; I. ii. 264.
TAKE THOUGHT, give way to melancholy; II. i. 187.
TARDY, slow, laggard; I. ii. 311.
TASTE, sort, way; IV. i. 34.
TEMPER, constitution; I. ii. 129.
TENOR, contents; IV. iii. 171.
THASOS, an Island in the Ægean, off the coast of Thrace; (Ff., *"Tharsus"*); V. iii. 104.
THAT, suppose that done; II. i. 15.
THEN, in that case; V. i. 100.
THESE AND THESE, such and such; II. i. 31.
THEWS, muscles, strength; I. iii. 81.
THICK, dim, short-sighted; V. iii. 21.
THIS; "by this", *i. e.* by this time, now; I. iii. 125.
THREAT, threaten; V. i. 38.
THUNDER-STONE, thunderbolt; I. iii. 46.
TIBER BANKS, the banks of the Tiber; I. i. 64.
TIDE OF TIMES, course of times; III. i. 257.
TIME OF LIFE, full period of life; V. i. 106.
TIME'S ABUSE, abuses of the time; II. i. 115.
TINCTURES, memorial bloodstains; II. ii. 89.
'TIS JUST, just so, exactly; I. ii. 54.

To FRIEND, for our friend, as our friend; III. i. 143.
TOILS, snares, nets; II. i. 206.
TO-NIGHT, last night; II. ii. 76.
TOOK, taken; II. i. 50.
TRASH, rubbish, worthless stuff; I. iii. 108.
TROPHIES, tokens of victory; I. i. 75.
TRUE, honest; I. ii. 268.
TURN HIM GOING, send him off; III. iii. 38.

UNBRACED, unbuttoned; I. iii. 48; II. i. 262.
UNDERGO, undertake; I. iii. 123.
UNDERLINGS, serfs, mean fellows; I. ii. 141.
UNFIRM, not fixed, not firm; I. iii. 4.
UNGENTLY, unkindly; II. i. 237.
UNICORNS; "u. may be betrayed with trees"; alluding to the belief that unicorns were captured by the huntsmen standing against a tree, and stepping aside when the animal charged; its horn spent its force on the trunk and stuck fast; II. i. 204.
UNLUCKILY, foreshowing misfortune ominously; III. iii. 2.
UNMERITABLE, undeserving; IV. i. 12.
UNPURGED; "u. air," *i. e.* unpurged by the sun; II. i. 266.
UNSHAKED OF; "u. o. motion," *i. e.* undisturbed by any motion; III. i. 70.
UNTROD; "this u. state," *i. e.* this new state of affairs; III. i. 136.
UPMOST, uppermost, topmost; II. i. 24.
UPON; "u. a heap," in a heap, crowded all together; I. iii. 23.
——, in intruding upon; II. i. 86.
UPON, conditionally upon; III. i. 221.
——; "u. a wish," as soon as wished for; III. ii. 273.
——, in consequence of, from; IV. iii. 152.
USE, custom; II. ii. 25.
——; "did u.", were accustomed; I. ii. 72.

VAUNTING, boasting; IV. iii. 52.
VENTURES, what we have ventured, risked; IV. iii. 224.
VESTURE, garment; III. ii. 204.
VOICE, vote; III. i. 177.
VOID, open; II. iv. 36.
VOUCHSAFE, vouchsafe to accept; II. i. 313.
VULGAR, common herd, common people; I. i. 76.

WAFTURE, waving; II. i. 246.
WARN, summon; V. i. 5.
WASPISH, petulant; IV. iii. 50.
WEEP, shed; I. i. 64.
WEIGHING, taking into consideration; II. i. 108.
WELL, in a friendly way; IV. ii. 6.
WELL GIVEN, well disposed; I. ii. 197.
WHAT; "what night," *i. e.* what a night; I. iii. 42.
——!, an exclamation of impatience; II. i. 1.
WHEN, an exclamation of impatience; II. i. 5.
WHERE, when; I. ii. 59.
WHET, instigate; II. i. 61.
WHETHER, (monosyllabic; Ff., "*where*"); I. i. 67.
WHO, the man who; I. iii. 120.
——, which; V. i. 83.
WHOLE, well, healthy; II. i. 327.
WIND, turn, wheel; IV. i. 32.

Wit, intelligence, (so F. 2.; F. 1, *"writ"*); III. ii. 229.
With, by; I. iii. 83; III. i. 42; III. ii. 205.
With a thought, quick as thought; V. iii. 19.
Wives, women; III. i. 97.
Woe the while!, alas the time!; I. iii. 82.
Word; "at a w.," at his word; I. ii. 275.
World, condition of affairs; I. ii. 319.

Yearns, grieves; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"earnes"*; F. 4, *"earns"*); II. ii. 128.
Yet, still; II. i. 245.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

GENERAL

1. To what period of Shakespeare's work does this play belong?

2. Comment upon the style and structure.

3. What are the historic materials of this play?

4. What impression does the handling of Cæsar's character give? Is the historical impression of Cæsar's character superior? In what ways does it differ?

5. What may have been the policy of the drama with regard to the presentment of Cæsar?

6. How did Cæsar appear to the conspirators?

7. Which of them appear disinterested, if any?

8. In what ways is the character of Brutus consistent with his becoming accessory to the conspiracy? How did he differentiate his personal love for Cæsar from his loyalty to the state, as he saw its need?

9. How does the outcome of the drama act as a test of the soundness of the conspiracy?

10. What was the political situation in Rome of which Cæsar was the representative? Had this situation given the people genuine cause for discontent?

11. How are the characters of Brutus and Cassius set in contrast?

12. What is revealed of Antony's character in this play?

ACT I

13. In scene i why do the two Tribunes drive the workpeople back from the streets?

14. Why is Pompey's memory representative of a cause opposite to Cæsar's?

15. How does Flavius express his fear of Cæsar's greatness?

16. What comment does Cæsar make upon the soothsayer's warning?

17. What passes between Brutus and Cassius when they are left together?

18. What does it make evident of the internal perplexities of Brutus?

19. How does Cassius express his feeling towards Cæsar? What is its apparent tendency?

20. What does Cæsar say to Marc Antony that indicates his suspicions of Cassius?

21. What account does Casca give of the occurrences at the Capitol?

22. What does Cassius plan in order to influence Brutus to his own purposes?

23. What phenomena are reported through scene iii, and what are they supposed to portend?

24. What other conspirators against Cæsar are mentioned at the close of the Act?

ACT II

25. What is the substance of Brutus's reflections in the orchard?

26. What does it reveal of his mind, and how does it explain the conspirators' influence over him, in spite of his personal love for Cæsar?

27. Why do the conspirators decide to exclude Cicero?

28. How does the spirit of Brutus show by contrast with that of Cassius when he remonstrates against the suggestion of murdering Antony?

29. What does Decius say of the possibility of flattering Cæsar and what he can be led to through it?

30. How does the interview of Brutus with his wife show the spirit in which he has entered upon the conspiracy?

31. What fears does Calpurnia have? What do they lead her to do?

32. How does Cæsar interpret the omens reported to him?

33. What is the outcome when the conspirators arrive to fetch him to the Capitol?

34. What attempt is made by Artemidorus to save Cæsar?

35. How is foreboding conveyed in the final scene?

ACT III

36. How does Cæsar himself put away his chance of being saved?

37. How do the conspirators accomplish their design?

38. What had Cæsar done to Metellus Cimber that was judged a wrong?

39. How did it affect Cæsar to see Brutus among the conspirators?

40. Cite lines of Brutus, Decius, and Cassius following Cæsar's death, that are characteristic of fanatical reformers.

41. What message does Antony send Brutus?

42. What sentiment underlies his words to Brutus when he enters and asks that the conspirators kill him also as well as Cæsar?

43. What does Brutus say in substance when he speaks from the Forum to the people? How do the citizens receive his words?

44. How do they receive Antony at first?

45. What is the substance of Antony's address?

46. How are the people moved by it? How does the development of their sentiment demonstrate the sentiments of the masses?

47. What is the purpose of the introduction of the scene between Cinna the poet, and the citizens?

ACT IV

48. What is the outcome of the council in Antony's house?

49. To what situation does scene ii introduce us?

50. What does Brutus discover in the character of Cassius?

51. What caused Portia to kill herself?

52. What is the advice of Brutus to Cassius with regard to the action they are to take?

53. Describe the scene in the tent leading to the appearance of Cæsar's ghost.

ACT V

54. What is the substance of the passage between the generals of the two armies?

55. What are the words of Brutus to Cassius with regard to the outcome of the day?

56. Describe the progress of the battle.

57. Describe the manner of Brutus's death.

58. What is Antony's eulogium of him?

TWELFTH NIGHT;
OR, WHAT YOU WILL

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITION

Twelfth Night; or, What You Will, was first printed in the First Folio, where it occupies pages 255–275 in the division of Comedies. There is no record of any earlier edition. The text is singularly free from misprints and corruptions. The list of "Dramatis Personæ" was first given by Rowe, as in the case of many of the plays.

THE DATE OF COMPOSITION

John Manningham, a member of the Middle Temple from January, 1601(–2) to April, 1603, entered in his *Diary*, preserved in the British Museum (MSS. Harleian 5,353),[1] the following statement:—

"Feb. 2, 1601(–2).—At our feast, we had a play called *Twelve Night, or What You Will.* Much like the *Comedy of Errors*, or *Menechmi* in Plautus; but most like and near to that in Italian called *Inganni.* A good practice in it to make the steward believe his lady widowe was in love with him, by counterfeiting as from his lady in general terms, telling him what she liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his apparel, etc., and then when he came to practise, making him believe they took him to be mad," etc. Seeing that *Twelfth Night* is not mentioned by Meres in 1598, and as the play contains fragments of the song "*Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone,*" from the *Book of Ayres*, by Robert Jones, first published

[1] *Cp. The Diary of John Manningham*, ed. by John Bruce (*Camden Society*, 1869).

in 1601, the date of composition may with some certainty be assigned to 1601–1602.

TITLE OF THE PLAY

According to Halliwell-Phillipps, *Twelfth Night* was one of four plays acted by Shakespeare's Company, "the Lord Chamberlain's servants," before the Court at Whitehall during the Christmas of 1601–1602; possibly it owed its name to the circumstance that it was first acted as the Twelfth-Night performance on that occasion. Others hold that the name of the play was suggested by its "embodiment of the spirit of the Twelfth-Night sports and revels—a time devoted to festivity and merriment." Its second name, *Or What You Will*, was perhaps given in something of the same spirit as *As You Like It;* it probably implies that the first title has no very special meaning. It has been suggested that the name expresses Shakespeare's indifference to his own production—that it was a sort of farewell to Comedy; in his subsequent plays the tragic element was to predominate. This far-fetched, subtle view of the matter has certainly little to commend it.[1]

THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT

(i) There are at least two Italian plays called *Gl'Inganni* (*The Cheats*), to which Manningham may have referred in his entry as containing incidents resembling those of *Twelfth Night;* one of these plays, by Nicolo Secchi, was printed in 1562; another by Curzio Gonzalo, was first published in 1592. In the latter play the sister, who dresses as a man, and is mistaken for her brother, gives herself the name of Cesare, and it seems likely that we have here the source of Shakespeare's "Cesario." (ii) A third play, however, entitled *Gl'Ingannati* (Venice, 1537), translated by Peacock in 1862, bears a much stronger resemblance to *Twelfth Night;* in its poetical induction,

[1] Marston took the name *What You Will* for a play of his own in 1607.

Il Sacrificio, occurs the name "Malevolti," which is at least suggestive of the name "Malvolio." (iii) The ultimate source of the story is undoubtedly Bandello's *Novelle* (II. 36), whence it passed into Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques* (Vol. IV, Hist. vii); an English version of the story—probably Shakespeare's original for the general framework of his Comedy—found a place in Barnaby Rich's *Farewell to the Militarye Profession* (1581), where it is styled *"The History of Apollonius and Silla"; Rich,* no doubt, derived it from Cinthio's *Hecatomithi;* Cinthio in his turn was indebted to Bandello. (Rich's *Apollonius and Silla* is printed in Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library,* Part 1, Vol. I.)

For the secondary plot, the story of "Malvoglio, that cross-gartered gull," no source exists; Malvolio, Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Fabian, Feste, and Maria, are wholly Shakespeare's.

BACKWARD LINKS

Twelfth Night, probably the last of the joyous comedies, holding a middle place between *As You Like It* and *All's Well,* suggests noteworthy points of contact with earlier plays: *e. g.* (1) the disguised Viola may well be compared with the disguised Julia in *The Two Gentlemen;* (2) the story of the wreck recalls the similar episode in *The Comedy of Errors;* (3) the whole play is in fact a "Comedy of Errors" arising from mistaken identity; (4) the sentiment of music breathes throughout, as in *The Merchant of Venice,*

> "like the sweet sound
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odor";

(5) alike, too, in both these plays the faithful friend is named Antonio; (6) in Viola's confession of her secret love (II, iv, 114–122) we have a fuller chord of the note struck in *Love's Labor's Lost;* (7) finally, Sir Andrew is a sort of

elder brother of Cousin Slender, and Sir Toby Belch a near kinsman of Sir John Falstaff.

DURATION OF ACTION

The action of *Twelfth Night* occupies three days, with an interval of three days between the first and second days:—

Day 1. Act I, sc. i–iii. *Interval.*
Day 2. Act I, iv and v; Act II, i–iii.
Day 3. Act II, iv and v; Acts III, IV, and V.

(*cp.* Daniel's *Time-Analysis of Shakespeare's Plays*, Transactions of New Shakespeare Society).

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

Twelfth Night, or What You Will, originally appeared in the folio of 1623, being the thirteenth in the list of Comedies.

In default of positive information, this play was for a long time set down as among the last-written of our author's plays. This opinion was based upon such slight indications gathered from the work itself, as could have no weight but in the absence of other proofs. For example, the word *undertaker* occurs in the play; therefore Tyrwhitt dated the writing of it in 1614, because the term was that year applied to certain men who *undertook* to carry matters in Parliament according to the king's liking; their arts and methods probably being much the same as are used by the lobby members of American legislatures: from which Mr. Verplanck very naturally infers that some of the Anglo-Saxon blood still runs in the veins of our republic. Chalmers, however, supposing that reference was had to the *undertakers* for colonizing Ulster in 1613, assigned the play to that year; and was confirmed therein by the Poet's use of the term Sophy, because the same year Sir Anthony Shirley published his *Travels*, wherein something was said about the Sophy of Persia. Perhaps it did not occur to either of these men that Shakespeare might have taken up the former word from its general use and meaning, not from any special applications of it; these being apt to infer that it was already understood. Malone at first fixed upon 1614, but afterwards changed it to 1607, because the play contains the expression "westward-hoe!" and Dekker's comedy entitled *Westward-Hoe*

came out that year; thus assuming that the play gave currency to the phrase, instead of being so named because the phrase was already common. Several other arguments of like sort were urged in favor of this or that date,—arguments for which the best apology is, that the authors had nothing better to build conjecture upon.

All these inferences have been set aside, and their weakness shown, by a recent discovery. In 1828 Mr. Collier, while delving in the "musty records of antiquity" stored away in the Museum,—a work not more toilsome to him than gratifying to us,—met with the following memorandum in a diary preserved among the Harleian Manuscripts:

"Feb. 2, 1602. At our feast we had a play called *Twelve night or what you will*, much like *The Comedy of Errors*, or *Menechmi* in Plautus, but most like and near to that in Italian called *Inganni*. A good practice in it to make the steward believe his lady widow was in love with him, by counterfeiting a letter, as from his lady, in general terms telling him what she liked best in him, and prescribing his gestures, his apparel, etc., and then when he came to practise, making him believe they took him to be mad."

The authorship of the diary containing this precious item was unknown to Mr. Collier, till the Rev. Joseph Hunter ascertained it to be the work of John Manningham, a barrister who was entered at the Middle Temple in 1797. The occasion of the performance thus noted down by Manningham was the feast of the Purification, anciently called Candlemas;—an important link in the course of festivities that used to continue from Christmas to Shrovetide. It would seem that the benchers and members of the several Inns were wont to enrich their convivialities with a course of wit and poetry. And the glorious old Temple is yet standing, where one of Shakespeare's sweetest plays was enjoyed by his contemporaries, at a time when this annual jubilee had rendered their minds congenial and apt, and when Christians have so much cause

to be happy and gentle and kind, and therefore to cherish the convivial delectations whence kindness and happiness naturally grow. It scarce need be said that a new grace is added to that ancient and venerable structure by this relic of John Manningham, whom a few strokes of the pen have rendered immortal so long after all other memorials of him had been swept away.

Twelfth Night, therefore, was unquestionably written before 1602. That it was not written before 1598, is probable from its not being spoken of in Meres' *Palladis Tamia*, which came out that year. This probability is heightened almost to certainty by what Maria says of Malvolio in his ludicrous beatitude: "He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies"; which is evidently an allusion to some contemporary matter, and was so regarded before the date of any such multilineal map was known. It is now ascertained that an English version of Linschoten's *Discourse of Voyages*, containing a map exactly answering to Maria's description, was published in 1598. The allusion can hardly be to anything else; and the words *new map* would seem to infer that the passage was written not long after the appearance of the map in question. Dr. Ulrici and other German critics, thinking *Twelfth Night* to be glanced at in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of His Humour*, which was first acted in 1599, of course conclude the former play to have been made before that date. But we can discover nothing in Jonson's play, that may be fairly construed as an allusion to *Twelfth Night*.

On the other hand, there is good reason for thinking that the play was not made before 1600. For on June 22 of that year the Privy Council issued an order laying very severe restrictions upon stage performances. After prescribing "that there shall be about the city two houses and no more, allowed to serve for the use of common stage plays; of the which houses, one shall be in Surrey, in the place commonly called *The Bankside*, or thereabouts, and the other in Middlesex"; the order runs thus: "Foras-

much as these stage plays, by the multitude of houses and company of players, have been so frequent, not serving for recreation, but inviting and calling the people daily from their trade and work to misspend their time; it is likewise ordered, that the two several companies of players, assigned unto the two houses allowed, may play each of them in their several houses twice a week, and no oftener: and especially they shall refrain to play on the Sabbath day, upon pain of imprisonment and further penalty. And they shall forbear altogether in the time of Lent, and likewise at such time and times as any extraordinary sickness, or infection of disease, shall appear to be in or about the city." This paper was directed to the Lord Mayor and the Justices of Middlesex and Surrey, "strictly charging them to see to the execution of the same"; and it is plain, that if rigidly enforced it would have amounted almost to a total suppression of play-houses, as the expenses of such establishments could hardly have been met, in the face of so great drawbacks.

In *Twelfth Night*, Act III, sc. i, the Clown says to Viola,—"But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them"; which strikes us as a probable allusion to the forecited order. Moreover, the Puritans were especially forward and zealous in urging the complaints which put the Privy Council upon issuing this stringent process; and it will hardly be disputed that the character of Malvolio was meant as a satire upon the virtues of that extraordinary people. That the Poet should be somewhat provoked by their instrumentality in bringing about such tight restraints upon the freedom of his art, was certainly natural enough. And surely it is no slight addition to their many claims on our gratitude, that their characteristic violence against the liberty of others, and their innate aptness to think, "because they were virtuous, there should be no more cakes and ale," called forth so rich and withal so good-natured a piece of retaliation. And it is a considerable instance of the Poet's equanimity, that he dealt so fairly by them notwithstanding their vexatious assaults,

being content merely to play off upon them the divine witchcraft of his genius. Perhaps it should be remarked, that the order in question, though solicited by the authorities of the city, was not enforced; for even at this early date those righteous magistrates had hit upon the method, which they afterwards plied with such fatal success, of stimulating the complaints of discontented citizens, till orders were taken to remove the alleged grievances, and then letting such orders sleep, lest the enforcing thereof should hush those complaints, and thus lose them their cherished opportunities of annoying the Government.

The critics all agree that some outlines of the serious portion of *Twelfth Night* were drawn, directly or indirectly, from the Italian of Bandello. Several intermediate sources have been pointed out, to which the Poet may have gone; and among them the English of Barnabe Rich, and the French of Belleforest, either of which might well enough have been the true one. Besides these, two Italian plays have lately been discovered, severally entitled *Gl' Inganni* and *Gl' Ingannati*, both also founded upon Bandello, though differing considerably from each other. From the way Manningham speaks, it would seem that *Gl' Inganni* was generally regarded at the time as the original of so much of *Twelfth Night* as was borrowed: yet the play has less of resemblance to this than to any of the other sources mentioned. The point, however, where they all agree, is in having a brother and sister so much alike in person and habit as to be indistinguishable; upon which some of the main incidents are made to turn. In *Gl' Ingannati* there is the further resemblance that Lelia, the heroine, in the disguise of a page serves Flamminio, with whom she is in love, but who is in love with a lady named Isabella; and that Flamminio employs Lelia to plead his cause with Isabella. Mr. Collier thinks it cannot be said with any certainty, that Shakespeare resorted to either of the Italian plays, though he may have read both while considering the best mode of adapting to the stage the incidents of Bandello's novel. As the leading points which

they have in common with Shakespeare are much the same in all the authors in question, perhaps we cannot do better than to give an outline or brief abstract of the tale as told by Barnabe Rich; from which a pretty fair estimate of the Poet's obligations may be easily made out. The events of the story, as will be seen, are supposed to have taken place before Constantinople fell into the hands of the Turks.

A certain duke, named Apolonius, had served a year in the wars against the Turk. Returning homewards by sea, he was driven by stress of weather to the isle of Cyprus, where he was well received by Pontus the governor, whose daughter Silla fell so deeply in love with him, that after his departure to Constantinople she forsook home in pursuit of him, having persuaded her man Pedro to go along with her. For security against such perils and injuries as are apt to befall young ladies in her situation, she assumed the dress and name of her brother Silvio, who was absent from home when she left. Coming to Constantinople she inquired out the residence of Apolonius, and presented herself before him, craving to be his servant; and he, being well disposed towards strangers and liking her appearance, took her into his service. Her smooth and gentle behavior soon won his confidence, and her happy diligence in waiting upon him caused her to be advanced above all the rest of his servants in credit and trust.

At this time there dwelt in the city a lady widow named Julina, whose husband had lately died, leaving her large possessions and rich livings, and who, moreover, surpassed all the ladies of Constantinople in beauty. Her attractions of course proved too much for the Duke: he became an earnest suitor to the lady, and employed his new servant to carry his love-tokens and forward his suit. Thus, besides her other afflictions, this piece of disguised sweetness had to endure the greater one of being the instrument to work her own mishap, and of playing the attorney in a cause that made against herself: nevertheless, being alto-

gether desirous to please her master, and caring nothing at all to offend herself, she urged his suit with as much zeal as if it had been her own preferment. But 'twas not long till Silla's sweetness stole through her disguise right into the heart of the lady Julina, who at length got so entangled with the often sight of this sweet temptation, that she fell as much in love with the servant as the master was with herself. Thus things went on, till one day Silla, being sent with a message to the lady, began to solicit very warmly for the Duke, when Julina interrupted her, saying, —Silvio, it is enough that you have said for your master: henceforth either speak for yourself, or say nothing at all.

Meanwhile Silla's brother, the right Silvio indeed, had returned home to Cyprus; and was much grieved to find her missing, whom he loved the more tenderly for that, besides being his own sister, she was so like him in person and feature that no one could distinguish them, save by their apparel. Learning how she had disappeared, and supposing that Pedro had seduced and stolen her away, he vowed to his father that he would not only seek out his sister, but take revenge on the servant. In this mind he departed, and, after seeking through many towns and cities in vain, arrived at Constantinople. One evening, as he was walking for recreation on a pleasant green without the walls of the city, he chanced to meet the lady Julina, who had also gone forth to take the air. Casting her eyes upon Silvio, and thinking him to be the messenger that had so often done enchantment upon her, she drew him aside, and soon courted him into a successful courtship of herself. Of course she was not long in getting tied up beyond the Duke's hope. Now Apolonius had already conceived such a tender friendship for his gentle page as always makes the better part of a genuine love. The appearance of Silla's brother forthwith brings about a full disclosure what and who she is; whereupon the Duke, seeing the lady widow now quite beyond his reach, and learning what precious riches are already his in the form

of a serving-man, transfers his heart to Silla, and takes her to his bosom.

The story of Apolonius and Silla, which was evidently made from the matter of Bandello's *Nicuola*, is in a collection entitled Rich's *Farewell to The Military Profession*, which was originally published somewhere between 1578 and 1581, and re-issued in 1606;—a book, says Rich, "containing very pleasant discourses fit for a peaceable time, and gathered together for the only delight of the courteous gentlewomen of England and Ireland." Whether Shakespeare drew directly from this source is very doubtful, there being no verbal resemblances whereby such obligations may usually be traced. Mr. Collier thinks there might be in Shakespeare's time some version of Bandello more like the original than that made by Rich; and that, whether there were or not, the Poet may have gone to the Italian story, since *Le Novelle di Bandello* were very well known in England as early as about the middle of the sixteenth century. It is observable that the lady Julina of Rich's novel, who answers to the Olivia of *Twelfth Night*, is a widow; and that Manningham speaks of Olivia as a "widow." Which suggests that she may have been so represented in the play as acted at the Reader's Feast in 1602; the Poet afterwards making the change: but it seems more likely that the barrister's recollections of Julina got mixed up with his impression of Olivia; the similarity of the stories being apt enough to generate such a confusion.

Thus it appears that the most objectionable, or rather the least admirable points in *Twelfth Night* are precisely those which were least original with the Poet; they being already familiar to his audience, and recommended to his use by the popular literature of the time. Nor is it to be overlooked that his borrowings relate only to the plot of the work, the poetry and character being all his own; and that, here as elsewhere, he used what he took merely as the canvas whereon to pencil out and express the breathing creatures of his mind. As to the comic portion, there is

no pretense that any hints or traces of it are to be found in any preceding writer.

Mr. Knight justly remarks upon the singularly composite society here delineated, that while the period of action is undefined, and the scene laid in Illyria, the names of the persons are a mixture of Spanish, Italian, and English. And the discrepancies thence arising he thinks may be best made up, by supposing Duke Orsino to be a Venetian governor of so much of ancient Illyria as remained subject to Venice at the beginning of the seventeenth century; his attendants, Valentine, Curio, etc., as well as Olivia, Malvolio, and Maria, being also Venetians: and Sir Toby and Sir Andrew to be English residents; the former, a maternal uncle to Olivia,—her father, a Venetian count, having married his sister.

This discrepancy in the grouping of the persons, whether so intended or not, very well accords with the spirit in which, or the occasion for which, the title indicates the play to have been written. Twelfth Day, anciently so called as being the twelfth after Christmas, is the day whereon the Church has always kept the feast of "The Epiphany, or the Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles," by the miraculous leading of a star. So that, in preparing a Twelfth-Night entertainment the idea of fitness might aptly suggest, that national lines and distinctions should be lost in the paramount ties of a common religion: and that people the most diverse in kindred and tongue should draw together in the sentiment of one Lord, one faith, one baptism; their social mirth being thus seasoned with a spicery of heaven, and relishing of universal brotherhood.

The general scope and plan of *Twelfth Night*, as a work of art, is wisely hinted in its second title: all the comic elements being, as it were, thrown out simultaneously and held in a sort of equipoise, thus leaving the readers to fix the preponderance where will best suit their several bent or state of mind; so that within certain limits and conditions each may take the work in *what sense he will*. For

where no special prominence is given to one thing, there must needs be wide scope for individual aptitudes and inclinations, and great freedom for everyone to select for virtual prominence such parts as best express or knit in with what is uppermost in his thoughts.

Taking another view of *Twelfth Night* in the light of the same principle, the significancy of the title is further traceable in a peculiar spontaneousness running through the play. Replete as it is with humors and oddities, they all seem to spring up of their own accord; the comic characters being free alike from disguises and pretensions, and seeking merely to let off their inward redundancy; caring not at all whether everybody or nobody sees them, so they may have their whim out, and giving utterance to folly and nonsense simply because they cannot help it. Thus their very deformities have a certain grace, since they are genuine and of nature's planting: absurdity and whimsicality are indigenous to the soil, and shoot up in free, happy luxuriance, from the life that is in them. And by thus setting the characters out in their happiest aspects, the Poet contrives to make them simply ludicrous and diverting, instead of putting upon them the construction of wit or spleen, and thereby making them ridiculous or contemptible. Hence it is that we so readily enter into a sort of fellowship with them; their foibles and follies being shown up in such a spirit of good humor that the subjects themselves would rather join with us in laughing, than be angered or hurt by the exhibition. Moreover, the high and the low are here seen moving in free and familiar intercourse, without any apparent consciousness of their respective ranks: the humors and comicalities of the play keep running and frisking in among the serious parts, to their mutual advantage; the connection between them being of a kind to be felt, not described.

Thus the piece overflows with the genial, free-and-easy spirit of a merry Twelfth Night. Chance, caprice, and intrigue, it is true, are brought together in about equal portions; and their meeting, and crossing, and mutual

tripping, cause a deal of perplexity and confusion, defeating the hopes of some, suspending those of others: yet here, as is often the case in actual life, from this conflict of opposites order and happiness spring up as the final result: if what we call accident thwart one cherished purpose, it draws on something better; blighting a full-blown expectation now, to help the blossoming of a nobler one hereafter: and it so happens in the end that all the persons but two either have *what they will*, or grow willing to have what comes to their hand.

If the characters of this play be generally less interesting in themselves than some we meet with elsewhere in the Poet's works, the defect is pretty well made up by the felicitous grouping of them. For broad comic effect, the cluster of which Sir Toby is the center,—all of them drawn in clear yet delicate colors,—is inferior only to the unparalleled assemblage that makes rich the air of East-cheap. Of Sir Toby himself,—that most whimsical, mad-cap, frolicsome old toper, so full of antics and fond of sprees, with a plentiful stock of wit and an equal lack of money to keep it in motion,—it is enough to say, with one of the best Shakespearean critics, that "he certainly comes out of the same associations where the Poet saw Falstaff hold his revels"; and that though "not Sir John, nor a fainter sketch of him, yet he has an odd sort of a family likeness to him." Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, the aspiring, lack-a-daisical, self-satisfied echo and sequel of Sir Toby, fitly serves the double purpose of butt and foil to the latter, at once drawing him out and setting him off. Ludicrously proud of the most petty childish irregularities, which, however, his natural fatuity keeps him from acting, and barely suffers him to affect, on this point he reminds us of that impressive imbecility, Abraham Slender; yet not in such sort as to encroach at all upon Slender's province. There can scarce be found a richer piece of diversion than Sir Toby's practice in dandling him out of his money, and paying him off with the odd hope of gaining Olivia's hand. And the funniest of it is, that while Sir Toby thoroughly

understands him he has not himself the slightest suspicion what he is, being as confident of his own wit as others are of his want of it.—Malvolio, the self-lovesick Steward, has hardly had justice done him, his bad qualities being indeed just of the kind to defeat the recognition of his good ones. He represents a class of men, not quite extinct even yet, whose leading characteristic is moral vanity and conceit, and who are never satisfied with a law that leaves them free to do right, unless it also give them power to keep others from doing wrong. Of course, therefore, he has too much conscience to mind his own business, and is too pure to tolerate mirth in others, because too much swollen and stiffened with self-love to be merry himself. But here again Mr. Verplanck has spoken so happily that we must needs quote him: "The gravity, the acquirement, the real talent and accomplishment of the man, all made ludicrous, fantastical, and absurd, by his intense vanity, is as true a conception as it is original and droll, and its truth may still be frequently attested by comparison with real Malvolios, to be found everywhere from humble domestic life up to the high places of learning, of the state, and even of the Church."—Maria's quaint stratagem of the letter is evidently for the purpose of disclosing to others what her keener sagacity has discovered long before; and its working lifts her into a model of arch roguish mischievousness, with wit to plan and art to execute whatsoever falls within the scope of such a character. The scenes where the waggish troop, headed by this "noble gull-catcher" and most "excellent devil of wit," bewitch Malvolio into "a contemplative idiot," practicing upon his vanity and conceit until he seems ready to burst with an ecstacy of self-consequence, and they "laugh themselves into stitches" over him, are almost painfully diverting. At length, however, our merriment at seeing him "jet under his advanc'd plumes" passes into pity for his sufferings, and we feel a degree of resentment towards his ingenious persecutors. Doubtless the Poet meant to push the joke upon him so far as to throw our feelings over on

his side, and make us take his part. For his character is such that perhaps nothing but excessive reprisals on his vanity could make us do justice to his real worth.—The shrewd, mirth-loving Fabian, who in greedy silence devours up fun, being made so happy by the first tastings, that he dare not laugh lest the noise thereof should lose him the remainder; and the witty-wise Fool, who lives but to jest out philosophy, and moralize the scenes where he moves, by "pinning the pied lappets of his wit to the backs of all about him," complete this strange group of laughing and laughter-moving personages.

Such are the scenes, such the characters that enliven Olivia's mansion during the play; Olivia herself, calm, cheerful, of "smooth, discreet, and stable bearing," hovering about them, sometimes unbending, never losing her dignity among them; often checking, oftener enjoying their merry-makings, and occasionally emerging from her seclusion to be plagued by the Duke's message and bewitched by his messenger: and Viola, always perfect in her part, yet always shrinking from it, appearing among them from time to time on her embassies of love; sometimes a partaker, sometimes a provoker, sometimes the victim, of their mischievous sport.

All this array of comicalities, exhilarating as it is in itself, is rendered doubly so by the frequent changes and playings-in of poetry breathed from the sweetest spots of romance, and which "gives a very echo to the seat where Love is thron'd"; ideas and images of beauty creeping and stealing over the mind with footsteps so soft and delicate that we scarce know what touches us,—the motions of one that had learned to tread

> "As if the wind, not he, did walk,
> Nor prest a flower, nor bow'd a stalk."

Upon this portion of the play Hazlitt remarks in his spirited way,—"Much as we think of catches, and cakes and ale, there is something that we like better. We have a friendship for Sir Toby; we patronize Sir Andrew; we

have an understanding with the Clown, a sneaking kindness for Maria and her rogueries; we feel a regard for Malvolio, and sympathize with his gravity, his smiles, his cross-garters, his yellow stockings, and imprisonment: But there is something that excites in us a stronger feeling than all this."

Olivia is a considerable instance how much a fair and candid setting-forth may do to render an ordinary person attractive, and shows that for the home-bred comforts and fireside tenor of life such persons after all are apt to be the best; and it is not a little remarkable that one so willful and perverse on certain points should be so agreeable and interesting upon the whole. If it seem rather naughty in her not to give the Duke a fair chance to try his powers upon her, she gets pretty well paid in falling a victim to the eloquence which her obstinacy stirs up and provokes. Nor is it altogether certain whether her conduct springs from a pride that will not listen where her fancy is not taken, or from an unambitious modesty that prefers not to "match above her degree." Her

> "beauty truly blent, whose red and white
> Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."

saves the credit of the fancy-smitten Duke in such an urgency of suit as might else breed some question of his manliness: and her winning infirmity, as expressed in the sweet violence with which she hastens on "a contract and eternal bond of love" with the astonished and bewildered Sebastian, "that her most jealous and too doubtful soul may live at peace," shows how well the sternness of the brain may be tempered into amiability by the meekness of womanhood. Manifold indeed are the attractions which the Poet has shed upon his heroes and heroines; yet perhaps the learned spirit of the man is more wisely apparent in the home-keeping virtues and unostentatious beauty of his average characters. And surely the contemplation of Olivia may well suggest the question, whether the former be not sometimes too admirable to be so instructive as

those whose graces walk more in the light of common day.

Similar thoughts might aptly enough be started by the Duke, who, without any very splendid or striking qualities, manages somehow to be a highly agreeable and interesting person. His character is merely that of an accomplished gentleman, enraptured at the touch of music, and the sport of thick-thronging fancies. It is plain that Olivia has rather enchanted his imagination than won his heart; though he is not himself aware that such is the case. This fancy-sickness, for it appears to be nothing else, naturally renders him somewhat capricious and fantastical, "unstaid and skittish" in his motions; and, but for the exquisite poetry which it inspires him to utter, would rather stir up our mirth than start our sympathy. To use an illustration from another play, Olivia is not so much his Juliet as his Rosaline; and perhaps a secret impression of something like this is the real cause of her rejecting his suit. Accordingly when he sees her placed beyond his hope he has no more trouble about her; but turns and builds a true affection where, during the preoccupancy of his imagination, so many sweet and tender appeals have been made to his heart.

In Viola, what were else not a little scattered are thoroughly composed; her character being the unifying power that draws and binds together the several groups of persons in true dramatic consistency. Love-taught herself, it was for her to teach both the Duke and the Countess how to love: indeed she plays into all the other parts, causing them to embrace and kiss within the compass of her circulation. And yet, like some subtle agency working most where we perceive it least, she does all this in such a way as not to render herself a special prominence in the play.

It is observable that the Poet has left it uncertain whether Viola was in love with the Duke before the assumption of her disguise, or whether her heart was won afterwards by reading "the book even of his secret soul" while wooing another. Nor does it much matter whether her passion were one of the motives, or one of the consequences,

of her disguise, since in either case such a man as Olivia describes him to be might well find his way to tougher hearts than hers. But her love has none of the skittishness and unrest which mark the Duke's passion for Olivia: complicated out of all the elements of her richly-gifted, sweetly-tempered nature, it is strong without violence; never mars the innate modesty of her character; is deep as life, tender as infancy, pure, peaceful, and unchangeable as truth.

Mrs. Jameson,—who, with the best right to know what belongs to woman, unites a rare talent for taking others along with her and letting them see the choice things which her gifted, genial eye discerns, and who, in respect of Shakespeare's heroines, has left little for after critics to do but quote her words,—remarks that "in Viola a sweet consciousness of her feminine nature is forever breaking through her masquerade;—she plays her part well, but never forgets, nor allows us to forget, that she is playing a part." And, sure enough, everything about her save her dress "is semblative a woman's part": she has none of the pretty assumption of a pert, saucy, waggish manhood, which so delights us in the Rosalind of *As You Like It;* but she has that which, if not better in itself, is more becoming in her,—"the inward and spiritual grace of modesty" pervading all she does and says. Even in her sweet-witted railleries with the comic characters there is all the while an instinctive drawing back of female delicacy, touching our sympathies, and causing us to feel most deeply what she is, when those with whom she is playing least suspect her to be other than she seems. And the same is true concerning her passion, of which she never so speaks as to compromise in the least the delicacies and proprieties of her sex, yet she lets fall many things from which the Duke easily gathers the true drift and quality of her feelings as soon as he learns what she is.—But the great charm of her character lies in a moral rectitude so perfect as to be a secret unto itself; a clear, serene composure of truth,

mingling so freely and smoothly with the issues of life, that while, and perhaps even because, she is herself unconscious of it, she is never once tempted to abuse or shirk her trust, though it be to play the attorney in a cause that makes so much against herself. In this respect she presents a fine contrast to Malvolio, who has much virtue indeed, yet not so much but that the counter-pullings of temptation have rendered him deeply conscious of it, and so drawn him into the vice, at once hateful and ridiculous, of moral pride.

Twelfth Night naturally falls, by internal as well as external notes, into the middle period of the author's productive years. It has no such marks of vast but immature powers as are often to be met with in his earlier plays; nor any of "that intense idiosyncrasy of thought and expression,—that unparalleled fusion of the intellectual with the passionate," which distinguishes his later ones. Everything is calm and quiet, with an air of unruffled serenity and composure about it, as if the Poet had purposely taken to such matter as he could easily mould into graceful and entertaining forms; thus exhibiting none of the crushing muscularity of mind to which the hardest materials afterwards or elsewhere became as limber and pliant as clay in the hands of a potter. Yet the play has a marked severity of taste; the style, though by no means so great as in some others, is singularly faultless; the graces of wit and poetry are distilled into it with indescribable delicacy, as if they came from a hand at once the most plentiful and the most sparing: in short, the work is everywhere replete with "the modest charm of not too much"; its beauty, like that of the heroine, being of the still, deep, retiring sort which it takes some time to find, forever to exhaust, and which can be fully caught only by the reflective imagination in "the quiet and still air of delightful studies." Thus all things are disposed in most happy keeping with each other, and tempered in the blandest proportion of art, as if on purpose to show how

"Grace, laughter, and discourse may meet,
And yet the beauty not go less;
For what is noble should be sweet."

Such, we believe, is pretty nearly our impression of this charming play;—"a drama," as Knight happily describes it, "running over with imagination, and humor, and wit; in which high poetry is welded with intense fun; and we are made to feel that the lofty and the ludicrous in human affairs can only be adequately presented by one who sees the whole from an eagle-height to which ordinary men cannot soar."

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

VIOLA

The situation and the character of Viola have been censured for their want of consistency and probability; it is therefore worth while to examine how far this criticism is true. As for her situation in the drama (of which she is properly the heroine), it is shortly this. She is shipwrecked on the coast of Illyria; she is alone and without protection in a strange country. She wishes to enter into the service of the Countess Olivia; but she is assured that this is impossible; "for the lady having recently lost an only and beloved brother, has abjured the sight of men, has shut herself up in her palace, and will admit no kind of suit." In this perplexity, Viola remembers to have heard her father speak with praise and admiration of Orsino, the Duke of the country; and having ascertained that he is not married, and that therefore his court is not a proper asylum for her in her feminine character, she attires herself in the disguise of a page, as the best protection against uncivil comments, till she can gain some tidings of her brother. If we carry our thoughts back to a romantic and chivalrous age, there is surely sufficient probability here for all the purposes of poetry. To pursue the thread of Viola's destiny;—she is engaged in the service of the Duke, whom she finds "fancy-sick" for the love of Olivia. We are left to infer (for so it is hinted in the first scene), that this Duke—who, with his accomplishments, and his personal attractions, his taste for music, his chivalrous tenderness, and his unrequited love, is really a very fascinating and poetical personage, though

a little passionate and fantastic—had already made some impression on Viola's imagination; and when she comes to play the confidante, and to be loaded with favors and kindness in her assumed character, that she should be touched by a passion made up of pity, admiration, gratitude, and tenderness, does not, I think, in any way detract from the genuine sweetness and delicacy of her character, for "*she never told her love.*" Now all this, as the critic wisely observes, may not present a very just picture of life; and it may also fail to impart any moral lesson for the especial profit of well-bred young ladies; but is it not in truth and in nature? Did it ever fail to charm or to interest, to seize on the coldest fancy, to touch the most insensible heart? Viola then is chosen favorite of the enamored Duke, and becomes his messenger to Olivia, and the interpreter of his sufferings to that inaccessible beauty. In her character of a youthful page, she attracts the favor of Olivia, and excites the jealousy of her lord. The situation is critical and delicate; but how exquisitely is the character of Viola fitted to her part, carrying her through the ordeal with all the inward and spiritual grace of modesty! What beautiful propriety in the distinction drawn between Rosalind and Viola! The wild sweetness, the frolic humor which sports free and unblamed amid the shades of Ardennes, would ill become Viola, whose playfulness is assumed as part of her disguise as a court-page, and is guarded by the strictest delicacy. She has not, like Rosalind, a saucy enjoyment in her own incognito; her disguise does not sit so easily upon her; her heart does not beat freely under it. As in the old ballad, where "Sweet William" is detected weeping in secret over her "man's array," so in Viola, a sweet consciousness of her feminine nature is forever breaking through her masquerade. She plays her part well, but never forgets, nor allows us to forget, that she is playing a part. The feminine cowardice of Viola, which will not allow her even to affect a courage becoming her attire,—her horror at the idea of drawing a sword, is very natural and characteristic;

and produces a most humorous effect, even at the very moment it charms and interests us.—JAMESON, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

Viola is Shakespeare's ideal of the patient idolatry and devoted, silent self-sacrifice of perfect love. Viola makes no attempt to win; spreads no lure; resorts to no subterfuge. In such cases the advance is usually made by woman. It is so made by Rosalind, for example, a character commonly and erroneously, named as the perfection of abstract poetical spirituality and refinement. It is not made by Viola—she loves, and is simply herself, and she will submit, without a murmur, to any sorrow that may await her. "She never told her love." Rosalind is a woman. Viola is a poem. Rosalind is human. Viola is human, too, but also she is celestial. Disguised as a boy, she will follow the fortunes of her lord, and she will even plead his cause, as a lover, with the beautiful woman who has captured his physical longing and languishing, sentimental fancy. A woman, under such circumstances, commonly hates her rival with the bitterness of death—Viola never harbors hate, never speaks one word of antagonism or malice. She does not assume that Orsino is her property because she happens to love him, or that he is in any way responsible for the condition of her feelings, or that Olivia is reprehensible because she has fascinated him. There is no selfishness in her love, because there is no selfishness in her nature. Her desire to see the face of Olivia is the pathetic desire to know what it is that has charmed the man whom she worships, and, through her simulated glee, when she does see it, shines the touching consciousness that the beauty of Olivia might well inspire any man's devotion. Nothing could be more fervent and generous than the candor and enthusiasm with which she recognizes that beauty, and pleads with it for compassion upon a suffering worshiper. She knows Orsino's sorrows by her own, and pities him and would help him if she could. That is true love, which desires not its own hap-

piness, but the happiness of its object, and which feels, without any conscious knowledge, that itself is the perfection of human attainment, and that it may be better to lose than to win. Shakespeare has incarnated that lovely spirit in a person of equal loveliness, and has inspired it with the exuberant glee that is possible only to perfect innocence.—WINTER, *Shadows of the Stage.*

After her first exertion of will in assuming male dress, and this is readily ascribed to the exigence of unprotected position, she simply allows herself to be carried along by the stream of time and events, which answer to her confidence by floating her at last to happiness. Enamored of the Duke, she can no more than Rosalind, though in a more pensive spirit, deny herself the luxury of uttering her passion when secure that her expressions cannot be applied; but otherwise the loss of a brother rests on her heart as on Olivia's, and she has not yet recovered courage to attempt to steer her fate. She is simply face to face with Grief, and conquers it by being able to tranquilly smile at it. She does her embassage to Olivia with candid directness, and is content to take the consequence of her loyalty. She sees quickly a probability that she is mistaken for her brother, yet she leaves this too for the course of events to bring to light; and even when the hasty speech of the Duke seems to threaten her destruction, she turns to meet her fate "jocund, apt, and willingly." Her conduct throughout is consistent with the character, for which the type and key-note was given by the conditions of the embassy. Had her nature been more active, less contemplative, and less conscientious, she could not have undertaken to intercede with her rival, without making some use of her position to influence her own fortunes, and yet in what direction could she urge them, consistently with delicacy and honor? A stronger character would have been far more embarrassed; and thus the position creates the necessity for the only combination of feminine qualities, that could be placed in it without disagreeable diffi-

culty and without degradation. It is with like uncritical, though not unwondering, acquiescence that Sebastian receives his good fortune; and it is the naturalness of this, as a point of twin likeness, that reconciles us to it, and thus saves him from any appearance of dullness on the one hand, or duplicity on the other.—LLOYD, *Critical Essays.*

OLIVIA

The Countess Olivia forms a pendant to the Duke; she, like him, is full of yearning melancholy. With an ostentatious exaggeration of sisterly love, she has vowed to pass seven whole years veiled like a nun, consecrating her whole life to sorrow for her dead brother. Yet we find in her speeches no trace of this devouring sorrow; she jests with her household, and rules it ably and well, until, at the first sight of the disguised Viola, she flames out into passion, and, careless of the traditional reserve of her sex, takes the most daring steps to win the supposed youth. She is conceived as an unbalanced character, who passes at a bound from exaggerated hatred for all worldly things to total forgetfulness of her never-to-be-forgotten sorrow. Yet she is not comic like Phebe; for Shakespeare has indicated that it is the Sebastian type, foreshadowed in the disguished Viola, which is irresistible to her; and Sebastian, we see, at once requites the love which his sister had to reject. Her utterance of her passion, moreover, is always poetically beautiful.

Yet while she is sighing in vain for Viola, she necessarily appears as though seized with a mild erotic madness, similar to that of the Duke: and the folly of each is parodied in a witty and delightful fashion by Malvolio's entirely ludicrous love for his mistress, and vain confidence that she returns it. Olivia feels and says this herself, where she exclaims (III, iv)—

> "Go call him hither.—I am as mad as he
> If sad and merry madness equal be."

—BRANDES, *William Shakespeare.*

Olivia, at first sight, seems scarcely suited to attract, except by the power of contrast, the sentimental nature of Orsino. Young and beautiful she indeed is, but the serious tendency of her mind has been aggravated by the death in quick succession of her father and her brother, and she has shut herself up for seven years in cloistral seclusion to nurse her grief. Everything in her surroundings bears witness to her austere temper. Her household is governed by a puritanical steward on rigid principles of order, and though her unusually strong sense of the ties of relationship leads her to entertain a roystering kinsman, she seeks to confine his licence within endurable limits. She is an enemy to all false show, inward or outward. No paint contributes to the red and white of her cheeks, and she scorns overstrained praise or "lowly feigning" from the lips of others. It is not strange that this "mouse of virtue," as the Fool aptly calls her, whose very seal bears the image of the chaste Lucrece, should shrink back in disgust from the cloying incense of Orsino's adoration, and (in a phrase that drops naturally from the mouth of a recluse) should term his love "a heresy." But the icy manner in which she rejects his addresses shows that she pushes austerity to a point where it becomes indifference to the sufferings of others, and she pays a full penalty when, at the first sight of the disguised Viola, her heart overflows with a passion for the servant, as intense and as fruitless as that of the master for herself.—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

MALVOLIO

Malvolio, the steward of Olivia's household, is prized by that lady for his grave and punctilious disposition. He discharges his office carefully and in a tone of some superiority, for his mind is above his estate. At some time in his life he has read cultivated books, knows the theory of Pythagoras concerning the transmigration of the soul, but thinks more nobly of the soul and no way

approves that opinion. His gentility, though a little rusted and obsolete, is like a Sunday suit which nobody thinks of rallying. He wears it well, and his mistress cannot afford to treat him exactly as a servant; in fact, she has occasionally dropped good-natured phrases which he has interpreted into a special partiality: for Quixotic conceits can riot about inside of his stiff demeanor. This proneness to fantasy increases the touchiness of a man of reserve. He can never take a joke, and his climate is too inclement to shelter humor. Souls must be at blood-heat, and brains must expand with it like a blossom, before humor will fructify. He wonders how Olivia can tolerate the clown. "I protest," he says, "I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, to be no better than the fools' zanies." Olivia hits the difficulty when she replies, "Oh, you are sick of self-love, and taste with a distempered appetite." Perhaps he thinks nobly of the soul because he so profoundly respects his own, and carries it upon stilts over the heads of the servants and Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Imagine this saturnine and self-involved man obliged to consort daily with Sir Toby, who brings his hand to the buttery-bar before breakfast, and who hates going to bed "as an unfilled can," unless no more drink is forthcoming; an irascible fellow, too, and all the more tindery because continually dry. He has Sir Andrew Aguecheek for a boon companion, who says of himself that sometimes he has no more wit than a Christian, or than an ordinary man. When he is not in liquor he is fuddled with inanity, and chirps and skips about, deluding himself with the notion that Olivia will receive his addresses. Sir Toby, to borrow money of him, fosters the notion, and flatters his poor tricks. Then there is that picador of a clown, who plants in Malvolio's thin skin a perfect quick-set of barbed quips, and sends him lowering around the mansion which these roisterers have turned into a tavern. The other servant, Fabian, has a grudge against him for interfering with a bear-baiting he was interested in; for

Malvolio was one of those Puritans who frowned upon that sport, as Macaulay said, not because it worried the bear, but because it amused the men. The steward was right when he informed this precious set that they were idle, shallow things, and he was not of their element. No doubt he is the best man of the lot. But he interrupts their carousing at midnight in such a sour and lofty way that we are entertained to hear their drunken chaffing, and we call to Maria for another stoup, though they have had too much already; but a fresh exposition of dryness always sets in when such a virtue as Malvolio's tries to wither us. However, he becomes the object of their animosity, and they work in his distemper to make him ridiculous.—WEISS, *Wit, Humor, and Shakespeare.*

SIR ANDREW

The reverse to this caricature [Malvolio] is the squire Sir Andrew. He is a melancholy picture of what man would be without any self-love, the source indeed of so many weaknesses. To this straight-haired country squire, life consists only in eating and drinking; eating beef, he himself fears, has done harm to his wit; in fact, he is stupid even to silliness, totally deprived of all passion, and thus of all self-love or self-conceit. He looks up to the awkward Sir Toby, as well as to the adroit fool, as paragons of urbane manners, and seeks to copy their phraseology; he is the parrot and the utterly thoughtless echo of Sir Toby; he thinks to have everything, to be and to have been all that Sir Toby was and had; he repeats his words and imitates him, without even understanding what he says. The dissolute Sir Toby has brought him forward as a suitor for Olivia, that he may fleece him; but the poor suitor himself believes not in his success, and is ever on the point of departing. He despairs of his manners, and the cold sweat stands on his brow if his business is only with the chamber-maid. He repeats indeed after Sir Toby that he too was adored once; but we see, whilst he

says it, by the stupid face, that on *this* point beyond any other he is totally without experience. He has never been so conceited as to believe himself seriously regarded by any; his mistrust of himself is as great as his mistrust of others is small. When Sir Toby seeks to persuade him and others that he is a linguist, a courtier, a musician, a dancer, and a fencer, the desire seizes him for a moment perhaps, after his corrupter has dragged him away to drink wine against his will, to look a little at himself; but close behind this paroxysm of feeble and trifling conceit there lurks ever a renouncing of self and a contempt of all his gifts. Scarcely can poverty of mind be more bluntly derided than when Sir Toby asks him reproachfully if this is "a world to hide virtues in?"—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

MARIA

Of all the subordinate persons in the *Twelfth Night,* no one character is more finely conceived and more thoroughly followed out, than that of Maria. She is by nature of the most boisterous spirits, irrepressible, outpouring. Her delight is teasing; her joy a hoax; her happiness a good practical jest. Worrying is her element, and she gambols in it, "dolphin-like"; tormenting is her beatitude on this earth, and she would scarcely desire a new earth, and to live in it, if debarred of her darling joke-inquisition, of which she is grand inquisitor, arch-judiciary, and executioner. She has no female companion, no associate of her own sex but her mistress, and she (the Countess) is a recluse, shutting herself out from society, musing over her brother's death. This circumstance naturally throws one of Maria's temperament into fellowship with the men of the household; and her conduct takes a color from that association. Her fun is all but masculine; and yet her gaiety is of the most inspiring kind, but still perfectly feminine; so impulsive, so breathlessly eager, so unmisgiving! No one escapes her; not one, even, of her hoax-

fellows. She rates Sir Toby, and soundly, about his late hours; twitting him with his jollifications, and scoffing at his gull-companion, Sir Andrew Aguecheek. And when this last enters, she has a tilt at him, jeering, joking, mystifying, obfuscating him.

We next see her, head-over-ears, in a plaguing-bout with the Clown, whom she threatens with her lady's displeasure for some misdemeanor, of which she is curious to discover the secret. But Feste is the only one who is a match for her; and he brings her *two* Rolands for her Oliver. He has a secret of her own, and this gives him the whip-hand of her. But she is never content except when plying the teazle upon one hapless pate or other; and her talent is unmisgiving and untiring.—CLARKE, *Shakespeare-Characters.*

LOVE

At the first glance it might seem as if in *What You Will*, the end in view was a comic exhibition of *love*, which of itself can as well form the substance of a comedy as the fundamental theme of a tragedy. However, we have here nothing to do with the real and, in this sense, the significant passion of love. Love here, appears rather as a mere freak of the imagination, a mere glittering kaleidoscope of sentiment, a gay dress in which the soul envelops itself and which it changes with the various seasons. The Duke's passion for Olivia bursts out into flame as suddenly for Viola, as her heart is kindled with love for him; Olivia's fondness for Viola is quite satisfied with the substitution of the brother, who, on his part, makes no objection about being put in his sister's place, and Malvolio's and Sir Andrew's affection for Olivia is a mere bubble. Nay, Antonio's very friendship for Sebastian is also somewhat accidental and fantastic in character. Thus the playful capriciousness of love appears only to be the main spring to the merry game of life which is here unrolled before our eyes; it is only a prominent motive for the de-

velopment of the action, not the nucleus and gravitating point of the whole.—ULRICI, *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art.*

UNITY OF PERSONS AND PLACE

What Bassanio is for the organic unity of *The Merchant of Venice,* Olivia is for *Twelfth Night.* In neither of the two plots is she the chief character, but merely a very prominent one; to win her hand is the mainspring of one, whereby a chance is given to Viola to reveal her feminine advantages, as it is also of the other, which involves Malvolio's humiliation. How important she is to the establishment of the artistic whole will be noted if we were to put another character in her place as the aim of Malvolio's ambition. Should the aspirations of the steward extend beyond the house of his mistress, his discomforture elsewhere follows, and the artistic unity of the plot is lost as well as our own interest, and, in fact, we have enclosed two comedies in one frame. To guard against the impression that we have here a mere unity of persons, there is the unity of place; there are only six short scenes, secondary components of the composition, and one chief scene (Act II, sc. iv) which are not laid in Olivia's house. Through this arrangement not only do actors in both plots come in continuous touch with each other, but the plots themselves define each other and interlace.

Just as the haughty Olivia excites the aspirations of the narrow prosaic Malvolio, so Viola is brought down from romantic heights to common daily life by the episode of the duel, which also serves to reveal the pusillanimity of Sir Andrew. Malvolio's mad presumption was fostered by the favored position which his liberal unsuspicious mistress gave him near her person; and his hopes were nourished by the persistent rejection to which even such a brilliant wooer as the Duke had to submit. And never could Sir Toby have kindled in Sir Andrew's soul such murderous designs had not Viola been the messenger of love from a powerful rival. Sebastian, too, could not have won Olivia

until he had proved his valor on the two foolish knights.—CONRAD, *Preuss. Jahrbücher.*

A PERFECT CREATION

Notwithstanding minor discrepancies, I may call attention to the marvelous oneness of *Twelfth Night;* there is nothing in excess; at every point drama and poem mingle and are transfigured; the notes of wisdom and merriment, tenderness and raillery, joy and sadness melt into the controlling harmony of love; the play indeed is among those perfect creations in which faultless form is vitalized by faultless spirit.—LUCE, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

THE SPIRIT OF THE PLAY

This comedy is pervaded with the spirit of literature and gentility. It is lifted above the working-day world into a sphere of ease, culture, and good-breeding. Its characters are votaries of pleasure in different degrees, from the exercise of the imagination, which, after all, are but pleasures of the sense at second-hand. Besides the air of elegance it possesses, it is filled to the brim and overflowing with the spirit that seeks to enjoy this world without one thought or aspiration beyond. It jumps the hereafter entirely. Every scene of it glows with the warmth and sunshine of physical enjoyment. It places before us the sensual man, with his fondness of cheer, his cakes and ale, his delights of the eye and ear, his pleasure in pastime and sport, his high estimation of a good leg and a good voice, in short, of all that can gratify the sense, win favor, or conduce to worldly advantage.—RUGGLES, *Method of Shakespeare as an Artist.*

THE GENIAL TEMPER OF THE PLAY

It is scarcely necessary for us to enter into any analysis of the plot of this charming comedy, or attempt any dissec-

tion of its characters, for the purpose of opening to the reader new sources of enjoyment. It is impossible, we think, for one of ordinary sensibility to read through the first act without yielding himself up to the genial temper in which the entire play is written. "The sunshine of the breast," spreads its rich purple light over the whole champain and penetrates into every thicket and every dingle. From the first line to the last—from the Duke's

"That strain again;—it had a dying fall,"

to the Clown's

"With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,"—

there is not a thought, or a situation, that is not calculated to call forth pleasurable feelings. The love-melancholy of the Duke is a luxurious abandonment to one pervading impression—not a fierce and hopeless contest with one o'ermastering passion. It delights to lie "canopied with bowers,"—to listen to "old and antique" songs, which dally with its "innocence,"—to be "full of shapes," and "high fantastical." The love of Viola is the sweetest and tenderest emotion that ever informed the heart of the purest and most graceful of beings with a spirit almost divine. Perhaps in the whole range of Shakespeare's poetry there is nothing which comes more unbidden into the mind, and always in connection with some image of the ethereal beauty of the utterer, than Viola's "she never told her love." The love of Olivia, willful as it is, is not in the slightest degree repulsive. With the old stories before him, nothing but the refined delicacy of Shakespeare's conception of the female character could have redeemed Olivia from approaching to the anti-feminine. But as it is we pity her, and we rejoice with her. These are what may be called the serious characters, because they are the vehicles for what we emphatically call the poetry of the play. But the comic characters are to us equally poetical —that is, they appear to us not mere copies of the representatives of temporary or individual follies, but embody-

ings of the universal comic, as true and as fresh to-day as they were two centuries and a half ago. Malvolio is to our minds as poetical as Don Quixote; and we are by no means sure that Shakespeare meant the poor cross-gartered Steward *only* to be laughed at, any more than Cervantes did the knight of the rueful countenance. He meant us to pity him, as Olivia and the Duke pitied him; for, in truth, the delusion by which Malvolio was wrecked, only passed out of the romantic into the comic through the manifestation of the vanity of the character in reference to his situation. But if we laugh at Malvolio we are not to laugh ill-naturedly, for the poet has conducted all the mischief against him in a spirit in which there is no real malice at the bottom of the fun. Sir Toby is a most genuine character,—one given to strong potations and boisterous merriment; but with a humor about him perfectly irresistible. His *abandon* to the instant opportunity of laughing at and with others is something so thoroughly English, that we are not surprised the poet gave him an English name. And like all genuine humorists Sir Toby must have his butt. What a trio is presented in that glorious scene of the second act, where the two Knights and the Clown "make the welkin dance";—the humorist, the fool, and the philosopher!—for Sir Andrew is the fool, and the Clown is the philosopher. We hold the Clown's epilogue song to be the most philosophical Clown's song upon record; and a treatise might be written upon its wisdom. It is the history of a life, from the condition of "a little tiny boy," through "man's estate," to decaying age—"when I came unto my bed"; and the conclusion is, that what is true of the individual is true of the species, and what was of yesterday was of generations long past away—for

"A great while ago the world begun."

—KNIGHT, *Pictorial Shakespeare.*

SHAKESPEARE'S COMIC GENIUS

This is justly considered as one of the most delightful of Shakespeare's comedies. It is full of sweetness and pleasantry. It is perhaps too good-natured for comedy. It has little satire, and no spleen. It aims at the ludicrous rather than the ridiculous. It makes us laugh at the follies of mankind, not despise them, and still less bear any ill-will towards them. Shakespeare's comic genius resembles the bee rather in its power of extracting sweets from weeds or poisons, than in leaving a sting behind it. He gives the most amusing exaggeration of the prevailing foibles of his characters, but in a way that they themselves, instead of being offended at, would almost join in to humor; he rather contrives opportunities for them to show themselves off in the happiest lights, than renders them contemptible in the perverse construction of the wit or malice of others.—HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays.*

TWELFTH NIGHT;
OR, WHAT YOU WILL

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria*
SEBASTIAN, *brother to Viola*
ANTONIO, *a sea captain, friend to Sebastian*
A Sea Captain, *friend to Viola*
VALENTINE, CURIO, } *gentlemen attending on the Duke*
SIR TOBY BELCH, *uncle to Olivia*
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK
MALVOLIO, *steward to Olivia*
FABIAN, FESTE, *a clown*, } *servants to Olivia*

OLIVIA
VIOLA
MARIA, *Olivia's woman*

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants

SCENE: *A city in Illyria, and the sea coast near it*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Orsino, Duke of Illyria, is suing for the hand of Olivia, a noble lady of the same place. Into his service enters Viola, a young gentlewoman of Messaline, who has become separated from her twin brother Sebastian by shipwreck and has donned male attire. These twins are so much alike that only by their dress could they be told apart. Viola as Cesario finds favor with the Duke and is sent by him to court Olivia for him. This she does so well that the lady gives her love to the supposed youth instead of to the master.

ACT II

Olivia sends a ring and message to Viola, who realizes what has happened to the lady and pities her. She herself has fallen in love with the Duke and is, of course, obliged to conceal her passion. Malvolio, steward to Olivia, is so conceited that his fellow-servants plan a practical joke on him and write him a letter full of love-expressions which he believes to come from his mistress.

ACT III

Olivia's love for the page becomes so intense that she openly confesses it to Viola who answers her "I have but one heart, one bosom, and one truth, and that no woman has." One of Olivia's other suitors, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, is jealous of the attention and favor the lady shows the page and challenges Viola. The duel is stopped ere

it began by the timely arrival of some officers of the law. In the meantime Malvolio's actions are so ridiculous that Olivia believes him insane and has him locked in a dark room.

ACT IV

Viola's brother Sebastian had also been rescued at the time of the shipwreck. He now arrives in Illyria and being met on the street by Sir Andrew is mistaken by that gentleman for Viola and the fight is renewed. This time it is Olivia who stops the duel, thinking that Sebastian is the page Cesario. She invites him home with her and is delighted when instead of rejecting her love as in the past he returns it, and they are secretly married by a priest.

ACT V

Olivia meets Viola on the street in the company of the Duke and calls her husband. Viola denies the title but the priest who had married Olivia and Sebastian supports Olivia's claims. The Duke is angry at what he believes is treachery on the part of his page. The situation is relieved by the entrance of Sebastian. Brother and sister are united again; the Duke finds the attraction which the page had always inspired in him, ripens into love when he knows she is a woman; and Olivia finds that she has now a sister as well as a husband. The cause of Malvolio's insanity is discovered and he is released from his prison.

TWELFTH NIGHT;
OR, WHAT YOU WILL

ACT FIRST

SCENE I

An apartment in the Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Curio, and other Lords; Musicians attending.

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor! Enough; no more:

5. *"sound"*; so the Folios; Pope changed it to *"south,"* and editors have generally accepted this emendation, but it seems unnecessary: Grant White appropriately asks, "Did Pope, or the editors who have followed him, ever lie musing on the sward at the edge of a wood, and hear the low sweet hum of the summer air, as it kissed the coyly-shrinking wild flowers upon the banks, and passed on loaded with fragrance from the sweet salute?"—I. G.

7. *"and giving odor"*; Milton seems to have had this in his eye when he wrote the richly-freighted lines:

"Now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils."—H. N. H.

'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence!
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Enter Valentine.

How now! what news from her?

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted;
But from her handmaid do return this answer:

12. *"pitch"*; high worth.—C. H. H.

22. *"like fell and cruel hounds"*; referring to the story of Actæon. —I. G.

Shakespeare seems to think men cautioned against too great familiarity with forbidden beauty by the fable of Actæon, who saw Diana naked, and was torn to pieces by his hounds; as a man indulging his eyes or his imagination with a view of a woman he cannot gain, has his heart torn with incessant longing. An interpretation far more elegant and natural than Lord Bacon's, who, in his *Wisdom of the Ancients*, supposes this story to warn us against inquiring into the secrets of princes, by showing that those who know that which for reasons of state ought to be concealed will be detected and destroyed by their own servants.—H. N. H.

The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when liver, brain and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
Her sweet perfections with one self king!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers. [*Exeunt.*

26. *"till seven years' heat"*; for seven summers.—C. H. H.

30. *"to season"*; that is, preserve. The Poet elsewhere uses *season* in this sense. Thus in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii. sc. 3:

> "Jesu Maria! what a deal of *brine*
> Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
> How much salt water thrown away in waste,
> To *season* love!"—H. N. H.

32. *"remembrance"*; four syllables.—C. H. H.

35. *"shaft"*; *i. e.* of Cupid.—C. H. H.

38. *"all supplied, and filled"*; the comma after *"supplied"* is not in the Folio: its insertion simplifies the lines. Others leave the Folio reading, but bracket *"her sweet perfections"* in the next line; making them appositional to *"thrones."*—I. G.

Scene II

The sea-coast.

Enter Viola, a Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?
Cap. This is Illyria, lady.
Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd: what think you, sailors?
Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.
Vio. O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.
Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and those poor number saved with you
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.
Vio. For saying so, there 's gold:

10. *"Number"* is here used as the plural, so that *those* should not be changed to *that*, as it usually is.—H. N. H.

15. *"Arion on the dolphin's back"*; the Folios misprint *"Orion"* for *"Arion."*—I. G.

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?
Cap. Aye, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.
Vio. Who governs here?
Cap. A noble Duke, in nature as in name.
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. Orsino.
Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.
Cap. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur,—as, you know,
What great ones do the less will prattle of,—
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.
Vio. What 's she?
Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.
Vio. O that I served that lady,
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

21. *"The like of him"*; a similar escape in his case.—C. H. H.
42. *"delivered"*; made known.—C. H. H.
44. *"What my estate is"*; that is, "I wish I might not be *made*

Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behavior in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee, and I 'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I 'll serve this Duke:
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him:
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I 'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thank thee: lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

public to the world, with regard to the state of my birth and fortune, till I have gained a *ripe opportunity* for my design."—H. N. H.

56. *"as an eunuch to him";* this plan of Viola's was not pursued, as it would have been inconsistent with the plot of the play. She was presented as a *page,* not as an *eunuch.*—H. N. H.

Scene III

Olivia's house.

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Maria.

Sir. To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care 's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir. To. Why, let her except, before excepted.

Mar. Aye, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine! I 'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in; and so be these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

Sir. To. Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

Mar. Aye, he.

Sir To. He 's as tall a man as any 's in Illyria.

Mar. What 's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Aye, but he 'll have but a year in all these ducats: he 's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you 'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath indeed, almost natural: for besides that he 's a fool, he 's a great quarreler: and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarreling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and subtractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he 's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece: I 'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria: he 's a coward and a coystrill that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! Castiliano vulgo; for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.
Sir And. What 's that?
Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.
Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.
Mar. My name is Mary, sir.
Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—
Sir To. You mistake, knight: 'accost' is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.
Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of 'accost'?
Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.
Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.
Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?
Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.
Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here 's my hand.
Mar. Now, sir, 'thought is free': I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.
Sir And. Wherefore, sweetheart? what 's your metaphor?

56. Sir Toby speaks more learnedly than intelligibly here, using *accost* in its original sense. The word is from the French *accoster*, to come *side by side*, or to *approach*. *Accost* is seldom used thus, which accounts for Sir Andrew's mistake.—H. N. H.

78. *"bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink"*; "a proverbial phrase among Abigails, to ask at once for a kiss and a present" (Kenrick).—I. G.

Mar. It 's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what 's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Aye, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[*Exit.*

Sir To. O knight, thou lackest a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I 'ld forswear it. I 'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. Pourquoi, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is 'pourquoi'? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

86. *"A dry jest";* a dull one; wit being conceived as a moisture or "humor" of the brain.—C. H. H.

106. *"Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair";* Sir Toby evidently plays upon *"tongues"* and *"tongs"* (*i. e.* curling-tongs).—I. G.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does 't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

Sir And. Faith, I 'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it 's four to one she 'll none of me: the count himself here hard by woos her.

Sir To. She 'll none o' the count: she 'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear 't. Tut, there 's life in 't, man.

Sir And. I 'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

111. *"curl by nature";* the original has *cool my nature.* The credit of the happy emendation belongs to Theobald.—H. N. H.

133. *"an old man";* Theobald proposed to read *"a noble man,"* taking the allusion to be to Orsino. Clarke explains *"an old man"* as "a man of experience"; "the word *old,"* he adds, "gives precisely that absurd effect of refraining from competing in dancing, fencing, etc., with exactly the antagonist incapacitated by age over whom Sir Andrew might hope to prove his superiority."—I. G.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to 't.

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Aye, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colored stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus! That 's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent! [*Exeunt.*

146. *"sink-a-pace"*; "cinque pas," dance of five paces.—C. H. H.

156. *"That's sides and heart"*; Sir Andrew and Sir Toby are wrong in the parts assigned to Taurus in the old astrological figures of the human body. Taurus was supposed to govern the neck and throat.—I. G.

Scene IV

The Duke's palace.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.

Val. If the Duke continue these favors towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humor or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: is he inconstant, sir, in his favors?

Val. No, believe me.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you a while aloof. Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,

3. *"three days"*; Mr. Daniel points out in his "Time-Analysis" that this statement is inconsistent with the Duke's words in V. i. 106, *"Three months this youth hath tended upon me."*—I. G.

5. *"humor"*; fickleness.—C. H. H.

If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.
Duke. Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds
Rather than make unprofited return.
Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?
Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.
Vio. I think not so, my lord.
Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man; Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound;
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair. Some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.
Vio. I 'll do my best
To woo your lady: [*Aside*] yet, a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.
[*Exeunt.*

36. *"thy constellation"*; the stars under which you were born.—C. H. H.

Scene V.

Olivia's house.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colors.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of 'I fear no colors.'

Clo. Where, good Mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent; or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute, then?

22. *"let summer bear it out"*; summer will make it endurable.—C. H. H.

Clo. Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*

Clo. Wit, an 't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? 'Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.'

Enter Lady Olivia with Malvolio.

God bless thee, lady.

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you 're a dry fool; I 'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is

26. *"Points"* were laces which fastened the hose or breeches. Thus Falstaff: "Their points broken, down fell their hose." Maria is of course punning on *points*.—H. N. H.

no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, cucullus non facit monachum; that's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I 'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mournest thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he 's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam: 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him! [*Exit Maria.*] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! for,—here he comes,—one of thy kin has a most weak pia mater.

Enter Sir Toby.

Oli. By mine honor, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! what gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—a plague o' these pickle-herring! How now, sot!

Clo. Good Sir Toby!

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

129. *"weak pia mater";* the membrane that covers the brain.—H. N. H.

135. *"pickle-herring";* Sir Toby attributes the enforced interruption of his speech to the pickled herrings he has eaten.—C. H. H.

"Sot" is often used by the Poet for *fool;* as in *The Merry Wives* Dr. Caius says,—"Have you make-a de *sot* of us?"—H. N. H.

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery. There 's one at the gate.

Oli. Aye, marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it 's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What 's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drowned man, a fool and a mad man: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he 's in the third degree of drink, he 's drowned: go look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he 's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. Has been told so; and he says, he 'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the

146. *"above heat"*; above the point at which thirst is quenched.—C. H. H.

supporter to a bench, but he 'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind o' man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner: he 'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favored and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face. We 'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter Viola, and Attendants.

Vio. The honorable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

175. A *"codling,"* according to Mr. Gifford, means an *involucrum* or *kell,* and was used by our old writers for that early state of vegetation, when the fruit, after shaking off the blossom, began to assume a globular and determinate shape.—H. N. H.

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question 's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in 't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned. I pray

208. *"usurp"*; counterfeit.—C. H. H.
211. *"from"*; beyond, apart from.—C. H. H.

you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief; 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind: I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation.

220. *"keep it in"*; keep it to yourself.—C. H. H.

229. *"giant"*; said ironically of Maria, who is elsewhere called "the youngest wren of nine."—C. H. H.

230. *"I am a messenger"*; this is usually printed thus:

"Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger."

We give the passage as it stands in the original; the sense being, —"I am a messenger; therefore tell me your mind that I may bear back an answer." So that the change is quite needless, though the meaning be clear enough either way.—H. H. H.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exeunt Maria and Attendants.*] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is 't not well done? [*Unveiling.*

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave

263. *"such a one I was this present";* modern editions generally insert *as* before *I,* and then turn the adjective, *present,* into a verb: "such a one as I was, this presents." It is to be borne in mind that the idea of a picture is continued. So that the change is worse than useless; the meaning being,—"behold the picture of me, such as I am at the present moment."—H. N. H.

And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labeled to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two gray eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are, you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulged, free, learn'd and valiant;
And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,

290. *"In voices well divulged";* well reputed in the popular voice. —C. H. H.

"learned and valiant; that is, well-reputed for his knowledge in languages, which was esteemed a great accomplishment in the Poet's time.—H. N. H.

With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.
Oli. Why, what would you?
Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out 'Olivia!' O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!
Oli. You might do much.
What is your parentage?
Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.
Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.
Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;
And let your fervor, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.
[*Exit.*
Oli. 'What is your parentage?'
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:

303. *"babbling gossip of the air"*; a Shakespearean expression for *echo*.—H. N. H.

I am a gentleman.' I 'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft!
Unless the master were the man. How now!
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What ho, Malvolio!

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.
Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I or not: tell him I 'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I 'll give him reasons for 't: hie thee, Malvolio.
Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Oli. I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed must be, and be this so.
[*Exit.*

339. *"Mine eye too great a flatterer"*; that is, she fears that her eyes had formed so flattering an idea of the supposed youth Cesario, that she should not have strength of mind sufficient to resist the impression.—H. N. H.

ACT SECOND

SCENE I

The sea-coast.

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone: it were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

Seb. No, sooth, sir: my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline,

19. *"Messaline"*; possibly an error for Mitylene, as Capell conjectured.—I. G.

whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour: if the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas the day.

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her; she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

39. *"your servant";* Mr. Knight thinks, and apparently with good reason, that in this passage reference is had to a superstition thus indicated by Sir Walter Scott in *The Pirate:* When Mordaunt has rescued Cleveland from the sea, and is trying to revive him, Bryce the peddler says to him,—"Are you mad? you, that have so long lived in Zetland, to risk the saving of a drowning man? Wot ye not, if you bring him to life again, he will be sure to do you some capital injury?" Sir Walter suggests in a note that this inhuman maxim was probably held by the islanders of the Orkneys, as an excuse for leaving all to perish alone who were shipwrecked upon their coasts, to the end that there might be nothing to hinder the plundering of their goods; which of course could not well be, if any of the owners survived. This practice, he says, continued into the eighteenth century, and "was with difficulty weeded out by the sedulous instructions of the clergy and the rigorous injunctions of the proprietors."—H. N. H.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there.
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go.
[*Exit.*

Scene II

A street.

Enter Viola, Malvolio following.

Mal. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to re-

port your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me: I 'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For such as we are made of, such we be.

12. *"Receive it so"*; that is, understand it so.—H. N. H.

22. *"had lost her tongue"*; that is, the fixed and eager view she took of me perverted the use of her tongue, and made her talk distractedly.—H. N. H.

34. *"Such"* evidently refers to frailty in the preceding line; the sense being,—"Since we are made of frailty, we must needs be frail." The original, however, reads,—"For, such as we are made, *if* such we be"; that is, if we be frail, we are such as we are made. So that the sense seems good enough either way; which breeds no little doubt whether Malone's emendation ought to be admitted.—H. N. H.

How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman,—now alas the day!—
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie! [*Exit.*

Scene III

Olivia's house.

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and 'diluculo surgere,' thou know'st,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

Sir And. Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

13. *"eating and drinking"*; a ridicule of the medical theory of that time, which supposed health to consist in the just tempera-

Sir To. Thou 'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of 'we three'?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let 's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

ment of the *four elements* in the human frame. Homer agrees with Sir Andrew:

"Strength consists in spirits and in blood,
And those are ow'd to generous wine and food."—H. N. H.

18. *"the picture of 'we three'"*; "a common sign, in which two wooden heads are exhibited with this inscription under it, *'We three loggerheads be,'* the spectator being supposed to make the third" (Malone).—I. G.

25–27. *"Pigrogromitus . . . of Queubus,"* etc. Mr. Swinburne sees in these "freaks of nomenclature" the direct influence of Rabelais (*cp. A Study of Shakespeare,* pp. 155, 156).—I. G.

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let 's have a song.

Sir And. There 's a testril of me, too: if one knight give a—

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir. To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Aye, aye: I care not for good life.

Clo. [*Sings*]

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love 's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. [*Sings*]

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What 's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth 's a stuff will not endure.

43. *"O mistress mine,"* etc.; "this tune is contained in both the editions of Morley's *Consort Lessons*, 1599 and 1611. It is also found in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, arranged by Boyd. As it is to be found in print in 1599, it proves either that Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* was written in or before that year, or that, in accordance with the then prevailing custom, *"O mistress mine,"* was an old song, introduced into the play" (Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*).—I. G.

55. *"Sweet-and-twenty"* appears to have been an ancient term of endearment.—H. N. H.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let 's do 't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By 'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'

Clo. 'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' knight? I shall be constrained in 't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins 'Hold thy peace.'

Clo. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

[*Catch sung.*

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady 's a Cataian, we are politi-

66. *"dog at a catch"*; apt, good at.—C. H. H.

cians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and 'Three merry men be we.' Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally. Lady! [*Sings*] 'There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!'

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Aye, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. [*Sings*] 'O, the twelfth day of December',—

Mar. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of

95. *"O, the twelfth day of December";* with Sir Toby as wine goes in music comes out, and fresh songs keep bubbling up in his memory as he waxes mellower. A similar thing occurs in *2 Henry IV,* where master Silence grows merry and musical amidst his cups in "the sweet of the night." Of the ballads referred to by Sir Toby, "O! the twelfth day of December" is entirely lost. Percy has one stanza of "There dwelt a man in Babylon," which he describes as "a poor dull performance, and very long." "Three merry men be we" seems to have been the burden of several old songs, one of which was called *"Robin Hood and the Tanner."* *"Peg-a-Ramsey,"* or *Peggy Ramsey,* was an old popular tune which had several ballads fitted to it. "Thou knave" was a catch which, says Sir John Hawkins, "appears to be so contrived that each of the singers calls the other knave in turn."—H. N. H.

voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbors you as her kinsman, she 's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.'

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. 'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'

Mal. Is 't even so?

Sir To. 'But I will never die.'

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. 'Shall I bid him go?'

Clo. 'What an if you do?'

Sir To. 'Shall I bid him go, and spare not?'

Clo. 'O no, no, no, no, you dare not.'

Sir To. Out o' tune, sir: ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because

129. *"Out o' tune, sir: ye lie";* Theobald proposed *"time, sir?"* which has been very generally adopted. The reading of the Folios may well stand without change. Sir Toby says to the Clown that he is out of tune and lies in declaring *"no, no, no, you dare not"* (*i. e.* dare not bid Malvolio go). Hence next words *"Art any more than a steward,"* addressed to Malvolio.—I. G.

thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou 'rt i' the right. Go, Sir, rub your chain with crums. A stoup of wine, Marie!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favor at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man 's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do 't, knight: I 'll write thee a challenge; or I 'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

148. *"challenge him to the field"*; challenge him to a duel.—C. H. H.

154. *"a common recreation"*; sport for all.—C. H. H.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I 'ld beat him like a dog!

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the color of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have 't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she 's in love with him.

165. *"exquisite"*; subtle.—C. H. H.

169. *"cons state without book"*; gets up rules of dignified deportment.—C. H. H.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that color.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir. And. O, 'twill be admirable!

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she 's a good wench.

Sir To. She 's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let 's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir T. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I 'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Duke. Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends,
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night:
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.
[*Exit Curio. Music plays.*
Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is throned.

18. *"skittish"*; flighty.—C. H. H.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favor that it loves:
Hath it not, boy?
Vio. A little, by your favor.
Duke. What kind of woman is 't?
Vio. Of your complexion.
Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?
Vio. About your years, my lord.
Duke. Too old, by heaven: let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.
Vio. I think it well, my lord.
Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.
Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter Curio and Clown.

Duke. O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.
Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones

Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Aye; prithee, sing. [*Music.*

SONG.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

Duke. There 's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I 'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

49. The *"old age"* is the *ages past,* times of simplicity.—H. N. H

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.
Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing and their intent every where; for that 's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. [*Exit.*
Duke. Let all the rest give place.
[*Curio and Attendants retire.*
Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems
That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.
Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir?
Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.
Vio. Sooth, but you must.
Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?
Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.

77. *"thy mind is a very opal"*; the opal is a gem which varies its hues, as it is viewed in different lights.—H. N. H.

Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Aye, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what 's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek; she pined in thought
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but indeed
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Aye that 's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Olivia's garden.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I 'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o' favor with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him we 'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue: shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain.

Enter Maria.

How now, my metal of India!

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio 's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun practising behavior to his own shadow this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou

6. *"come by"*; arrive at, attain to.—C. H. H.
23. *"close"*; hide yourselves.—C. H. H.

there [*throws down a letter*]; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

[*Exit.*

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on 't?

Sir To. Here 's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio!

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for 't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

44. *"the lady of the Strachy";* this is one of the unsettled problems in Shakespeare. Hunter ingeniously suggested that Shakespeare ridicules, in the scene between the Clown, as Sir Topas, and Malvolio (IV, ii.), the exorcisms by Puritan ministers, in the case of a family named *Starchy* (1596–99), and that the difficult *Strachy* was a hint to the audience to expect subsequent allusion to the Starchy affair. Others suggest *"Strozzi," "Stracci," "Stratarch."* Halliwell refers to a Russian word meaning lawyer or judge. The

Sir And. Fie on him Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he 's deeply in: look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,—

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humor of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby,—

Sir. To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtesies there to me,—

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

incident of a lady of high rank marrying her steward is the subject of Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*.—I. G.

66. *"make out for him"*; start to fetch him.—C. H. H.

69. *"courtesies"*; it is probable that this word was used to express acts of civility and reverence, by either men or women indiscriminately.—H. N. H.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then.

Mal. Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech,'—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. 'You must amend your drunkenness.'

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,'—

Sir And. That 's me, I warrant you.

Mal. 'One Sir Andrew,'—

Sir And. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*

72. *"with cars"*; so Folio 1; the later Folios, *"with cares"*; Johnson, *"with carts"*; many emendations have been proposed. Clarke defends the original reading, and compares *"A team of horse shall not pluck that from me"* (*Two Gentlemen*, III. i.). Hanmer's suggestion *"by th' ears"* has been generally adopted.—I. G.

76. *"take"*; give.—C. H. H.

89. *"'One Sir Andrew'"*; it may be worthy of remark, that the leading ideas of Malvolio, in his *humor of state*, bear a strong resemblance to those of Alnaschar in *The Arabian Nights*. Some of the expressions too are very similar. Many Arabian fictions had found their way into obscure Latin and French books, and from thence into English ones, long before any version of *The Arabian Nights* had appeared. In *The Dialogues of Creatures Moralized*, printed early in the sixteenth century, a story similar to that of Alnaschar is related.—H. N. H.

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humors intimate reading aloud to him.

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's and her T's: why that?

Mal. [*reads*] To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:—her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins, him, liver and all.

Mal. [*reads*] Jove knows I love:
But who?
Lips, do not move;
No man must know.

'No man must know.' What follows? the numbers altered! 'No man must know:' if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. [*reads*] I may command where I adore;
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

Fab. A fustian riddle!

105. *"her Lucrece"*; her seal, bearing the figure of Lucrece.—C. H. H.

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. 'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.' Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

Fab. What dish o' poison has she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the staniel checks at it!

Mal. 'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no obstruction in this: and the end,—what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly! M, O, A, I,—

Sir To. O, aye, make up that: he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon 't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M,—Malvolio; M,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M,—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

Fab. And O shall end, I hope.

130. *"formal capacity"*; that is, to any one *in his senses*, or whose *capacity* is not out of *form*.—H. N. H.

136. *"make up that"*; explain that.—C. H. H.

138. *"cry upon 't"*; a hunting phrase referring to the cry of the dogs when the scent is found. "He will recover it, though your 'cold' scent be—as unmistakable as a fox's.'"—C. H. H.

Sir To. Aye, or I 'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!

Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. Aye, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as the former: and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.

[*Reads*] If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.

Daylight and champain discovers not more; this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript. [*Reads*] Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.

Jove, I thank thee: I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device,—

Sir And. So could I too.

180. *"champain"*; open country.—C. H. H.
182. *"politic"*; political.—C. H. H.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter Marie.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I' faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a color she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I 'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

232. *"contempt"*; object of contempt.—C. H. H.

ACT THIRD

Scene I

Olivia's garden.

Enter Viola, and Clown with a tabor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that 's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

4. *"churchman"*; clergyman.—C. H. H.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name 's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings; the husband 's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I 'll no more with thee. Hold, there 's expenses for thee.

24. *"bonds"*; used in a double sense, (1) confinement; (2) money bonds.—C. H. H.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I 'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one; [*Aside*] though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together and put to use.

Clo. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say 'element,' but the word is overworn. [*Exit.*

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time,
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice

50. *"commodity"*; parcel.—C. H. H.

56. *"these"*; i. e. these coins which Viola has given him.—I. G.

62. *"Cressida was a beggar"*; "according to the story Cressida finally became a leper and wegged by the roadside."—I. G.

69. *"craves"*; requires.—C. H. H.

72. *"And, like the haggard, check at every feather"*; so the Folios; Johnson proposed *"not"* for *'and,"* and this reading has reasonably been adopted by most editors; *"to check"* is "a term in falconry, applied to a hawk when she forsakes her proper game, and follows some other of inferior kind, that crosses her in her flight"; the meaning therefore of the Folio reading would be "that he must

As full of labor as a wise man's art:
For folly that he wisely shows is fit;
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.
Vio. And you, sir.
Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.
Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.
Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.
Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.
Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage.
Sir To. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.
Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.
Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.
Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odors on you!

catch at every opportunity," but this does not suit the context: the wise Clown must be discriminative; hence Johnson's *"not."*—I. G.

76. *"wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit"*; Folio 1, *"wisemens folly falne"*; Hanmer and Warburton, *"wise men's folly shown"*; the text is Theobald's, and is generally adopted.—I. G.

93. *"gait"*; going.—C. H. H.

Sir And. That youth 's a rare courtier: 'Rain odors;' well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. 'Odors,' 'pregnant,' and 'vouchsafed:' I 'll get 'em all three all ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.*] Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You 're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,

After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse
Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?
Have you not set mine honor at the stake
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown; a cypress, not a bosom,
Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That 's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf!

[*Clock strikes.*

129. *"construction"*; sc. of my conduct.—C. H. H.

135. *"a cypress, not a bosom, Hides my heart"*; the force of these words has, it would seem, been missed; the point of the *"cypress"* is not its blackness but its transparency. *Cp. "The Ballad of Robin Hood, Scarlet and John":—*

"Cypress over her face,
Through which her rose-like cheeks did blush
All in a comely grace."

"Bosom" must, I think, be used in this passage in the sense of "the bosom of the dress" which conceals the body. Olivia says, "you can see my heart; a thin gauze as it were hides it, not a stomacher."—I. G.

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man;
There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-ho!
Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!
You 'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay:
I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am?
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honor, truth and every thing,
I love thee so, that, mauger all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But rather reason thus with reason fetter,
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,

I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam: never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Olivia's house.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir And. No, faith, I 'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favors to the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw 't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favor to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valor, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valor or policy.

Sir And. An 't be any way, it must be with valor; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir To. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valor. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valor.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

29–30. *"sailed into the north,"* etc.; perhaps this is a reference to the discovery of Northern Nova Zembla by the Dutchman Barenz in 1596. (*Cp.* C. H. Coote's paper on *"the new map,"* l. 90. *New Shakespeare Society Publications,* 1878.)—I. G.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou thou 'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down: go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We 'll call thee at the cubiculo: go.

[*Exit Sir Andrew.*

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

51. *"if thou thou'st him"*; this has been generally thought an allusion to Coke's impudent and abusive *thouing* of Sir Walter Raleigh at his trial; but it has been ascertained that the play was acted a year and a half before that trial took place. And indeed it had been no insult to *thou* Sir Walter, unless there were some pre-existing custom or sentiment to make it so. What that custom was, may be seen by the following passage from the *Rule of St. Bridget:* "None of hyghenesse schal *thou* another in spekynge, but eche schal speke reverently to other, the younger namely to the elder." One of the authors of *Guesses at Truth* has a very learned and ingenious essay on the subject, wherein he quotes the following from a book published in 1661, by George Fox the Quaker: "For this *thou* and *thee* was a sore cut to proud flesh, and them that sought self-honour; who, though they would say it to God and Christ, would not endure to have it said to themselves. So that we were often beaten and abused, and sometimes in danger of our lives, for using those words to some proud men, who would say,—*What, you ill-bred clown, do you* thou *me!*"—H. N. H.

56. *"gall"*; Ox gall was one of the regular constituents of Elizabethan ink, as is shown by contemporary receipts.—C. H. H.

61. *"manakin"*; contemptuous diminutive of "man."—C. H. H.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you 'll not deliver 't?

Sir To. Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I 'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He 'e in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogged him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray

75. *"youngest wren of nine"*; Folio, *"mine,"* emended by Theobald. The wren is said to lay nine or ten eggs at a time, and the last hatched nestling is usually the smallest of the whole brood.—I. G.

him: he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such thing as 'tis. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he 'll smile and tak 't for a great favor.

Sir. To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A street.

Enter Sebastian and Antonio.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,

90. *"the new map with the augmentation of the Indies"*; no doubt a reference to the map which Hallam, in his *Literature of Europe*, calls "the best map of the 16th century"; it is found in the first edition of Hakluyt's *Voyages* (1589), but as it records discoveries made at least seven years later, it was in all probability a separate map, well known at the time, and made so as to be inserted in Hakluyt: the author was probably Mr. Emmerie Mollineux, who was also the first Englishman to make a terrestrial globe. It is noteworthy that the map shows a marked development of the geography of India proper, etc. (*Cp. Transactions of New Shakespeare Society*, 1877–79.)—I. G.

But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable: my willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks; and ever.....oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth as is my conscience firm,
You should find better dealing. What 's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night:
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.

Ant. Would you 'ld pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys
I did some service; of such note indeed,

15. *"And thanks; and ever . . . oft good turns."* The Cambridge editors hold that some word has dropped out between *"ever"* and *"oft."* Many emendations have been proposed, perhaps the simplest reading is that of the Old spelling Shakespeare:—

"And thanks; and, ever oft, good turns . . ."

"ever oft" in the sense of "with perpetual frequency." Theobald proposed:—

"And thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good turns."—I. G.

16. *"uncurrent"*; out of date, worthless.—C. H. H.

That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offense is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I 'll be your purse-bearer and leave you
For an hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.

Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Olivia's garden.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him: he says he 'll come;
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.
Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He 's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is, sure, possessed, madam.

Oli. Why, what 's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in 's wits.

Oli. Go call him hither. [*Exit Maria.*] I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Re-enter Maria, with Malvolio.

How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

Oli. Smilest thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

2. "*bestow of*"; bestow on.—C. H. H.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, 'Please one, and please all.'

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed! aye, sweet-heart, and I 'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request! yes; nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. 'Be not afraid of greatness:' 'twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. 'Some are born great,'—

Oli. Ha!

Mal. 'Some achieve greatness,'—

Oli. What sayest thou?

Mal. 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. 'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,'—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings!

Mal. 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'

Oli. Cross-gartered!

Mal. 'Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;'—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned: I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I 'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where 's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt Olivia and Maria.*

Mal. O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble slough,' says

61. *"midsummer madness"*; "'Tis midsummer moon with you," was a proverbial phrase, signifying you are mad. It was an ancient opinion that hot weather affected the brain.—H. N. H.

she; 'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity;' and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to:' fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter Maria, with Sir Toby and Fabian.

Sir. To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I 'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is. How is 't with you, sir? how is 't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir. To. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is 't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he 's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I 'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress!

Mar. O Lord!

Sir. To. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir. To. Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Aye, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element: you shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is 't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we 'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he 's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here 's the challenge, read it: I warrant there 's vinegar and pepper in 't.

Fab. Is 't so saucy?

Sir And. Aye, is 't, I warrant him: do but read.

159. *"the bar"*; the law courts.—C. H. H.

161. *"matter for May morning"*; it was usual on the First of May to exhibit metrical interludes of the comic kind, as well as other sports, such as the Morris Dance.—H. N. H.

Sir To. Give me. [*Reads*] Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. [*reads*] Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for 't.

Fab. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. [*reads*] Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense —less

Sir To. [*reads*] I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. [*reads*] Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

Sir To. [*reads*] Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUECHEEK. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I 'll give 't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for 't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at

the corner of the orchard like a bum-baily: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behavior of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valor; and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Re-enter Olivia, with Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.*

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,

And laid mine honor too unchary out:
There 's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'havior that your passion bears
Goes on my master's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you;
And I beseech you come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I 'll deny,
That honor saved may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this;—your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honor may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter Sir Toby and Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defense thou hast, betake thee to 't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skillful and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath

any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offense done to any man.

Sir To. You 'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill and wrath can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of deaths and sepulcher. Hob, nob, is his word; give 't or take 't.

Vio. I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valor: belike this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle

277. *"competent injury"*; sufficient insult.—C. H. H.

you must, that 's certain, or foreswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offense to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit.*

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valor. He is, indeed, sir, the most skillful, bloody and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for 't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Sir Toby, with Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he 's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion,

that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on 't, I 'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Aye, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on 't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I 'ld have seen him damned ere I 'ld have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I 'll give him my horse, gray Capilet.

Sir To. I 'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on 't: this shall end without the perdition of souls. [*Aside*] Marry, I 'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Re-enter Fabian and Viola.

[*To Fab.*] I have his horse to take up the quarrel: I have persuaded him the youth 's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. [*To Vio.*] There 's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for 's oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the support-

325. *"motion"*; proposition.—C. H. H.

332. *"He is . . . of him"*; he has just as terrible an idea of him.—C. H. H.

Sir To. "Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honor's sake, have one bout with you."

Twelfth Night. Act 3, Scene 5.

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ance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. [*aside*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there 's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honor's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to 't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

[*They draw.*

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman
Have done offense, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

Sir To. You, sir! why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

[*They draw.*

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

360. *"an undertaker"*; that is, one who takes up or *undertakes* the quarrel of another.—H. N. H.

Sir To. I 'll be with you anon.
Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.
Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you, I 'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily and reins well.
First Off. This is the man; do thy office.
Sec. Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.
Ant. You do mistake me, sir.
First Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favor well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.
Take him away: he knows I know him well.
Ant. I must obey. [*To Vio.*] This comes with seeking you:
But there 's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do, now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed;
But be of comfort.
Sec. Off. Come, sir, away.
Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.
Vio. What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I 'll lend you something: my having is not much;

I 'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there 's half my coffer.
Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is 't possible that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.
Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying vainness, babbling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.
Ant. O heavens themselves!
Sec. Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.
Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Relieved him with such sanctity of love;
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.
First Off. What 's that to us? The time goes by: away!
Ant. But O how vile an idol proves this god!
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there 's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind:

391. *"coffer"*; treasure, purse.—C. H. H.
392. *"my deserts to you"*; what I deserve at your hands.—C. H. H.

Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

First Off. The man grows mad: away with him!
Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exit with Officers.*

Vio. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself: so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, 421
Fabian: we' ll whisper o'er a couplet or two
of most sage saws.

Vio. He named Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such and so
In favor was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, color, ornament,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love!
[*Exit.*

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more 430
a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears
in leaving his friend here in necessity and
denying him; and for his cowardship, ask
Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

414. *"o'erflourished"*; trunks, being then part of the furniture of apartments, were ornamented with scroll work or *flourished* devices. —H. N. H.

418. *"so do not I"*; that is, I do not yet believe myself, when from this accident I gather hope of my brother's life.—H. N. H.

425. *"Yet living in my glass"*; his resemblance *survives* in the reflection of my own figure.—H. N. H.

427. *"still"*; ever.—C. H. H.

Sir And. 'Slid, I 'll after him again and beat him.

Sir To. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,— [*Exit.*

Fab. Come, let 's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I

Before Olivia's house.

Enter Sebastian and Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow: Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

Seb. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else: Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lub-

15, 16. *"I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney";* so the Folios; the lines evidently mean "I am afraid affectation and foppery will overspread the world" (Johnson); it has been proposed to change *"world"* into *"word"* (*i. e.* with reference to "vent"): others read *"this great lubberly world";* Knight explains that the words are spoken aside, and mean, "I am afraid the world will prove this great lubber (Sebastian) a cockney." This seems very strained, and probably the simplest reading of the passage is the best.—I. G.

ber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me: There 's money for thee: if you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report—after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there 's for you.

Seb. Why, there 's for thee, and there, and there. Are all the people mad?

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I 'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence.

[*Exit.*

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone: I 'll go another way to work with him; I 'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it 's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?
If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold!

Sir To. Madam!

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario.
Rudesby, be gone!
[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*
I prithee, gentle friend,
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go:
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

61. *"botch'd up"*; brought about.—C. H. H.

64. *"one poor heart of mine"*; an equivoque is here intended between *hart* and *heart*, which were formerly written alike.—H. N. H.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I prithee: would thou 'ldst be ruled by me! 69

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Olivia's house.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate: do it quickly; I 'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit.*

Clo. Well, I 'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in 't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a 10 good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

70. *"and so be!"; sc.* ruled by me.—C. H. H.

4. *"the whilst";* meanwhile.—C. H. H.

8. *"I am not tall enough";* the modern editors have changed this to *fat* without any apparent reason; *tall* being sometimes used in the sense of *lusty*, and thus making a good antithesis to *lean*.—H. N. H.

Enter Sir Toby and Maria.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master Parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That that is is;' so I, being master Parson, am master Parson; for, what is 'that' but 'that,' and 'is' but 'is'?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say! peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*within*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master Parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those

16. *"the old hermit of Prague"*; Douce points out that the allusion is "not to the celebrated heresiarch, Jerome of Prague, but another of that name, born likewise at Prague, and called the *hermit* of Camaldoli in Tuscany."—I. G.

18. *"Gorboduc"*; a legendary British king, the subject of the earliest English tragedy.—C. H. H.

20. *"and 'is' but 'is'"*; a humorous banter upon the language of the schools.—H. N. H.

gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: sayest thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clearstories toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

42. *"bay windows"* were large projecting windows, properly so called because they occupied a whole *bay* or space between two cross beams in a building. Minshew says a bay-window is so called "because it is builded in manner of a *bay* or road for ships, that is, round."—H. N. H.

43. *"clearstories"*; Folio 1, *"cleere stores"*; Folio 2, *"cleare stones"*; the reading adopted is Blakeway's conjecture in Boswell: *"clere-story"* is the name given to the windows above the arches of the nave of a Gothic church.—I. G.

50. *"Egyptians in their fog"*; a reference to the ninth plague, *Exodus* x. 21, 22.—C. H. H.

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas! 70

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offense with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to 80 my chamber. [*Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria.*

Clo. [*Singing*] Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. My lady is unkind, perdy.

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. Alas, why is she so?

Mal. Fool, I say,—

Clo. She loves another—Who calls, ha? 90

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen,

80. *"upshot"*; decision; a metaphor from archery, where the final shot which decided a match was so called.—C. H. H.

ink and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Aye, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavor thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,—

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas. Marry, amen. I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light and some

105. *"face"*; bully.—C. H. H.

106. *"the minister is here"*; the Clown, in the dark, acts two persons, and counterfeits, by variation of voice, a dialogue between himself and Sir Topas; the preceding part of this speech being spoken as Clown, the following as Priest.—H. N. H.

paper: I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I 'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

Mal. Fool, I 'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.

Clo. [*Singing*] I am gone, sir.
And anon, sir,
I 'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice,
Your need to sustain;
Who, with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad;
Adieu, goodman devil.

146. *"goodman devil"*; Folio 1, *"good man diuell"*; Rowe's *"goodman Drivel,"* seems the most plausible emendation, if any is necessary; Folio 2 reads *"good man Direll."*—I. G.

Scene III

Olivia's garden.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't;
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where 's Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service;
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
As I perceive she does: there 's something in 't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

12. "*instance*"; example.—C. H. H.

Enter Olivia and Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you say?

Seb. I 'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine!

[*Exeunt.*

33. *"sworn truth"; troth* or *fidelity.* It should be remarked that this was not an actual *marriage,* but a *betrothing,* affiancing, or solemn promise of future marriage; anciently distinguished by the name of *espousals.*—H. N. H.

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I

Before Olivia's house.

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Aye, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

10. *"trappings"*; appendages.—C. H. H.

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there 's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer: there 's another.

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

23. *"to be as"*; being as.—C. H. H.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit.*

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Enter Antonio and Officers.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable;
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honor on him. What 's the matter?

First Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phœnix and her fraught from Candy;
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side;

63. *"scathful"*; harmful.—C. H. H.

65. *"the tongue of loss"*; the tongues of those on whom he had inflicted loss.—C. H. H.

But in conclusion put strange speech upon me:
I know not what 'twas but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication; for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset:
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years removed thing
While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

95. *"face me"*; outface me.—C. H. H.

Vio. How can this be?
Duke. When came he to this town?
Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth.
But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. Take him aside.
Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.
Vio. Madam!
Duke. Gracious Olivia,—
Oli. What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord,—
Vio. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.
Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.
Duke. Still so cruel?
Oli. Still so constant, lord.
Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out

116. *"fat"*; heavy, dull.—C. H. H.
121. *"My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out"*; the

That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love?—a savage jealousy
That sometime savors nobly. But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favor,
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I 'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

Folios *"haue,"* corrected by Capell, but probably Shakespeare's own reading; the plural for the singular, owing to the plural object (*"faithfull'st offerings"*) preceding the verb.—I. G.

126. *"Kill what I love"*; an allusion to the story of *"Thyamis,* as told by Heliodorus in his *Ethiopics,* of which an English version by Thomas Underdowne was published a second time in 1587. Thyamis was a native of Memphis, and chief of a band of robbers. Chariclea, a Greek, having fallen into his hands, he grew passionately in love with her, and would have married her: but being surprised by a stronger band of robbers, and knowing he must die, he went to the cave where he had secreted her with his other treasures, and, seizing her by the hair with his left hand, with his right plunged a sword in her breast; it being the custom with those barbarians, when they despaired of their own life, first to kill those whom they held most dear, so as to have them as companions in the other world.—H. N. H.

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.
Oli. Where goes Cesario?
Vio. After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love!
Oli. Aye me, detested! how am I beguiled!
Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.
Duke. Come, away!
Oli. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.
Duke. Husband!
Oli. Aye, husband: can he that deny?
Duke. Her husband, sirrah!
Vio. No, my lord, not I.
Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear 'st.

Enter Priest.

O, welcome, father!
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold, though lately we intended

139. *"jocund, apt and willingly"*; the adverbial suffix of the last adjective does duty with all three.—C. H. H.
140. *"To do you rest"*; to give you rest of mind.—C. H. H.

To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe, what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travel'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest—

Oli. O, do not swear!
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What 's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he 's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. 'Od's lifelings, here he is! You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do 't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you: You drew your sword upon me without cause; But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir Toby and Clown.

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you other gates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman! how is 't with you?

Sir To. That 's all one: has hurt me, and there 's the end on 't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clo. O, he 's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he 's a rogue, and a passy measures pavin: I hate a drunken rogue.

189. *"incardinate"*; incarnate.—C. H. H.

198. *"set nothing by"*; take no account of.—C. H. H.

211. *"a passy measures pavin"*; Folio 1, *"panyn"*; Folio 2, *"Pavin"*; various emendations have been suggested, but there is

Oli. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir And. I 'll help you, Sir Toby, because we 'll be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help? an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to. [*Exeunt Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.*

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you:
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
A natural perspective, that is and is not!

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!

little doubt that the reading in the text is the correct one. *"Passy measures"* is a corruption of the Italian *"passamezzo,"* which word Florio explains as "a *passa-measure* in dancing, a cinque pace"; it was a slow dance, differing little from the action of walking. *"Pavin"* was a grave Spanish dance. According to Halliwell, the *passy measures pavin* is described as follows in an early MS. list of dances:—*"The passinge measure Pavyon—2* singles and a double forward, and 2 singles syde.—Reprince back." Sir Toby means, therefore, that "the surgeon is a rogue and a grave solemn coxcomb." —I. G.

How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee!

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.
Of charity, what kin are you to me?
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say 'Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!'

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth

234. *"fear'st"*; doubtest.—C. H. H.
250. *"grossly"*; substantially.—C. H. H.

Had number'd thirteen years.
Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.
Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I 'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserved to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.
Seb. [*To Olivia*] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.
Duke. Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
[*To Viola*] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.
Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That severs day from night.
Duke. Give me thy hand;

And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid's garments: he upon some action
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him: fetch Malvolio hither:
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he 's much distract.

Re-enter Clown with a letter, and Fabian.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.
How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end as well as a man in his case may do: has here writ a letter to you; I should have given 't you to-day morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

Oli. Open 't and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman. [*Reads*] By the Lord, madam,—

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow Vox.

Oli. Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right

305. *"delivers"*; reads the message of.—C. H. H.
310. *"Vox"*; the proper tone of voice.—C. H. H.

wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [*To Fabian.*

Fab. By the Lord, madam, you wrong me and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Aye, madam.

Duke. This savors not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.

[*Exit Fabian.*

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on 't, so please you,
Here at my house and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.

[*To Viola*] Your master quits you; and for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,

337. *"quite you"*; sets you free.—C. H. H.

So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister! you are she.

Re-enter Fabian, with Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Aye, my lord, this same.
How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand:
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say 'tis not your seal, not your invention:
You can say none of this: well, grant it then
And tell me, in the modesty of honor,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favor,
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

348. *"Write from it";* write unlike it.—C. H. H.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But out of question 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; then camest in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presupposed
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.
Fab. Good madam, hear me speak,
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him: Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
That have on both sides pass'd.
Oli. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

378. *"against"*; Tyrwhitt's conjecture *"in"* has a good deal in its favor; *"against"* may have been caught from the line 376.—I. G.

Clo. Why, 'some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.' I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that 's all one. 'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.' But do you remember? Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he 's gagged:' and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I 'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the captain yet:
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.
[*Exeunt all, except Clown.*

Clo. [*Sings*]
When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, &c.
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain, &c.

409. *"toy"*; trifle.—C. H. H.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, &c.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, &c.
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain, &c.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, &c.
But that 's all one, our play is done,
And we 'll strive to please you every day.

[*Exit.*

421. "*toss-pots*"; drunkards.—C. H. H.

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Abuse, deceive; III. i. 127.
Accosted, addressed; III. ii. 24.
A degree, one step; III. i. 137.
Adheres, accords; III. iv. 89.
Admire, wonder; III. iv. 169.
Adverse, hostile; V. i. 91.
Advise you, take care; IV. ii. 106.
Affectioned, affected; II. iii. 168.
Agone, ago; V. i. 209.
Allowed, licensed; I. v. 107.
Allow me, make me acknowledged; I. ii. 59.
Alone, pre-eminently; I. i. 15.
An = one; II. i. 23.
Anatomy, body, used contemptuously; III. ii. 72.
And, used redundantly, as in the old ballads; V. i. 407.
Antique, quaint; II. iv. 3.
Apt, ready; V. i. 336.
Arbitrement, decision; III. iv. 294.
Argument, proof; III. ii. 13.
As yet, still; V. i. 278.
Attends, awaits; III. iv. 249.

Back-trick, a caper backwards; I. iii. 138.
Baffled, treated with contempt; V. i. 385.
Barful, full of impediments; (Pope, "O baneful"; Daniel, "a woeful"); I. iv. 42.
Barren, dull; I. v. 94.
Barricadoes, fortifications made in haste, obstructions; IV. ii. 43.
Bawbling, insignificant, trifling; V. i. 61.
Bawcock, a term of endearment; always used in masculine sense; III. iv. 130.
Beagle, a small dog; II. iii. 204.
Before me, by my soul; II. iii. 203.
Belike, I suppose; III. iii. 29.
Bent, tension; II. iv. 38.
Beshrew, a mild form of imprecation; IV. i. 63.
Besides, out of; IV. ii. 96.
Bespake you fair, spoke kindly to you; V. i. 196.
Bias, originally the weighted side of a bowl; V. i. 273.
Bibble babble, idle talk; IV. ii. 109.
Biddy, "a call to allure chickens"; III. iv. 133.
Bird-bolts, blunt-headed arrows; I. v. 105.
Blazon, "coat-of-arms"; I. v. 323.
Blent = blended; I. v. 268.
Bloody, bloodthirsty; III. iv. 248.
Blows, inflates, puffs up; II. v. 48.
Bosom, the folds of the dress covering the breast, stomacher; III. i. 135.

Botcher, mender of old clothes; I. v. 53.
Bottle-ale, bottled ale; II. iii. 31.
Bottom, ship, vessel; V. i. 64.
Brabble, brawl, broil; V. i. 72.
Branched, "adorned with needlework, representing flowers and twigs"; II. v. 54.
Breach, surf; II. i. 25.
Breast, voice; II. iii. 21.
Bred, begotten; I. ii. 22.
Brock, badger, a term of contempt; II. v. 116.
Brownist, a member of a Puritan sect; III. ii. 37.
Bum-baily, bailiff; III. iv. 198.
But = than; I. iv. 14.
Buttery-bar; buttery, place where drink and food were kept; *bar*, place where they were served out; I. iii. 78.
By the duello, by the laws of duelling; III. iv. 348.

Canary, wine from the Canary Isles; I. iii. 90.
Cantons = cantos; I. v. 300.
Case, body, skin; V. i. 172.
Castiliano vulgo, "Spanish of Sir Toby's own making," perhaps it may mean, "Be as reticent as a Castilian now that one of the common herd is coming"; I. iii. 48.
Cataian, Chinese; used here as a term of reproach; II. iii. 84.
Catch, "a song sung in succession"; II. iii. 19.
Chain; the chain of office which stewards were accustomed to wear; II. iii. 136.
Chantry, a private chapel; IV. iii. 24.
Checks; "to check" is "a term in falconry, applied to a hawk when she forsakes her proper game, and follows some other of inferior kind that crosses her in her flight"; II. v. 126; III. i. 72.
Cherry-pit, "a game consisting in pitching cherry-stones into a small hole"; III. iv. 134.
Cheveril, roe-buck leather; symbol of flexibility; III. i. 13.
Chuck, chicken, a term of endearment; III. iv. 131.
Civil, polite, well-mannered; III. iv. 5.
Clodpole, blockhead; III. iv. 213.
Cloistress, inhabitant of a cloister, nun; I. i. 28.
Cloyment, surfeit; II. iv. 103.
Cockatrice, an imaginary creature, supposed to be produced from a cock's egg, and to have so deadly an eye as to kill by its very look; III. iv. 220.
Collier; "the devil was called so because of his blackness"; *cp.* the proverb: *"like will to like, quoth the devil to the collier"*; III. iv. 135.
Colors; "fear no colors," fear no enemy; I. v. 11.
Comfortable, comforting; I. v. 2.
Commerce, conversation; III. iv. 195.
Compare, comparison; II. iv. 105.
Competitors, confederates; IV. ii. 12.
Complexion, external appearance; II. iv. 27.
Comptible, sensitive; I. v. 97.
Conceited, has formed an idea; III. iv. 332.
Conclusions to be as kisses, *i. e.* "as in a syllogism it takes two premises to make one conclusion, so it takes two people to

make one kiss" (Cambridge edition); V. i. 23.

CONDUCT, guard, escort; III. iv. 271.

CONSEQUENTLY, subsequently; III. iv. 81.

CONSIDERATION; "on carpet c."= "a mere carpet knight"; III. iv. 263.

CONSTANT, consistent, logical; IV. ii. 56.

CONVENTS, is convenient; V. i. 400.

CORANTO, a quick, lively dance; I. iii. 147.

COUPLET, couple; III. iv. 421.

COXCOMB, head; V. i. 183.

COYSTRILL, a mean, paltry fellow; I. iii. 46.

COZIERS, botchers, cobblers; II. iii. 102.

CREDIT, intelligence; IV. iii. 6.

CROSS-GARTERED, alluding to the custom of wearing the garters crossed in various styles; II. v. 173.

CROWNER, coroner; I. v. 149.

CRUELTY, cruel one; II. iv. 84.

CUBICULO (one of Sir Toby's "affectioned" words), apartment; III. ii. 60.

"CUCULLUS NON FACIT MONACHUM"= a cowl does not make a monk; I. v. 64.

CUNNING, skillful; I. v. 269.

CURST, sharp, shrewish; III. ii. 48.

CUT, a docked horse; II. iii. 212.

CYPRESS, probably "a coffin of cypresswood"; (others explain it as a shroud of *cypress;* Cotgrave mentions *white cipres*); II. iv. 53.

CYPRESS, crape (*v.* Note); III. i. 135.

DALLY, play, trifle; III. i. 16.

DAY-BED, couch, sofa; II. v. 55.

DEADLY, death-like; I. v. 295.

DEAR, heartfelt; V. i. 78.

DECEIVABLE, delusive; IV. iii. 21.

DEDICATION, devotedness; V. i. 89.

DELIVER'D, set at liberty; V. i. 331.

DENAY, denial; II. iv. 128.

DENY, refuse; IV. i. 63.

DESPERATE, hopeless; II. ii. 8; reckless; V. i. 71.

DESPITE, malice; III. iv. 248.

DETERMINATE, fixed; II. i. 11.

DEXTERIOUSLY, dexterously; I. v. 69.

DILUCULO SURGERE (saluberrimum est), to rise early is most healthful; II. iii. 2.

DIMENSION, bodily shape; I. v. 291; V. i. 250.

DISCOURSE, reasoning; IV. iii. 19.

DISMOUNT, draw from the scabbard; III. iv. 249.

DISORDERS, misconduct; II. iii. 111.

DISSEMBLE, disguise; IV. ii. 5.

DISTEMPER, make ill-humored; II. i. 5.

DISTEMPERED, diseased; I. v. 103.

DRY, insipid; I. v. 46.

EGYPTIAN THIEF; an allusion to Thyamis, a robber chief in the Greek Romance of *Theagenes and Chariclea* (trans. into English before 1587); the thief attempted to kill Chariclea, whom he loved, rather than lose her; by mistake he slew another person; V. i. 125.

ELEMENT, sky and air; I. i. 26; sphere; III. i. 66.

ELEPHANT, the name of an inn; III. iii. 39.

ENCHANTMENT, love-charm; III. i. 126.
ENCOUNTER, go towards; used affectedly; III. i. 82.
ENDEAVOR THYSELF, try; IV. ii. 108.
ENLARGE, release; V. i. 291.
ENTERTAINMENT, treatment; I. v. 241.
ESTIMABLE WONDER, admiring judgment; II. i. 30.
EXCEPT, BEFORE EXCEPTED, alluding to the common law-phrase; I. iii. 7.
EXPENSES, a tip, douceur; III. i. 49.
EXPRESSURE, expression; II. iii. 180.
EXTENT, conduct, behavior; IV. i. 58.
EXTRACTING (later Folios "exacting"), "drawing other thoughts from my mind"; V. i. 294.
EXTRAVAGANCY, vagrancy; II. i. 12.

FADGE, prosper; II. ii. 35.
FALL, strain, cadence; I. i. 4.
FANCY, love; I. i. 14; V. i. 406.
FANTASTICAL, fanciful, creative; I. i. 15.
"FAREWELL, dear heart, since I must needs begone," etc., altered from *Corydon's Farewell to Phillis* (Percy's *Reliques*); II. iii. 116.
FAVOR, face, form; II. iv. 24; III. iv. 374.
FEATURE, external form, body; III. iv. 410.
FEELINGLY, exactly; II. iii. 181.
FELLOW, companion; III. iv. 87.
FIRAGO, corruption of virago; III. iv. 310.
FIRE-NEW, brand-new; III. ii. 25.
FIT, becoming, suitable; III. i. 75.
FLATTER WITH, encourage with hopes; I. v. 333.
FLESHED, "made fierce and eager for combat, as a dog fed with flesh only"; IV. i. 44.
FOND, dote; II. ii. 36.
FORGIVE, excuse; I. v. 215.
FOR THAT, because; III. i. 168.
FOURTEEN YEARS' PURCHASE, i. e. "at a high rate," the current price in Shakespeare's time being twelve years' purchase; IV. i. 25.
FRAUGHT, freight; V. i. 68.
FREE, careless (or perhaps graceful, comely; *cp.* "fair and free"); II. iv. 46.
FRESH IN MURMUR, begun to be rumored; I. ii. 32.
FRIGHT, affright; V. i. 249.
FROM; "f. Candy," *i. e.* "on her voyage from Candy"; V. i. 68.
FULSOME, gross, distasteful; V. i. 112.

GALLIARD, a lively French dance; I. iii. 134.
GASKINS, a kind of loose breeches; I. v. 28.
GECK, dupe; V. i. 359.
GENTLENESS, kindness, good-will; II. i. 48.
GIDDILY, negligently; II. iv. 88.
GIN, snare; II. v. 93.
GINGER, a favorite spice in Shakespeare's time, especially with old people; frequently referred to by Shakespeare; II. iii. 133.
GOES EVEN, agrees, tallies; V. i. 252.
GOOD LIFE, jollity, with a play upon the literal meaning of the

word, "virtuous living"; II. iii. 42–44.

GOODMAN (Folios "good man"), a familiar appellation, sometimes used contemptuously; IV. ii. 146.

GRACE, virtue; V. i. 35.

GRACIOUS, full of graces; I. v. 292.

GRAIN; "in grain," natural; I. v. 266.

GRATILLITY, clown's blunder for "gratuity"; II. iii. 29.

GREEK; "foolish Greek," i. e. jester, merrymaker (*cp.* "Matthew Merrygreek" in *Ralph Roister Doister*); "the Greeks were proverbially spoken of by the Romans as fond of good living and free potations" (Nares); IV. i. 20.

GRIZE, step, degree; III. i. 138.

GRIZZLE, a tinge of gray (perhaps a grizzly beard); V. i. 172.

GUST = gusto, enjoyment; I. iii. 35.

HAGGARD, a wild untrained hawk; III. i. 72.

HALE, draw; III. ii. 68.

HAPLY, perhaps; IV. ii. 60.

HAVING, possessions; III. iv. 389.

HEAT, course; I. i. 26.

"HEY ROBIN, JOLLY ROBIN," etc., an old ballad (to be found in the *Reliques*, Percy); IV. ii. 82–83.

HIGH = highly; I. i. 15.

HOB NOB, "have or have not, hit or miss, at random"; III. iv. 268.

"HOLD THY PEACE, THOU KNAVE," an old three-part catch, so arranged that each singer calls the other "knave" in turn; II. iii. 72.

HONESTY, "decency, love of what is becoming"; II. iii. 99.

HORRIBLE, horribly; III. iv. 200.

HULL, float; I. v. 227.

HUMOR OF STATE, "capricious insolence of authority"; II. v. 59.

IDLENESS, frivolousness; I. v. 73.

IMPETICOS, to impocket, or impetticoat; one of the clown's nonsense words; II. iii. 29.

IMPORTANCE, importunity; V. i. 379.

IMPRESSURE, impression; II. v. 104.

INCENSEMENT, exasperation; III. iv. 265.

INCREDULOUS, incredible; III. iv. 91.

INGRATEFUL, ungrateful; V. i. 84.

INTERCHANGEMENT, interchange; V. i. 166.

INTO, unto; V. i. 91.

JEALOUSY, apprehension; III. iii. 8.

JETS, struts; II. v. 35.

JEWEL, a piece of jewelry; III. iv. 233.

JEZEBEL, used vaguely as a term of reproach; II. v. 46.

JOINDER, joining; V. i. 164.

JUMP, tally; V. i. 265.

KICKSHAWSES = kickshaws; I. iii. 129.

KINDNESS, tenderness; II. i. 43.

LAPSED, surprised; III. iii. 36.

LATE, lately; I. ii. 30; III. i. 42.

LEASING, lying; I. v. 110.

LEMAN, lover, sweetheart; II. iii. 28.

LENTEN, scanty, poor; I. v. 9.

LETS, hinders; V. i. 262.
LIES, dwells; III. i. 8.
LIGHTER, inferior in position; V. i. 355.
LIMED, caught with bird-lime, ensnared; III. iv. 84.
LIST, boundary, limit; III. i. 86.
LITTLE, a little; V. i. 178.
LIVER, popularly supposed to be the seat of the emotions; II. iv. 102; III. ii. 23.
LOVE-BROKER, agent between lovers; III. ii. 42.
LOWLY, mean, base; III. i. 113.
LULLABY, "good night"; V. i. 50.

MAIDENHEAD = maidenhood; I. v. 243.
MALAPERT, saucy, forward; IV. i. 48.
MALIGNANCY, malevolence; II. i. 4.
MAUGER, in spite of; III. i. 165.
MEDDLE, fight; III. iv. 282.
METAL (Folio 1, "mettle"; Folio 2, "nettle"); "metal of India" ="my golden girl, my jewel"; (others explain "nettle of India" as the *Urtica marina*, a plant of itching properties); II. v. 16.
MINION, favorite, darling; V. i. 132.
MINX, a pert woman; III. iv. 138.
MISCARRY, be lost, die; III. iv. 70.
MISPRISION, misapprehension; I. v. 63.
MISTRESS MALL; probably "a mere personification," like "my lady's eldest son" in *Much Ado;* I. iii. 142.
MOLLIFICATION; "some m. for your giant," *i. e.* "something to pacify your gigantic (!) waiting-maid"; I. v. 228.
MONSTER, unnatural creature; II. ii. 36.
MORTAL, deadly; III. iv. 294.
MOUSE, a term of endearment; I. v. 72.

NAYWORD, by-word; II. iii. 153.
NEWLY, lately; V. i. 162.
NICELY, sophistically, subtilely; III. i. 16.
NON-REGARDANCE, disregard; V. i. 128.
NOT, used pleonastically after "forbid"; II. ii. 20.
NOTE; "come to note," *i. e.* "become known"; IV. iii. 29.
NOTORIOUS, notable; V. i. 345.
NUMBERS, measure of the verses; II. v. 114.
NUNCIO, messenger; I. iv. 29.

OF = on; III. iv. 2; for the sake *of*; V. i. 243.
ON = at; II. ii. 3.
OPAL, a precious stone supposed to change its colors; II. iv. 77.
OPEN, openly; III. iii. 37.
OPPOSITE, opponent; III. ii. 73; III. iv. 258.
OPPOSITE, hostile; II. v. 167.
ORB, earth; III. i. 43.
ORBED CONTINENT, the sun; V. i. 284.
OTHER GATES, in another way; V. i. 202.
"O, THE TWELFTH DAY OF DECEMBER," the opening of some old ballad now lost; II. iii. 95.
OVER-SWEAR, repeat, swear over again; V. i. 282.
OWE = own; I. v. 340.

PARISH-TOP, alluding to the large top kept in every village, for the peasants to whip in frosty weather, for the purpose of

keeping themselves warm and out of mischief; I. iii. 48.

Part, in part, partly; III. iv. 387.

Passages, acts; III. ii. 82.

Pass upon, (literally, to thrust), to make a push in fencing; make sallies of wit; III. i. 48.

Pedant, schoolmaster; III. ii. 85.

Pevish, silly, willful; I. v. 330.

"Peg-a-Ramsay," the name of an old ballad now unknown; II. iii. 85.

Penthesilea, the queen of the Amazons; II. iii. 202.

Perchance, by chance; I. ii. 6.

Perdy, a corruption of *par Dieu;* IV. ii. 85.

Perpend, attend, listen; V. i. 314.

Personage, personal appearance; I. v. 172.

Perspective, deception; V. i. 230.

Pilchard, a fish strongly resembling the herring; III. i. 39.

Pipe, voice; I. iv. 33.

"Please one, and please all"; the title of an old ballad (entered on the Stationers' Registers in Jan. 18, 1591–92; printed in Staunton's *Shakespeare*); III. iv. 25.

Pluck on, excite; V. i. 382.

Point-devise, exactly; II. v. 183.

Possess us, put us in possession, tell us; II. iii. 157.

Post, messenger; I. v. 314.

Practice, plot; V. i. 368.

Praise = appraise; (perhaps (?) with a play upon the two senses of *praise*); I. v. 279.

Pranks, adorns; II. iv. 90.

Pregnant, clever, expert; II. ii. 30; III. i. 101.

Present, *i. e.* present wealth; III. iv. 390.

Presently, immediately; III. iv. 222.

Prevented, anticipated; III. i. 94.

Private, privacy; III. iv. 104.

Probation, examination; II. v. 145.

Proof; "vulgar p." common experience; III. i. 138.

Proper, handsome; III. i. 147; own; V. i. 335.

Proper-false, "well-looking and deceitful"; II. ii. 31.

Propertied, taken possession of; IV. ii. 103.

Propriety, individuality, thyself; V. i. 154.

Pure, purely; V. i. 90.

Question; "in contempt of q." past question; II. v. 99.

Quick, living, lively; I. i. 9.

Quinapalus, an imaginary philosopher; I. v. 40.

Quirk, humor, caprice; III. iv. 275.

Receiving, understanding, quick wit; III. i. 134.

Recollected, variously interpreted to mean, (1) studied; (2) refined; (3) trivial; "recollected terms" perhaps = popular refrains (? "terms" = "turns" or "tunes"); II. iv. 5.

Record, memory; V. i. 259.

Recover, win; II. iii. 209.

Regard, look, glance; V. i. 225.

Reins, is governed by the bridle; III. iv. 369.

Reliques, memorials; III. iii. 19.

Renown, make famous; III. iii. 24.

Reverberate, reverberating, echoing; I. v. 302.

Round, plain; II. iii. 108.

RUB WITH CRUMB, to clean; II. iii. 135.
RUBIOUS, red, rosy; I. iv. 33.
RUDESBY, blusterer; IV. i. 56.
RULE, behavior; II. iii. 139.

SACK, Spanish and Canary wine; II. iii. 215.
SAD, serious; III. iv. 5.
SAINT BENNET, probably St. Bennet's, Paul's Wharf, London, destroyed in the great fire; V. i. 43.
SCAB, a term of reproach or disgust; II. v. 83.
SCOUT, watch; III. iv. 197.
SELF, self-same (perhaps with the force of "exclusive," "absolute"); I. i. 39.
SEMBLATIVE, seeming, like; I. iv. 35.
"SHAKE YOUR EARS," an expression of contempt, "grumble at your pleasure"; II. iii. 141.
SHE, woman; I. v. 270.
SHEEP-BITER, a cant term for a thief; II. v. 6.
SHENT, chidden; IV. ii. 117.
SHERIFF'S POST; alluding to the custom of sheriffs setting up posts at their doors, upon which to place notices and proclamations; I. v. 164.
SHREWISHLY, pertly; I. v. 178.
SILLY SOOTH, simple truth; II. iv. 47.
SIR, gentleman, lord; III. iv. 84; title formerly applied to the inferior clergy; IV. ii. 2.
SKILLESS, inexperienced; III. iii. 9.
SKILLS, matters; V. i. 301.
SKIPPING, wild, mad; I. v. 225.
'SLID, a corruption of "by God's lid"; III. iv. 437.
'SLIGHT, a corruption of "God's light"; II. v. 37; III. ii. 15.
SNECK UP, an exclamation of contempt; go and be hanged; II. iii. 107.
SOPHY, Shah of Persia; II. v. 206; III. iv. 316.
SOUND, clear; I. iv. 34.
SOWTER, name of a hound; II. v. 138.
SPINSTERS, female spinners; II. iv. 45.
SPOKE, said; I. iv. 21.
SQUASH, an immature peascod; I. v. 174.
STABLE, steady; IV. iii. 19.
STANDING WATER, between the ebb and flood of the tide; I. v. 176.
STANIEL (Folios, "stallion," corrected by Hanmer), a kind of hawk; II. v. 126.
STATE = condition, fortune; I. v. 308; V. i. 71.
STATE, chair of State; II. v. 50.
STITCHES, a sharp pain; III. ii. 78.
STOCK, stocking; I. iii. 152.
STONE-BOW, "a cross-bow, from which stones or bullets were shot"; II. v. 51.
STOUP, a drinking vessel; II. iii. 136.
STRANGE, estranged; V. i. 225.
STRANGE, STOUT, reserved and proud; II. v. 193.
STRANGENESS, reserve; IV. i. 17.
STRANGLE, suppress; V. i. 154.
STUCK, stoccato, a thrust in fencing; III. iv. 312.
SUBSTRACTORS; Sir Toby's blunder for "detractors"; I. iii. 39.
SUITED, clad; V. i. 247.
SUPPORTANCE, upholding; III. iv. 339.
SWABBER, one who scrubs the ship's deck; I. v. 227.

SWARTHS, swaths; II. iii. 170.
SWEETING, a term of endearment; II. iii. 46.

TABOR, an instrument used by professional clowns; III. i. 2.
TAFFETA, a fine smooth stuff of silk; II. iv. 77.
TAINTING OF, bringing discredit upon; V. i. 145.
TAKE UP, acknowledge; V. i. 155.
TALL, used ironically; I. iii. 22.
TANG, twang; II. v. 168.
TARTAR, Tartarus; II. v. 235.
TASTE, put to use, try; III. i. 87.
TAXATION, tax, demand; I. v. 235.
TENDER, hold dear; V. i. 133.
TERMS, words, *vide* "recollected terms"; II. iv. 5.
TESTRIL, sixpence; II. iii. 37.
"THERE DWELT A MAN IN BABYLON," a line from the old ballad of *Susanna;* II. ii. 88.
"THREE MERRY MEN BE WE," a fragment of an old song; frequently quoted by the dramatists (*cp.* Chappell's *Popular Music*); II. iii. 85.
THROW, a throw with the dice, hence "cast, or venture"; V. i. 46.
TILLYVALLY, an exclamation of contempt; II. iii. 87.
TIME-PLEASER, time-server, flatterer; II. iii. 168.
TINKERS, menders of old brass; "proverbial tipplers and would-be politicians"; II. iii. 100.
TRADE, business; III. i. 83.
TRAVEL OF REGARD, looking about; II. v. 60.
TRAY-TRIP, a game like backgammon; II. v. 216.
TROUBLE; "your tr." the trouble I have caused you; II. i. 37.
TRUNKS, alluding to the elaborately carved chests in use in Shakespeare's time; III. iv. 414.
TUCK, rapier; III. iv. 250.

UNAUSPICIOUS, inauspicious; V. i. 120.
UNCHARY, heedlessly; III. iv. 227.
UNGIRD, relax; IV. i. 17.
UNHATCHED, "unhacked, not blunted by blows"; III. iv. 262.
UNPRIZABLE, invaluable; V. i. 62.
UNPROFITED, profitless; I. iv. 23.
UPON, because of, in consequence of; V. i. 377.
USE, usury; III. i. 57.

VALIDITY, value; I. i. 12.
VENERABLE, worthy of veneration; III. iv. 407.
VICE, the buffoon of the old morality plays; IV. ii. 139.
VIOL-DE-GAMBOYS; Sir Toby's blunder for *viol da gamba,* a base-viol or violoncello, a fashionable instrument of that time; I. iii. 29.
VOUCHSAFED, vouchsafing; III i. 101.

WAINROPES, wagon-ropes; III. ii. 68.
WARE; "Bed of Ware"; a huge bed, capable of holding twelve persons; formerly at the Saracen's Head Inn at Ware, and now at the Rye-House; III. ii. 55.
WAS, had been; IV. iii. 6.
WATERS; "I am for all waters," *i. e.* "I can turn my hand to anything; like a fish, I can swim equally well in all waters"; IV. ii. 71.
WEAVER, alluding perhaps to the

psalm-singing propensities of the weavers; II. iii. 65.

WEEDS, garments; V. i. 268.

WELKIN, sky; II. iii. 62; III. i. 65.

WELL-A-DAY, an exclamation expressive of grief; "welaway," alas! IV. ii. 191.

WERE BEST, had better; III. iv. 12.

WERE BETTER, had better; II. ii. 28.

"WESTWARD-HO!" an exclamation often used by the boatmen on the Thames; III. i. 148.

WHAT, at which; IV. iii. 30.

WHAT'S SHE = who is she; I. ii. 35.

WHILES = while; III. iii. 41; until; IV. iii. 29.

WHIPSTOCK, whip-handle; II. iii. 30.

WINDY, safe; III. iv. 185.

WITH, by; I. v. 95.

WITS; "five wits," viz. "common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, and memory"; IV. ii. 97.

WOODCOCK; a bird popularly supposed to have no brains, hence the word was commonly used for a fool; II. v. 93; IV. ii. 67.

WORTH, substance, wealth; III. iii. 17.

YARE, ready, active; III. iv. 250.

"YEOMAN OF THE WARDROBE," a regular title of office in Shakespeare's time; II. v. 44.

ZANIES, "subordinate buffoons whose office was to make awkward attempts at mimicking the tricks of the professional clown"; I. v. 101.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Emma D. Sanford

GENERAL

1. What is the condition of the text, from a literary standpoint?

2. Give one authority for the date of composition.

3. What is the English title of the two Italian plays from which Shakespeare may have derived his plot? Mention another more probable source.

4. Give the usual interpretation of the title of the play. Mention other Shakespearean plays which contain the element of *disguise*.

ACT I

5. In the opening lines of the play, what key is given to that artistic feature on which this play depends, for its charm?

6. What is the quibble intended on "hunting" the "hart"?

7. Explain the simile, "like Arion on the dolphin's back" (scene ii).

8. Why did Viola take service under the Duke, although she appears to have some means of her own?

9. Note Viola's claim to musical accomplishments (see Question 5 for its application).

10. Comment on the conversational merits of Sir Toby, Maria and Aguecheek; how do they differ from that of such characters as Viola, Olivia and the Duke?

11. What new element is introduced to the play's action in scene iii?

12. What speech, by the Duke, indicates that he has no confidence in his own ability to woo Olivia (scene iv)?

13. In the closing lines of scene iv, what does Viola confess?

14. In scene v, give a reason for the importance of the Clown, as a character of the play.

15. What idea does Olivia furnish as to Malvolio's disposition?

16. How does scene v give Viola an opportunity to give vent to her natural disposition?

17. Why does Olivia give Viola a chance to return? Has the Duke's messenger furthered, or injured his suit, and why?

18. Recall another play where Shakespeare makes a woman fall in love with another woman disguised as a man. What is the dramatic inference?

ACT II

19. Does scene i furnish us with any new addition to the plot?

20. What trick does Olivia play upon Viola (scene ii)?

21. Are the songs, snatches of which are sung by the Clown and Sir Toby, inventions or songs of the period?

22. Explain "three souls out of one weaver" (scene iii).

23. What joke does Maria plan to play on Malvolio? Why does she dislike him?

24. In scene iv, is Viola purposely endeavoring to discourage the Duke in his suit to Olivia?

25. Explain the reference by Malvolio to "yellow stockings" (scene v).

26. In the letter read aloud by Malvolio, select an epigram which has been very commonly quoted in literature.

27. What mental quality is absolutely lacking in Malvolio?

ACT III

28. How do Viola's comments on the wisdom of a fool seem particularly appropriate to this play?

29. How does the episode of the ring furnish the theme for the second interview between Olivia and Viola?

30. After having refused the Duke's suit, why does Olivia hold forth a hope to Viola that he may yet win her?

31. What reason does Sir Andrew give for his despair at winning Olivia for a wife; how does this furnish an occasion for a future comic episode?

32. Explain "if thou thou'st him" (scene ii).

33. Is there any trace of satire in placing Malvolio in such a ridiculous situation?

34. What interesting situations arouse the reader to great expectations, at the close of scene ii?

35. Why is the plot complicated by the arrival of Sebastian?

36. How do Maria and the two knights continue to make sport of Malvolio?

37. What challenge does Sir Andrew make Viola (scene iv)?

38. How does Sir Toby hope to prevent a genuine duel?

39. Has Olivia given much proof of a sincere grief for the loss of her brother? Why?

40. Why does Sir Andrew gather courage to fight Viola, after trying to buy her off?

41. What does the resemblance of Viola to her brother prepare us for (scene iv)?

ACT IV

42. Note Sebastian's generosity to the Clown, and that of his sister toward the Captain; what does this argue?

43. Who interrupts the encounter between Sir Toby and Sebastian?

44. Why does Olivia invite Sebastian to her house?

45. Explain the Clown's jest at Malvolio and the soul of his grandmother.

46. In scene ii, what double rôle does the Clown assume?

47. Why does Sir Toby lose interest in the sport at Malvolio?

48. Give a reason for Sebastian's pleasure in his marriage to Olivia, in spite of the fact that he feels confident that there is something unnatural in the situation.

ACT V

49. Why is the character of Antonio a necessary one in the last Act?

50. Does Orsino know of Olivia's marriage when he accuses Viola of having played him false?

51. What dramatic episode serves as an entrance for Sebastian?

52. Is it a strong, or a weak, point in that Olivia makes no comment when she learns that she has married an utter stranger? Are we to conclude that she was crazed by love, during the entire play?

53. How is Malvolio's plight recalled to Olivia?

54. What courtesy does Olivia extend to the Duke and Viola?

55. Whom did Sir Toby marry? Why?

56. Is it possible that Shakespeare invented the character of Malvolio as a warning to people not to take themselves so seriously? Granted this, what is sure to be the result?

57. Why is the Clown's song an appropriate ending to this play?

THE TRAGEDY OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITION

Antony and Cleopatra was first printed in the First Folio. It is mentioned among the plays entered by Blount in 1623 on the Stationers' Registers as "not formerly entered to other men." A play on the same subject was registered by the same publisher on May 20, 1608; it was probably the present drama, but for some reason or other no Quarto was issued.

The text of the play, as printed in the First Folio, was probably derived from a carefully written manuscript copy, and is on the whole most satisfactory.

THE DATE OF COMPOSITION

There is almost unanimity among scholars in assigning *Antony and Cleopatra* to 1607–1608, *i. e.* during the year preceding the entry referred to above. This date is corroborated by internal and external evidence. Particularly striking are the results arrived at from the application of the metrical tests. In *Antony and Cleopatra* the poet seems for the first time to have allowed himself the freedom of using the unemphatic weak monosyllables at the end of his lines—a characteristic peculiar to the plays of the Fourth Period.[1] The rhyme-test and the feminine ending test similarly stamp the play as belonging to the same

[1] *Antony and Cleopatra* numbers 28 "weak endings"; *Coriolanus* 44, *Cymbeline* 52, *Winter's Tale* 43, *Tempest* 25, while *Macbeth* contains but 2 instances, *Hamlet* none; no play before *Antony* has more than 2; most of them have none at all.

late period.[1] So far as "date" of composition is concerned, *Antony and Cleopatra* links itself, therefore, with *Coriolanus* rather than with *Julius Cæsar*, with *Macbeth* rather than with *Hamlet*. The same is true of its "ethical" relations to these plays.[2]

THE SOURCE OF THE PLOT

Antony and Cleopatra was directly derived from Sir Thomas North's famous version of Plutarch's "*Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans*," the book to which Shakespeare was indebted also for his *Coriolanus*, *Julius Cæsar*, and, to some extent, for *Timon of Athens*. In the present play the dramatist follows the historian closely, but not to the same extent as in the former productions;[3] the glamor of the play is all the poet's; the prose Life does not dazzle the reader; the facts of Cleopatra's history are those Shakespeare found in his original; the superb portraiture of the "enchanting queen" is among the great triumphs of the poet's matured genius; "he paints her," wrote Campbell, "as if the gipsy herself had cast her spell over him, and given her own witchcraft to his pencil."

PLAYS ON THE SUBJECT OF "ANTONY" AND "CLEOPATRA"

Cleopatra has been among the most popular of subjects for the modern drama, and some thirty plays are extant, in Latin, French, Italian, and English, dealing with her fascinating story; the French dramatists contribute no less

[1] *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Coriolanus* have each 42 rhymes.

[2] "The spiritual material dealt with by Shakespeare's imagination in the play of *Julius Cæsar* lay wide apart from that which forms the center of the *Antony and Cleopatra*. Therefore the poet was not carried directly forward from one to the other. But having in *Macbeth* studied the ruin of a nature which gave fair promise in men's eyes of greatness and nobility, Shakespeare, it may be, proceeded directly to a similar study in the case of Antony.

[3] A detailed analysis of the relation of *Antony and Cleopatra* to Plutarch's *Life of Antony* is to be found in Vol. XXI. of the *Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, contributed by Dr. Fritz Adler.

than sixteen items to the catalogue, starting with the *Cleopatra* of Jodelle, the first regular French tragedy. Two English productions preceded Shakespeare's play, Lady Pembroke's *Antonie*, translated from Garnier, and Daniel's companion drama, *Cleopatra* (1594) called forth by the former:—

> "thy well-graced Anthony
> (Who all alone remained long)
> Required his Cleopatra's company."

DRYDEN'S "ALL FOR LOVE"

Dryden's *All for Love; or, The World Well Lost* "written in imitation of Shakespeare's style" (pub. 1678, 1692, 1703, 1709) was its author's favorite production,—"the only play he wrote for himself"; its popularity was great; and the older critics were fond of praising its regularity and poetic harmony, though they generously recognized that it fell short of its first model in fire and originality (*cf.* Baker's *Bibliographia Dramatica*). It held the stage for a century, and has in all probability been acted ten times oftener than Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*. Campbell evidenced this fact as a proof of England's neglect of Shakespeare, as a disgrace to British taste. "Dryden's *Marc Antony* is a weak voluptuary from first to last. . . . A queen, a siren, a Shakespeare's Cleopatra alone could have entangled Shakespeare's Antony, while an ordinary wanton could have enslaved Dryden's hero."

DURATION OF ACTION

The Time of the Play, as represented on the stage, covers twelve days with intervals:—

Day 1. Act I, sc. i–iv. *Interval of twenty days.*
Day 2. Act I, sc. v; Act II, sc. i–iii.
Day 3. Act II, sc. iv. *Interval.*
Day 4. Act II, sc. v–vii. [Act III, sc. iii.] Interval (?).

Day 5. Act III, sc. i and ii. *Interval.*
Day 6. Act III, sc. iv, and v. *Interval*
Day 7. Act III, sc. vi.
Day 8. Act III, sc. vii.
Day 9. Act III, sc. viii–x. *Interval.*
Day 10. Act III, sc. xi–xiii; Act IV, sc. i–iii.
Day 11. Act IV, sc. iv–ix.
Day 12. Act IV, sc. x–xv; Act V, sc. i and ii (*cp. Trans. New Shak. Soc.*, 1877–79).

The historic period embraces as many years as there are days in the play, stretching from about B. C. 42 to 30; that is, from the events immediately following the deaths of Brutus and Cassius at Philippi to the deaths of Antony and Cleopatra in Egypt.

"The gorgeous East, with liberal hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold."

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The Tragedy of Antony and Cleopatra makes the eleventh in the division of Tragedies as published in the folio of 1623. In that edition there is no marking of the acts and scenes, save that at the beginning we have "*Actus Primus, Scœna Secunda:*" in other respects the stage-directions are for the most part remarkably full and accurate. And the text is in the main very well printed, most of the errors being slight and such as almost to suggest their own correction.

As to the time when this tragedy was written, the most that we have to ground a probable conclusion upon, aside from the qualities of the work itself, is an entry at the Stationers' by Edward Blount, May 20, 1608, of "a book" called "Antony and Cleopatra." Whether Shakespeare's drama was the "book" referred to in this entry, is something questionable, as the subject of Antony and Cleopatra was at that time often written upon, both dramatically and otherwise. The entry was of course made with the design of publication; so that, if it refer to the play in hand, either such design must have miscarried, or else the edition must have been utterly lost, there being no earlier copy known in modern times than the folio of 1623. Blount was one of the publishers of the first folio; and Antony and Cleopatra is among the plays set down as "not formerly entered to other men," in the entry made by him and Jaggard at the Stationers', November 8, 1623. Perhaps we ought to mention here, as some evidence that Blount's entry of May, 1608, did refer to Shakespeare's play, that "the book of Pericles, Prince of Tyre" was also entered at the same time and by the same man.

Granting this point, the natural inference would be that the composition of the play was in 1607, or very early in 1608, which is the date assigned by Malone; unless we may suppose, what is indeed possible, that Blount's entry was made in anticipation of the writing, and upon the strength of the Poet's having announced a design to write on that subject. Mr. Collier and others tell us there is perhaps no point in the early history of the English stage more clear, than that the theatrical companies took every precaution in order to keep the plays belonging to them out of print. And we have strong ground for believing that, after the edition of *Hamlet* in 1604, there was no authorized issue of any of the Poet's dramas during his life-time. This may be, and probably is, the cause of there being no edition of the play in pursuance of the entry in question.

Knight and Verplanck argue somewhat strenuously, that Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* was not written till some years after the date of Blount's entry, and that this entry had reference to some other performance. Their main reasons for doing so are, the alleged want of something to fill up the latter years of the Poet's life after his retirement from the stage, and the admitted fact that the style of this play bespeaks the Poet's highest maturity of mind. We agree, however, with Mr. Collier in assigning the composition to 1607 or the winter of 1607–1608, when the author was in his forty-fourth year. This brings it within the same five years of his life, from 1605 to 1610, which probably witnessed the production of *Macbeth* and *King Lear*. It will hardly be questioned, we should presume, that at the time of writing these stupendous dramas the Poet's mind was equal to any achievement lying within the compass of human thought. Nor can we taste in this play any peculiarities of style, as distinguished from the proper tokens of dramatic power, that should needs infer more ripeness of the author's mind, than in case of the other dramas reckoned to the same period.

In *Antony and Cleopatra*, the drawings from history, though perhaps not larger in the whole than we find in

some other plays, are, however, more minute and circumstantial. Here the Poet seems to have sifted and picked out from old Plutarch, with the most scrupulous particularity, every fact, every embellishment, and every line and hint of character, that could be wrought coherently into the structure and process of the work; the whole thus evincing the closest study and the exactest use of the matter before him. Notwithstanding, his genius is as far as ever from seeming at all encumbered with help, or anywise cramped or shackled by the restraints of history: on the contrary, his creative faculties move so freely and play so spontaneously under and through the Plutarchian matter, his takings and givings run together in such perfect interfusion of substance and such mutual continuity of life, that the borrowings seem no less original than what he created, and the creatings no less historical than what he borrowed.

We subjoin a careful abstract of North's *Plutarch*, gathering in everything used by the Poet, and keeping, as far as may be, to the very words of the translator. First, however, it seems needful to state, that not long after the overthrow of Brutus and Cassius the Triumvirs partitioned the Empire among themselves, Antony taking the Asiatic provinces as his share. After relating various particulars of his government, his habits, and dispositions, the historian goes on as follows:

Antony being thus inclined, the extremest mischief of all lighted upon him, namely, the love of Cleopatra, who did waken and stir up many vices in him yet hidden; and, if any spark of goodness were left, she quenched it straight. The manner how he fell in love with her was this. Antony, going to make war with the Parthians, sent to Cleopatra to appear before him when he came into Cilicia, to answer the charge of having aided Brutus and Cassius in their war against him. The messenger, having considered her beauty, and the excellent grace and sweetness of her tongue, nothing mistrusted that Antony would do any hurt to so noble a lady, but rather assured himself that within few

days she should be in great favor with him. Thereupon he persuaded her to come into Cilicia as honorably furnished as possible, and bade her not to be afraid of Antony, for he was a more courteous lord than any she had ever seen. Cleopatra, guessing by the former credit she had with Julius Cæsar and Cneius Pompey only for her beauty, began to have good hope that she might win Antony: for Cæsar and Pompey knew her when she was but a young thing and knew not what the world meant; but now she was at the age when a woman's beauty is at the prime, and she also of best judgment. So she furnished herself with a world of gifts, store of gold and silver and sumptuous ornaments; but yet she carried nothing wherein she trusted more than in herself, and in the charms and enchantment of her passing beauty and grace. Therefore, when she was sent unto by divers letters from Antony and his friends, she made so light of it, that she took her barge in the river of Cydnus; the poop whereof was of gold, the sails of purple, and the oars of silver, which kept stroke in rowing after the music of flutes, hautboys, citherns, viols, and such other instruments as they played upon in the barge. And now, for the person of herself, she was laid under a pavilion of cloth of gold, of tissue, appareled like the goddess Venus, commonly drawn in picture; and hard by her, on either hand, pretty, fair boys, appareled as painters do set forth god Cupid, with little fans in their hands with which they fanned wind upon her. Her ladies and gentlewomen also were appareled like the Nereides (which are the mermaids of the waters) and like the Graces; some steering the helm, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderful passing sweet savor of perfumes, that perfumed the wharf's side, pestered with innumerable people. Some of them followed the barge all along the river's side; others ran out of the city to see her coming in: so that in the end there ran such multitudes of people to see her, that Antony was left alone in the market-place, in his imperial seat, to give audience; and there went a rumor in the people's mouths, that the

goddess Venus was come to play with the god Bacchus for the general good of all Asia.

When Cleopatra landed, Antony sent to invite her to supper with him; but she sent him word he should do better to come and sup with her: he therefore, to show himself courteous, went to supper to her; where he found such passing sumptuous fare, that no tongue can express it. The next night, Antony, feasting her, contended to pass her in magnificence and fineness; but she overcame him in both; so that he began to scorn the gross service of his house in respect of hers. And when she found his jests to be but gross and soldier-like, she gave it him finely, and taunted him without fear. Her beauty was not so passing, nor such as upon present view did enamor men with her; but so sweet was her company and conversation that a man could not but be taken. And besides her beauty, the good grace she had to talk and discourse, her courteous nature that tempered her words and deeds, was a spur that pricked to the quick; for her tongue was an instrument of music to divers sports and pastimes, the which she easily turned into any language that pleased her.

Now, Antony was so ravished with the love of Cleopatra, that, though his wife Fulvia had great wars with Cæsar for his affairs, and the army of the Parthians was now assembled to invade Syria, yet he yielded himself to go with Cleopatra unto Alexandria, where he lost in childish sports and idle pastimes the most precious thing a man can spend, and that is, time. For they made an order between them, feasting each other by turns, and in cost exceeding all measure and reason. And for proof hereof, I have heard my grandfather report, that one Philotas a physician told him, that he was at that time in Alexandria and studied physic, and one of Antony's cooks took him to Antony's house to show him the wonderful sumptuous charge and preparation of one supper. When he was in the kitchen, and saw a world of meats, and amongst others eight wild boars roasted whole, he began to wonder at it, and said,—"Sure, you have a great number of guests to

supper." The cook fell a-laughing and answered him,—"Not many guests, nor above twelve in all; but yet all that is boiled or roasted must be served in whole, else it would be marred straight: for Antony peradventure will sup presently, or it may be a pretty while hence, or like enough he will defer it longer; and therefore we do not dress one supper only, but many suppers, because we are uncertain of the hour he will sup in."

Cleopatra still devised new delights to have Antony at commandment, never leaving him night or day, nor once letting him go out of her sight. For she would play at dice with him, drink with him, hunt with him, and be with him when he went to any exercise: sometime also, when he would go up and down the city disguised like a slave, in the night, and peer into poor men's windows and shops, and scold and brawl with them, she would be also in a chamber-maid's array, and amble up and down the streets with him. But, to reckon up all the foolish sports they made, were too fond a part, and therefore I will only tell one. On a time he went to angle for fish, and when he could take none he was angry, because Cleopatra stood by. Wherefore he secretly commanded the fishermen, that when he cast in his line they should dive under the water, and put a fish on his hook; and so he snatched up his angling rod, and brought up a fish twice or thrice. Cleopatra found it straight, yet seemed not to see it, but wondered at his excellent fishing; but when she was alone among her own people she told them how it was, and bade them the next morning to be on the water to see the fishing. A number of people came and got into the boats, to see it. Antony threw in his line, and Cleopatra commanded one of her men to dive under before Antony's men, and to put some old salt fish upon his bait. When he had hung the fish on his hook, Antony snatched up his line presently. Then they all fell a-laughing. Cleopatra, also laughing, said unto him,—"Leave us Egyptians your angling-rod: this is not thy profession; thou must hunt after conquering realms and countries."

Antony delighting in these fond and childish pastimes, very ill news were brought him from two places: the first from Rome, that his brother Lucius and Fulvia his wife fell out first between themselves, and afterwards fell to open war with Cæsar, and were driven to fly out of Italy; the second, that Labienus conquered all Asia, with the army of the Parthians, from the river of Euphrates and Syria unto the country of Lydia and Ionia. Then he began, with much ado, a little to rouse himself as if he had been wakened out of a deep sleep. So, first, he bent himself against the Parthians, and went as far as Phœnicia; but there received lamentable letters from his wife Fulvia; whereupon he straight returned towards Italy, and, as he went, was informed that his wife was the only cause of the war; who had raised this uproar in Italy, in hope thereby to withdraw him from Cleopatra. But, by good fortune, his wife, going to meet with him, sickened by the way, and died in the city of Sicyon.

When he landed in Italy, and men saw that Cæsar asked nothing of him, and that Antony laid all the fault on his wife, the friends of both parties would not suffer them to unrip any old matters; but made them friends together, and divided the Empire of Rome between them. This was yet to be confirmed with a straighter bond, which fortune offered thus: There was Octavia the eldest sister of Cæsar, whom Cæsar loved dearly, for indeed she was a noble lady, and left the widow of Caius Marcellus, who died not long before. It seemed also that Antony had been a widower since the death of Fulvia; for he denied not that he kept Cleopatra, neither did he confess that he had her as his wife. Thereupon every man did set forward this marriage, hoping that Octavia, having an excellent grace, wisdom, and honesty joined to so rare a beauty, when she were with Antony would be a good mean to keep love and amity betwixt her brother and him. So, when Cæsar and he had made the match between them, they both went to Rome about the marriage.

Sextus Pompey at that time kept in Sicily, and so made

many an inroad into Italy with a great number of pirate ships, of which two notable pirates, Menas and Menecrates, were captains, who so scoured the sea thereabouts that none durst peep out with a sail. Pompey had dealt very friendly with Antony, having courteously received his mother when she fled out of Italy with Fulvia; and therefore they thought good to make peace with him. So they met all three together by the mount of Misenum, upon a hill that runneth far into the sea; Pompey having his ships riding hard by at anchor, and Cæsar and Antony their armies on the shore-side, directly over against him. When they had agreed that Pompey should have Sicily and Sardinia, with this condition, that he should rid the sea of all thieves and pirates, and make it safe for passengers; and withal should send a certain measure of wheat to Rome; one of them did feast another, and drew cuts which should begin. It was Pompey's chance to invite them first. Whereupon Antony asked him,—"And where shall we sup?" "There," said Pompey; and showed him his admiral galley, which had six banks of oars. So he cast anchors enough into the sea to make his galley fast, and then built a bridge of wood to convey them on board from the head of Mount Misenum; and there he welcomed them, and made them great cheer. In the midst of the feast, when they fell to be merry with Antony's love unto Cleopatra, Menas came to Pompey, and whispering in his ear said unto him,—"Shall I cut the cables of the anchors, and make thee lord not only of Sicily and Sardinia, but of the whole Empire of Rome besides?" Pompey, having paused awhile, at length answered,—"Thou shouldest have done it, and never have told me; but now we must content us with what we have: as for myself, I was never taught to break my faith, nor to be counted a traitor." The other two did likewise feast him in their camp, and then he returned to Sicily.

After this agreement, Antony sent Ventidius into Asia to stay the Parthians, and in the meantime he and Cæsar jointly despatched all great matters concerning the Em-

pire. With Antony there was a Soothsayer of Egypt, that could judge of men's nativities, to tell what should happen to them. He, either to please Cleopatra, or because he found it so by his art, told Antony that his fortune, which of itself was good and great, was altogether blemished and obscured by Cæsar's; and therefore he counseled him utterly to leave his company, and to get as far from him as he could. "For thy demon," said he, "that is, the good angel and spirit that keepeth thee, is afraid of his; and, being courageous and high when alone, becometh fearful and timorous when near unto the other." Howsoever it was, the events ensuing proved the Egyptian's words true; for it is said that as often as they drew cuts for pastime, or whether they played at dice, Antony always lost. Oftentimes, when they were disposed to see cock-fight, or quails that were taught to fight one with another, Cæsar's cocks or quails did ever overcome. The which spited Antony in his mind, although he made no outward show of it; and therefore he believed the Egyptian the better. In fine, he recommended the affairs of his house unto Cæsar, and went out of Italy with Octavia his wife, whom he carried into Greece after he had a daughter by her.

Antony, lying all the winter at Athens, feasted the Athenians, and kept open house for all Grecians. Meantime, Ventidius overcame Pacorus in a battle fought in Syria, at which was slain a great number of Parthians, and among them Pacorus, the son of King Orodes. This noble exploit was a full revenge to the Romans of the shame and loss they had received by the death of Marcus Crassus. And he made the Parthians fly and glad to keep within the territories of Mesopotamia and Media, after they had thrice been overcome in several battles. Howbeit, Ventidius durst not follow them any further, lest he should have gotten Antony's displeasure by it. Ventidius was the only man that ever triumphed of the Parthians until this time; and he did so well quit himself in all his enterprises, that he confirmed that which was spoken of Antony and Cæsar, namely, that they were always more fortunate when they

made war by their lieutenants than by themselves. For Sosius, one of Antony's lieutenants in Syria, did notable good service; and Canidius, who was also his lieutenant in Armenia, did conquer it all.

But Antony grew to be marvelously offended with Cæsar, upon certain reports that had been brought unto him; so he took sea to go towards Italy, and landed at Tarentum. There his wife Octavia that came with him besought him to send her unto her brother, which he did. At that time she was great with child; yet she put herself in journey, and met her brother by the way, who brought his two chief friends, Mæcenas and Agrippa, with him. She took them aside, and intreated they would not suffer her, that was the happiest woman of the world, to become now the most wretched and unfortunate. "For now," said she, "every man's eyes do gaze on me, that am the sister of one of the Emperors, and wife of the other. And if they grow to wars, for yourselves, it is uncertain to which of them the gods have assigned the victory or overthrow; but, for me, on which side soever the victory fall, my state can be but most miserable." These words so softened Cæsar's heart, that he went quickly unto Tarentum. First, Antony feasted Cæsar, which he granted unto for his sister's sake. Afterwards they agreed together, that Cæsar should give Antony two legions to go against the Parthians, and that Antony should let Cæsar have an hundred galleys armed with brazen spars at the prows. Besides all this, Octavia obtained of her husband twenty brigantines for her brother, and of her brother for her husband a thousand armed men. After they had taken leave of each other, Cæsar went to make war with Sextus Pompey, to get Sicily into his hands. Antony, also, leaving his wife and children with Cæsar, went directly into Asia.

Then began the pestilent mischief of Cleopatra's love to kindle again, as soon as Antony came near unto Syria, and in the end did put out of his head all honest and commendable thoughts. Whilst he was busy preparing to make more cruel war with the Parthians than he had done before,

his wife, whom he had left at Rome, would needs take sea to come unto him. Her brother was willing to it, not so much for any respect at all to Antony, as that he might have an honest color to make war with him, if he did misuse her. But when she was come to Athens, she received letters from Antony, willing her to stay there until his coming. Though this grieved her much, and she knew it was but an excuse, yet by her letters to him she asked whether he would have those things sent unto him which she had brought, being great store of apparel for soldiers, a great number of horse, sums of money and gifts, to bestow on his friends and captains, and two thousand men all well-armed. When one of Antony's friends, whom he had sent to Athens, brought these news from Octavia, and withal did greatly praise her, Cleopatra, fearing she would be too strong for her, and win him away, subtilly seemed to languish for the love of Antony, pining her body for lack of meat. Furthermore, she every way so framed her countenance, that when Antony came to see her, she cast her eyes upon him like a woman ravished with joy. Straight again, when he went from her, she fell a-weeping, looking ruefully on the matter, and still found means that he should often find her weeping; and when he came suddenly upon her, she made as though she dried her eyes, and turned her face away as if unwilling he should see her weep. Then the flatterers that furthered her mind blamed Antony, and told him he was a hard-natured man and had small love in him, that would see a poor lady in such torment for his sake. "For Octavia," they said, "that was married to him because her brother's affairs required it, hath the honor to be called Antony's lawful wife; and Cleopatra, being born a queen, is only named Antony's leman; and yet she disdained not so to be called, if she might enjoy his company and live with him; but, if he once leave her, then it is impossible she should live." By these flatteries and inducements, they so wrought Antony's effeminate mind, that, fearing lest she would make herself away, he returned to Alexandria.

When Octavia was returned to Rome from Athens, Cæsar commanded her to go out of Antony's house, and dwell by herself, because he had abused her. She answered him that she would not forsake her husband's house, and that, if he had no other occasion to make war with him, she prayed him to take no thought for her. Now, as she spake, so she did perform; for she kept still in Antony's house as if he had been there. And when he sent any of his men to Rome to sue for any office, she received them very courteously, and so used herself to her brother that she obtained the things requested. Howbeit, thereby she did Antony great hurt; for her honest love and regard to her husband made every man hate him, when they saw he did so unkindly use so noble a lady. But the greatest cause of their malice unto him, was the division of lands he made among his children in Alexandria. For he assembled all the people in the show-place, where young men do exercise themselves, and there upon a high tribunal silvered he set two chairs of gold, the one for himself and the other for Cleopatra, and lower chairs for his children; then he openly published before them, that first of all he did establish Cleopatra queen of Egypt, Cyprus, Lydia, and lower Syria, and also Cæsarion king of the same realms. This Cæsarion was supposed to be the son of Julius Cæsar. Secondly, he called the sons he had by her the kings of kings, and gave Alexander for his portion Armenia, Media, and Parthia; and unto Ptolemy for his portion Phœnicia, Syria, and Cilicia. For Cleopatra, she did not only wear at that time, but at all other times when she came abroad, the apparel of the goddess Isis; and so gave audience unto all her subjects as a new Isis.

Cæsar, reporting these things unto the Senate, and after accusing him to the people, thereby stirred up all the Romans against him. Antony, on the other side, sent to Rome likewise to accuse him, first, that, having spoiled Sextus Pompey in Sicily, he did not give him his part of the isle; secondly, that he did detain in his hands the ships he lent him to make that war; thirdly, that, having put Lepi-

dus out of his part of the Empire, he retained for himself the lands and revenues thereof. Cæsar answered, that, for Lepidus, he had indeed deposed him and taken his part of the Empire from him, because he did over-cruelly use his authority; and secondly, for the conquests he had made, he was contented Antony should have his part of them, so that he would likewise let him have his part of Armenia.

Antony, hearing these news, being yet in Armenia, went with Cleopatra unto the city of Ephesus, and there gathered together his galleys and ships out of all parts; and thus, all their forces being joined together, they hoisted sail towards the isle of Samos, and there gave themselves to feasts and solace. When all things were ready, and they drew near to fight, it was found that Antony had no less than five hundred good ships of war, among which were many galleys that had eight and ten banks of oars. He had also an hundred thousand footmen, and twelve thousand horsemen, and these kings with him to aid him; Bocchus, king of Lybia, Tarcondemus, king of Cilicia, Archelaus, king of Cappadocia, Philadelphos, king of Paphlagonia, Mithridates, king of Comagena, and Adallas, king of Thracia. All these were there in person. The residue that were absent sent their armies; as Polemon, king of Pont, Malchus, king of Arabia, Herod, king of Jewry, Amyntas, king of Lycaonia; and besides all these, he had all the aid the king of Mede sent unto him. For Cæsar, he had two hundred and fifty ships of war, eighty thousand footmen, and well-near as many horsemen as his enemy.

Now, Antony was so subject to a woman's will, that, though he was a great deal the stronger by land, yet for Cleopatra's sake he would needs have this battle tried by sea; though he saw that for lack of watermen his captains did press all sorts of men that they could take up, as travelers, muleteers, reapers, and young boys; and yet could they not sufficiently furnish his galleys; so that the most part of them were empty, and could scant row. On the other side, Cæsar's ships were not built for pomp, high

and great, but were light of yarage, armed and furnished with watermen as many as they needed. So Cæsar sent unto Antony, willing him to come with his army into Italy; and said he would withdraw from the sea until he had put his army ashore and lodged his men. On the other side, Antony sent and challenged the combat of him, man for man, though he were the elder; and that, if he refused him so, he would then fight with him in the fields of Pharsalia, as Julius Cæsar and Pompey had done before.

Whilst Antony rode at anchor, lying idly in harbor at the head of Actium, Cæsar had quickly passed the sea Ionium, and taken a place called Troyne, before Antony understood that he had taken ship. Then began his men to be afraid, because his army by land was left behind. And Canidius told him it should be no dishonor to him to let Cæsar have the sea, because his men had been well exercised in battles by sea, in the war against Pompey; but that he, having so great skill and experience of battles by land, should do against all reason, if he should not employ the force and valiantness of so many lusty armed footmen as he had ready, but would weaken his army by dividing them into ships. But Cleopatra forced him to put all to the hazard of battle by sea, considering with herself how she might fly and provide for her safety, not to help to win the victory. So, when Antony had determined to fight by sea, he set all the other ships on fire, but three-score ships of Egypt, and the best and greatest galleys. Into them he put two-and-twenty thousand fighting men, with two thousand darters and slingers. Now, as he was setting his men in order of battle, there was a captain, that had served Antony in many battles and conflicts, and had all his body hacked and cut; who, as Antony passed by him, cried out unto him and said,—"O, noble Emperor, how cometh it to pass that you trust to these vile brittle ships? What! do you mistrust these wounds of mine, and this sword? Let the Egyptians and Phœnicians fight by sea, and set us on the mainland, where we use to conquer, or to be slain on our feet." Antony only beckoned to him with his

hand and head, as though he willed him to be of good courage, although indeed he had no great courage himself: for, when the masters of the galleys and pilots would have let their sails alone, he made them clap them on, saying, to color the matter withal, that not one of his enemies should scape. All that day and the three days following the sea was so boisterous that the battle was put off. The fifth day the storm ceased, and then they rowed with force of oars in battle one against the other; Antony leading the right wing, with Publicola and Cælius the left, and Marcus Octavius and Marcus Justeius the midst. Cæsar, on the other side, had placed Agrippa in the left wing, and kept the right for himself. For the armies by land, Canidius was the general of Antony's side, and Taurus of Cæsar's side; who kept their men in battle array, the one before the other, upon the sea-side, without stirring one against the other.

For some time the battle was of even hand and the victory doubtful, when suddenly they saw the threescore ships of Cleopatra busy about their yardmasts, and hoisting sail to fly. So they fled through the midst of them that were in fight, and did marvelously disorder the other ships. There Antony showed plainly that he had not only lost the heart of an Emperor, but also of a valiant man; and that he was not his own man, he was so carried away with the vain love of this woman, as if he had been glued unto her. For, when he saw Cleopatra's ship under sail, he forgot, forsook, and betrayed them that fought for him, and embarked upon a galley to follow her. When she knew his galley afar off, she lift up a sign in the poop of her ship; and so Antony coming to it was plucked up where Cleopatra was. Howbeit, he saw her not at his first coming, nor she him; but went and sat down alone in the prow, and never said a word, clapping his head between his hands. And so he lived three days alone, without speaking to any man. But when he arrived at the head of Tænarus, there Cleopatra's women first brought them to speak together, and afterwards to sup together. Then began there again a

great number of merchant ships to gather about them, and some of their friends that had escaped, who brought news that his army by sea was overthrown, but that the army by land was yet whole. Now, Antony determined to cross over into Africa, and took one of his caracks or hulks loaden with gold and silver and other rich carriage, and gave it unto his friends, and commanded them to depart, and seek to save themselves. They answered him, weeping, that they would neither do it, nor yet forsake him. Then he lovingly did comfort them, and prayed them to depart; and wrote unto Theophilus, governor of Corinth, that he would see them safe, and help to hide them until they had made their way and peace with Cæsar. Yet his army by land still wished for him, and hoped he would by some means come unto them; and showed themselves so faithful, that after they knew he was fled they kept together seven days. In the end, Canidius flying by night, and forsaking his camp, when they saw themselves thus destitute of their leaders, they yielded themselves unto the stronger.

Antony, being arrived in Lybia, sent Cleopatra into Egypt; and himself remained very solitary, having only two of his friends, with whom he wandered up and down. After that, he built him a house in the sea by the isle of Pharos, and dwelt there as a man that banished himself from all men's company, saying that he would lead Timon's life. Here Canidius came to bring him news that he had lost all his army by land at Actium, and that Herod king of Jewry, who had also certain legions with him, was revolted unto Cæsar, and all the other kings in like manner; so that he had none left. But all this did nothing trouble him; and it seemed he was content to forego all his hope, so to be rid of his cares and troubles. Thereupon he left his solitary house, and Cleopatra received him into her royal palace. He was no sooner come thither, but he straight set all the city on rioting and banqueting again, and himself to liberality and gifts. And they set up an order with a name signifying the agreement of those that

will die together; and their friends enrolled themselves of this order, and so made great feasts one to another; for every man, when it came to his turn, feasted their whole fraternity.

This notwithstanding, they sent unto Cæsar, Cleopatra requesting the realm of Egypt for their children, and Antony praying that he might be suffered to live at Athens like a private man, if Cæsar would not let him remain in Egypt. And because they had no other men of estimation about them, they were enforced to send Euphronius, the schoolmaster of their children. Cæsar would not grant unto Antony's request; but, for Cleopatra, he made answer, that he would deny her nothing reasonable, so she would put Antony to death, or drive him out of her country. Therewithal he sent Thyreus unto her, a very wise and discreet man, who might easily by his eloquence have persuaded her. He was longer in talk with her than any man else, and the queen herself did him great honor; insomuch as he made Antony jealous. Whereupon, Antony caused him to be taken and well whipped, and so sent him back; and bade him tell Cæsar that he made him angry, because he showed himself proud and disdainful towards him; and now especially, when he was easy to be angered by reason of his present misery. "If this mislike thee," said he, "thou hast Hipparchus one of my enfranchised bondmen with thee: hang him, if thou wilt, or whip him at thy pleasure, that we may cry quittance." From henceforth Cleopatra, to clear herself of the suspicion he had of her, made more of him than ever. First of all, whereas she did solemnize the day of her birth very meanly and sparingly, she now did keep it with such solemnity that she exceeded all measure of sumptuousness and magnificence; so that the guests that came poor went away rich.

So Cæsar came and pitched his camp hard by the city. Antony made a sally upon him, and fought very valiantly, so that he drave Cæsar's horsemen back even into their camp. Then he came again to the palace, greatly boasting of this victory, and sweetly kissing Cleopatra, armed as he

was, recommending one of his men unto her, that had valiantly fought in this skirmish. Cleopatra, to reward his manliness, gave him an armor and headpiece of clear gold; howbeit the man, when he had received this rich gift, stole away by night, and went to Cæsar. Antony sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight with him hand to hand. Cæsar answered him, that he had many other ways to die than so. Then Antony, seeing there was no way more honorable for him to die than fighting valiantly, determined to set up his rest both by sea and land. So, being at supper, he commanded his officers and servants to fill his cups full and make as much of him as they could: "for," said he, "you know not whether you shall do so much for me to-morrow, or whether you shall serve another master; and it may be you shall see me no more, but a dead body." Then, perceiving that his friends and men fell a-weeping, to salve that he had spoken he added this more, that he would not lead them to battle where he thought not rather safely to return with victory, than valiantly to die with honor.

The self-same night, within a little of midnight, when all the city was quiet, full of fear and sorrow, thinking what would be the issue of this war, it is said that suddenly they heard a marvelous sweet harmony of sundry sorts of instruments of music, with the cry of a multitude of people, as they had been dancing, and had sung, as they use in Bacchus' feasts, with movings and turnings after the manner of the Satyrs; and it seemed that this dance went through the city unto the gate that opened to the enemies, and that all the troop that made this noise went out of the city at that gate. Now, such as in reason sought the interpretation of this wonder thought that it was the god unto whom Antony bare singular devotion, that did forsake him.

The next morning he went to set those few footmen he had in order upon the hills adjoining unto the city; and there he stood to behold his galleys, which departed from the haven and rowed against the galleys of the enemies; and so stood still, looking what exploits his soldiers in

them would do. But when they were come near unto them, they first saluted Cæsar's men, and then Cæsar's men resaluted them, and of two armies made but one, and then did all together row toward the city. When Antony saw that his men did forsake him and yield unto Cæsar, he then fled into the city, crying out that Cleopatra had betrayed him unto them with whom he had made war for her sake. Then she, being afraid of his fury, fled into the tomb which she had caused to be made, and there she locked the doors unto her, and shut all the springs of the locks with great bolts, and sent unto Antony to tell him that she was dead. Antony, believing it, said unto himself,—"What dost thou look for further, Antony, sith spiteful fortune hath taken from thee the only joy thou hadst, for whom thou yet reservedst thy life?" When he had said these words, he went into a chamber and unarmed himself, and being naked said thus: "O Cleopatra, it grieveth me not that I have lost thy company, for I will not be long from thee; but I am sorry that, having been so great a captain and emperor, I am to be judged of less courage and noble mind than a woman."

Now, he had a man called Eros whom he had long before caused to swear that he should kill him when he did command him; and then he willed him to keep his promise. His man, drawing his sword, lift it up as though he meant to have stricken his master; but, turning his head one side, he thrust it into himself, and fell down dead at his master's foot. Then said Antony,—"O noble Eros, I thank thee for this, and it is valiantly done of thee, to show me what I should do to myself, which thou couldest not do for me." Therewithal, he took his sword, and thrust it into his belly, and so fell down upon a little bed. The wound killed him not presently, for the blood stinted a little when he was laid; and when he came somewhat to himself he prayed them that were about him to despatch him. But they all fled out of the chamber, and left him tormenting himself; until at the last there came a secretary called Diomedes, who was commanded to bring him into the

monument where Cleopatra was. When he heard she was alive, he prayed his men to carry his body thither; and so he was carried in his men's arms into the entry of the monument. Cleopatra would not open the gates, but came to the high windows, and cast out certain chains and ropes, in the which Antony was trussed; and Cleopatra herself, with two women which had come with her, trised him up. They that were present to behold it said they never saw so pitiful a sight. For they plucked up poor Antony all bloody as he was, and drawing on with pangs of death; who, holding up his hands to Cleopatra, raised up himself as well as he could. It was a hard thing for these women to do, to lift him up; but Cleopatra, putting to all her strength, did lift him up with much ado, and never let go her hold, with the help of the women beneath, that bade her be of good courage.

So, when she had gotten him in and laid him on a bed, she rent her garments upon him, clapping her breast and scratching her face. Then she dried up his blood that had berayed his face, and called him her lord, her husband, and emperor, forgetting her own misery for the compassion she took of him. Antony made her cease her lamenting, and called for wine, either because he was athirst, or else to hasten his death. When he had drunk, he prayed her that she would seek to save her life, if she could, without dishonor; and that she should trust Proculeius above any man else about Cæsar: and, as for himself, that she should not lament nor sorrow for the miserable change of his fortune at the end of his days; but rather think him the more fortunate for the former triumphs and honors he had received; considering the while he lived he was the noblest and greatest prince of the world; and that now he was overcome, not cowardly, but valiantly, a Roman by another Roman.

As Antony gave the last gasp, Proculeius came from Cæsar. For as they carried Antony into the monument, one of his guard called Dercetas took his sword and hid it; then he stole away, and brought Cæsar the first news

of his death, and showed him the sword that was bloodied. Cæsar, hearing this, straight withdrew into a secret place of his tent, and there burst out with tears, lamenting his hard fortune that had been his friend and brother-in-law, his equal in the Empire, and companion with him in sundry great exploits and battles. Then he called for his friends, and showed them the letters Antony had written to him, and his answers also, during their quarrel and strife; and how fiercely and proudly the other answered to all just and reasonable matters he wrote unto him.

After this, he sent Proculeius to do what he could to get Cleopatra alive, fearing lest otherwise all the treasure would be lost; and he thought that if he could bring her alive to Rome, she would marvelously beautify and set out his triumph. But Cleopatra would never put herself into Proculeius' hands, although they spake together. For he came to the gates that were thick and strong; yet there were some cranneys through the which her voice might be heard, and so they without understood that she demanded the kingdom of Egypt for her sons. Proculeius answered her, that she should be of good cheer, and not be afraid to refer all unto Cæsar. After he had viewed the place very well, he came and reported her answer unto Cæsar; who immediately sent Gallus to speak again with her, and bade him hold her in talk, whilst Proculeius set up a ladder against the window by which Antony was trised up, and come down into the monument with two of his men. One of her women saw Proculeius by chance as he came down, and shrieked out,—"O, poor Cleopatra! thou art taken." When she saw him behind her as she came from the gate, she thought to have stabbed herself with a short dagger; but he came suddenly upon her, and, taking her by both the hands, said unto her,—"Cleopatra, thou shalt do thyself great wrong, and Cæsar also, to deprive him of the opportunity to show his bounty and mercy, and to give his enemies cause to accuse the most courteous and noble prince that ever was, as though he were a cruel man. So he took the dagger from her, and shook her clothes for fear

of any poison hidden about her. Afterwards Cæsar sent one of his men, whom he straightly charged to look well unto her, and to beware that she made not herself away; and, for the rest, to use her with all the courtesy possible.

Now, she was altogether overcome with sorrow and passion of mind, so that she fell into a fever; whereof she was very glad, hoping thereby to have a good color to abstain from meat, that so she might die. But Cæsar mistrusted her, and therefore did threaten to put her children to a shameful death. With these threats, Cleopatra suffered herself to be cured and dieted as they listed. Shortly after, Cæsar came in person to see her. Cleopatra, being laid on a little low bed, when she saw him suddenly rose up, and fell down at his feet marvelously disfigured: for she had plucked her hair from her head, and martyred all her face with her nails; and her voice was small and trembling, and her eyes sunk into her head with continued blubbering; yet her good grace and the force of her beauty were not altogether defaced. When Cæsar had made her lie down again, and sat by her bedside, she began to excuse herself for that she had done, laying all to the fear she had of Antony, and prayed him to pardon her, as though she were afraid to die. At length, she gave him a brief of all the money and treasure she had. But by chance there stood one Seleucus by, one of her treasurers, who, to seem a good servant, came straight to disprove her, that she had not set in all, but kept many things back. Cleopatra was in such a rage that she flew upon him, and took him by the hair and boxed him well. Cæsar fell a-laughing, and parted the fray. "Alas!" said she, "O Cæsar, is not this a great shame, that, thou having vouchsafed to come unto me, and done me this honor, poor wretch and caitiff creature, mine own servants should come to accuse me? though it may be I have reserved some jewels and trifles fit for women, not for me to set out myself withal, but to give some pretty presents to Octavia and Livia; that, they making intercession for me, thou mightest yet extend thy favor and mercy upon me." Cæsar was glad to hear her say so, persuading himself that

she had yet a desire to save her life. So he made answer, that he did not only give her that to dispose of at her pleasure, which she had kept back, but further promised to use her more bountifully than she would think for; and so he took his leave, supposing he had deceived her, but indeed he was deceived himself.

There was a young gentleman, Cornelius Dolabella, that was one of Cæsar's very great familiars, and, besides, did bear no ill-will unto Cleopatra. He sent her word secretly, as she had requested him, that Cæsar determined to take his journey through Syria, and that within three days he would send her away before with her children. Now, whilst she was at dinner there came a countryman, and brought a basket. The soldiers that warded at the gates asked him what he had in his basket. He opened it, and showed them that they were figs he brought. They all marveled to see so goodly figs. He laughed to hear them, and bade them take some, if they would. They believed he told them truly, and so bade him carry them in. After Cleopatra had dined, she sent a certain table written and sealed unto Cæsar, and commanded all to go out of the tomb but the two women; then she shut the doors to her. Cæsar, when he received this table, and began to read her petition, requesting him to let her be buried with Antony, found straight what she meant, and sent one in all haste to see what it was. Her death was very sudden; for those whom Cæsar sent ran thither and found the soldiers standing at the gate, mistrusting nothing, nor understanding of her death. But when they had opened the doors, they found Cleopatra stark dead, laid upon a bed of gold, arrayed in her royal robes, and one of her women, called Iris, dead at her feet; and her other woman, called Charmian, half dead and trembling, trimming the diadem which Cleopatra wore upon her head. One of the soldiers, seeing her, angrily said unto her,—"Is that well done, Charmian?" "Very well," said she, "and meet for a princess descended of so many noble kings." She said no more, but fell down dead hard by the bed.

Some report that the aspic was brought unto her in the basket with figs, and that she had commanded to hide it under the leaves, that when she should think to take out the figs, the aspic should bite her before she should see it: howbeit, when she would have taken away the leaves she perceived it, and said,—"Art thou there, then?" and so, her arm being naked, she put it to the aspic to be bitten. Some say, also, that they found two little pretty bitings in her arm, scant to be discerned; the which it seemeth Cæsar himself gave credit unto; because in his triumph he carried Cleopatra's image, with an aspic biting of her arm. Now, Cæsar, though he was marvelous sorry for the death of Cleopatra, yet wondered at her noble mind and courage, and therefore commanded she should be nobly buried and laid by Antony; and willed also that her two women should have honorable burial.

In one or two particulars the Poet is traceable to other sources than Plutarch; especially in the account which Antony gives to Cæsar, Act II, sc. vii, how "they take the flow o'the Nile." For this matter he probably resorted either to Holland's translation of Pliny, or to Leo's *History of Africa* translated by John Pory, in which is a description of the Nileometer. Both these works were published early in the seventeenth century. In the case of Lepidus, again, Plutarch could but have yielded a few very slight hints, at the most, towards his character as drawn by Shakespeare. The Lepidus of the play, the "barren-spirited fellow," the "slight unmeritable man meet to be sent on errands," bears a strong likeness to the veritable pack-horse of the Triumvirate, trying to strut and swell himself up to the dimensions of his place, while his strutting and swelling only serve to betray his emptiness. Such appears to have been about the real pitch and quality of the man, according to the notices given of him by other writers; as Paterculus, for example, who calls him "*vir omnium vanissimus*": but whether the Poet used any of those authorities, or merely drew from his own intuitive knowledge of human nature,—thus in effect writing his-

tory without having studied it,—is a question not easily answered.—Before leaving this part of the subject, it may be well to remark that the events of the play cover a period of about ten years: as the death of Fulvia took place in the early part of the year, B. C., 40; the sea-fight at Actium, in September, 31, and the death of Cleopatra, the year after. As for the other dates, Antony's marriage with Octavia and the agreement of peace with Pompey occurred in 39; the return of Antony to the East, in 37; and his conquest of Armenia, in 34; soon after which, he set up his rest in Alexandria, laying off the style of a Roman citizen, and assuming that of an Eastern despot.

Judging by our own experience, *Antony and Cleopatra* is the last of Shakespeare's plays that one grows to appreciate. This seems owing partly to the excellence of the drama, and partly not. For it is marked beyond any other by a superabundance of external animation and diversion, as well as by a surpassing fineness of workmanship such as needs oft-repeated and most careful perusal to bring out full upon the mind's eye. The great number and variety of events crowded together in it, the rapidity with which they pass before us, and, consequently, the frequent changes of scene, hold curiosity on the stretch, and overfill the mind with sensuous effect, and thus for a long time distract and divert the thoughts from those subtleties of characterization and delicacies of poetry which everywhere accompany them. In such a redundancy of incidental interest and excitement, one cannot without long familiarity so possess his faculties as to wait and take time for such recondite and protean efficacies to work their proper effect. We are by no means sure but that the two things necessarily go together; yet we have to confess it has long seemed to us, that by selecting fewer incidents for working out the sense and design of the play, or by extracting and condensing the import and spirit of the incidents into larger masses, what is now a serious fault in the drama might have been avoided.

Bating this defect, if indeed it be a defect, there is none of Shakespeare's plays that, after many years of study,

leaves a profounder impression of his greatness. In quantity and variety of characterization, it is equaled by few, and scarce surpassed by any, of his dramas. Antony, Cleopatra, Octavius, Octavia, Lepidus, Pompey, Enobarbus, not to mention divers others of still less presence on the scene, are perfectly discriminated and sustained to the last; all being wrought out in such distinct, self-centered, and self-rounded individuality that we contract and keep up a sort of personal acquaintance with each and every one of them. In respect of style and diction, too, the best qualities of the Poet's best period are here concentrated in special force: the compressed and flashing energy, striking in new light from the very hardness of that which resists; the rugged and sometimes harsh severity of style, jolting the mind, as it were, into quicker and deeper pulsations of life by its abruptness of movement; the stern and solid ground-work of thought, with fresh images, or rather suggestions of images shooting up from it ever and anon, kindling the imagination with all the force of surprise, and setting their path on fire by the suddenness and swiftness of their coming; while their "piercing sweetness" prints a relish on the taste that adds zest and spirit to the whole preparation;—such, not indeed exclusively, but in a peculiar degree, are the characteristics of this astonishing drama.

One of the best specimens of particular criticism which we have from that prince of critics, Coleridge, is on this play. "Of all Shakespeare's historical plays," says he, "*Antony and Cleopatra* is by far the most wonderful. There is not one in which he has followed history so minutely, and yet there are few in which he impresses the notion of angelic strength so much; perhaps none in which he impresses it more strongly. This is greatly owing to the manner in which the fiery force is sustained throughout, and to the numerous momentary flashes of nature counteracting the historic abstraction. The highest praise, or rather form of praise, which I can offer in my own mind, is the doubt which the perusal always occasions in me,

whether this play is not, in all the exhibitions of a giant power in its strength and vigor of maturity, a formidable rival of *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*. *Feliciter audax* is the motto for its style comparatively with that of Shakespeare's other works, even as it is the general motto of all his works compared with those of other poets. Be it remembered, too, that this happy valiancy of style is but the representative and result of all the material excellencies so expressed."

Cleopatra herself is, in our view, Shakespeare's masterpiece in female characterization. There is literally no measuring nor describing the art involved in the delineation. The character is made up of indescribable subtlety and intricacy, and presents such a varied involution and entanglement of conflicting elements, all, however, running within the lines of nature, as we cannot but fancy the Poet must have delighted to stretch his powers upon, and perhaps delighted all the more, forasmuch as it put him to his best exercise and proof of skill. She seems an inexhaustible magazine of coquetry; yet all along in her practice of this, and even in part as the motive and inspirer of it, there mingles a true and strong attachment, and a warm and just admiration of those qualities which ennoble the manly character. Her love is at once romantic and sensual, blending the two extremes of imagination and appetite: she is proud, passionate, ambitious, false, revengeful; abounding in wit, talent, tact, and practical sense; inscrutable in cunning and in the strategy of inventive passion for coming at its ends; vain; capricious, willful, generous, and selfish. Yet all these traits are carried on with a quickness and vital energy that never flags nor falters; and all are fused into perfect consistency by the very heat, as it were, of their mutual friction. And this strange combination is all woven about with such a versality and potency of enchantment, the whole is so redundant of essential witchcraft, that there is no resisting her nor escaping from her; none, that is, where there is any susceptibility answering to what flows from her. All

these qualities, moreover, seem perfectly innate and spontaneous; nevertheless, she is fully conscious of them, and has them entirely under control, trained and disciplined to move at the bidding of her art. In short, there is a secret magic about her, that turns the very spots and blemishes of her character into enchantment. And what is perhaps most wonderful of all, while one knows that her power over him is but as the spell and fascination of a serpent, this knowledge still further disables him from shaking it off; nay, the very wonder how she can so fascinate becomes itself a new fascination.

In the real greatness of Antony, united as it is with just the right kind and degree of weakness, Cleopatra's pride, passion, vanity, and ambition have an object that they can all meet and draw together upon. To her enthusiastic fancy he seems "the demi-Atlas of this earth"; she honors him as "the greatest soldier of the world"; admires him as "the garland of the war," "the arm and burgonet of men"; his heroism in his better hours, his eloquence of speech and person at all times, and his generous and magnificent dispositions, kindle whatsoever of womanhood there is in her nature: and for all these reasons she glories the more in knowing that "her beck might from the bidding of the gods command him"; and the greatest triumph of her life is, that while her "man of men" is in Rome and she in Egypt, she can still overtake him with her sorcery and pull him to her, outwrestling at once his duty, his honor, his interest, and even, what is stronger in him than any or all of these, his ambition.

All this, to be sure, was virtually contained in the history as Shakespeare found it; but he has seldom shown more fertility and felicity of art and invention than in so ordering the situations and accompaniments as to bring out the full sense of the character in dramatic exhibition. It scarce need be said, that the inexpressible bewitchments with which he has clothed the heroine almost gain for her the same "full supremacy" over the reader's spirit which she wields over the hero's; insomuch that at the close, so

far from wondering at what she has done, we are ready to exclaim with Cæsar,—"She looks as she would catch another Antony in her strong toil of grace."

The leading traits of the hero have been partly anticipated in what we have said of the heroine. Antony is the same character here as in *Julius Cæsar*, only in a further stage of development: brave and magnanimous to a fault; transported with ambition, and somewhat bloated with success; bold, strong, and reckless alike in the good and the bad parts of his composition; undergoing a long and hard struggle between the heroism and voluptuousness of his nature, the latter of which, with the unfathomable seductions of Cleopatra to stimulate it, at last acquires the full sway and mastery of him. His powers are indeed great, but all unbalanced. Even when the spells of Egypt are woven thick and fast about him, the lingerings of his better spirit, together with the stinging sense of his present state, arouse him from time to time to high resolutions and to deeds of noble daring; yet these appear rather as the spasms of a dying manhood than as the natural and healthy beatings of its heart; the poison of a fevered ambition overmastering for a while the subtler poison of a gorged and pampered sensuality. Yet the ignoble thraldom to which his heart is reduced stands half excused to us from our own sense of the too potent enchantment that subdues him. And he is himself sensible that under her bewitchments his manhood is thawing away, and thence takes a most pathetic forecast, which is only bound the closer upon his thoughts by his inability to escape them, of the perdition that is coming upon him. The cluster and succession of images at the opening of the twelfth scene in Act IV, where the hero dimly anticipates his own fall, is perhaps unequaled for the union of poetry and pathos. It seems as if the great Triumvir's irregular grandeur of soul were here melting out its innermost sweets in the eloquence of sorrow.

Antony and Cleopatra seem made for each other: their fascination, howsoever begotten, is mutual; and if in the

passion that draws and holds them together there be nothing to engage our respect there is much that compels our sympathy. When Cleopatra, with the "case of that huge spirit" lying cold before her, says,—"It were for me to throw my scepter at the injurious gods; to tell them that this world did equal theirs, till they had stolen our jewel," —we feel that the poetry of passion can go no further. Our reprobation, too, of their life is softened with a just and wholesome flow of pity at their death.

Octavia has furnishings enough for the heroine of a great tragedy; but she is not fitted to shine in the same sphere with Cleopatra, as her mild, steady, serene light would needs be paralyzed by the meteoric showers of the Egyptian enchantress. The Poet has not done justice to her sweet and solid qualities, and indeed, from the nature of the case, the more justice they had received, the more had they suffered by contrast with the perilous brilliancy of her rival. Yet he shows that he fully knew and felt her beauty and elevation of character, by the impression others take of her. Her behavior is always most dignified, discreet, and womanly; while her "holy, cold, and still conversation," the dreaded chastisements of her sober eye, her patience, modesty, and silent austerity of reproof, as these are reflected from the thoughts of those who have given themselves most cause to wish her other than she is, gain her something better than our admiration. The Poet's good judgment in never bringing her and Cleopatra together is deservedly celebrated.

Schlegel and others have justly observed that the great fame and fortune of Augustus did not prevent Shakespeare from seeing quite through him and understanding his character perfectly; yet he managed the representation so adroitly as not to offend the prevalent opinion of his time, which, dazzled by the man's astonishing success, rated him greatly above his true measure. The Poet sets him forth as a piece of cold, dry contractedness, yet he weaves into the portrait something of the guile of the subject: there is not a generous sentiment comes from him, save in refer-

ence to his sister, and even then there is somewhat ambiguous about it; it seems more than half born of the occasion he has for using her in order to his self-ends. He is just the man for the full-souled Antony to think of with scorn, even while the dread and awe of his better stars put him to a constrained and studied respect. Ever playing at hide-and-seek with his conscience, his artful but mean-spirited tackings and shiftings, to keep the ship of state, freighted as he has it with the only-beloved treasure of his own ascendency, before the gale of fortune, make a fine contrast to the frank and forthright lustihood of Antony, bold and free alike in his sinnings and his self-accusings. Octavius is indeed plentifully endowed with prudence, foresight, and moderation; and these, if not virtues themselves, naturally infer, as their root and basis, the cardinal virtue of self-control; and the cunning of the delineation lies partly in that the reader is left to derive them from this source, if he be so disposed; yet it is easy to see that the Poet regarded them as springing not so much from self-control as from the want of any hearty impulses to be controlled.

On the whole, after Octavia, Enobarbus is rather the noblest character in the play. His blunt, prompt, rough-spoken sagacity, mingled with a certain slyness of thought, a racy infusion of humor, and a pungent, searching irony of discourse, interpret with remorseless fidelity the moral import of the characters and movements about him; while the splitting of his heart with grief and remorse for having deserted the ship of his master which he knew to be sinking, shows him altogether a noble vessel of manhood. That Antony's generosity kills him, approves, as nothing else could do, how generous he is himself. The character is almost entirely the Poet's own creation, Plutarch furnishing but one or two unpregnant hints towards it. In the play, he seems designed in part to serve as the organ and mouth-piece of the author's judgment respecting the other persons; so that in him we have at once a character and a commentary.—The play has several other characters informed with significance; such as Charmian and Iras, es-

pecially the former, whose spirited, frolicsome levity and wantonness of thought and speech, together with their death-braving constancy to their mistress, reflect the moral and social qualities of the atmosphere which Cleopatra creates about her.

We cannot make up our mind to leave this bewitching theme without quoting a part of Campbell's delightful criticism, as it starts an apt and skillful contrast between this play and Dryden's *All for Love*. "In the portraiture," says he, "of Antony there is perhaps a flattered likeness of the original by Plutarch; but the similitude loses little of its strength by Shakespeare's softening and keeping in the shade his traits of cruelty. In Cleopatra, we discern nothing materially different from the vouched historical sorceress; she nevertheless has a more vivid meteoric and versatile play of enchantment in Shakespeare's likeness of her, than in a dozen of other poetical copies in which the artists took much greater liberties with historical truth:—he paints her as if the gipsy herself had cast her spell over him, and given her own witchcraft to his pencil. At the same time, playfully interesting to our fancy as he makes this enchantress, he keeps us far from a vicious sympathy. The asp at her bosom, that lulls its nurse asleep, has no poison for our morality. A single glance at the devoted and dignified Octavia recalls our homage to virtue; but with delicate skill he withholds the purer woman from prominent contact with the wanton Queen, and does not, like Dryden, bring the two to a scolding match. Dryden's Mark Antony is a weak voluptuary from first to last. Not a sentence of manly virtue is ever uttered by him, that seems to come from himself; and whenever he expresses a moral feeling, it appears not to have grown up in his own nature, but to have been planted there by the influence of his friend Ventidius, like a flower in a child's garden, only to wither and take no root. Shakespeare's Antony is a very different being. When he hears of the death of his first wife, Fulvia, his exclamation, 'There's a great spirit gone!' and his reflections on his own enthralment by Cleopatra,

mark the residue of a noble mind. A queen, a siren, a Shakespeare's Cleopatra alone could have entangled Mark Antony, whilst an ordinary wanton could have enslaved Dryden's hero."

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

CLEOPATRA

The beauty of Cleopatra was not very astonishing; she did not, in feature, surpass many of her sex: but the power of her wit greatly elevated her charms; her manner, too, was enchanting and irresistible. No female could boast of such a voice; for, so great was its variety of modulation, that it resembled an instrument of many strings. She is said to have spoken about thirty languages; there were few foreign ambassadors to whom she could not give audience in their own tongue.—Davies, *Dramatic Miscellanies.*

Cleopatra is among Shakespeare's women what Falstaff is amongst his men. Both have the same infinite complexity of nature in which seemingly contradictory qualities are reconciled, and both the same paradoxical grandeur compounded out of all that is most morally worthless. Fascination radiates equally from either personality, and as Falstaff, when completely bankrupt in honor and fortune, is still the knight and the gentleman, so Cleopatra, guilty of the most detestable and squalid forms of misconduct, remains every inch a queen. In the Boar's Head tavern and in the palace at Alexandria a similar struggle is being waged: the venue is changed, and the weapons, but an identical principle is at stake. Falstaff had sought to defeat moral facts by the dazzling play of an inexhaustible humor; Cleopatra substitutes the no less dazzling play of an inexhaustible personal charm, wherein beauty, as Plutarch expressly states, was only a minor ele-

ment. Perfect beauty could indeed scarcely be the portion of this "gipsy," with "Phoebus' amorous pinches black," but she has the more talismanic gifts of perennial youth and endless versatility of attraction. Antony cries to her that she is one

> "Whom everything becomes, to chide, to laugh
> To weep; whose every passion fully strives
> To make itself, in thee, fair and admired."

And the dispassionate judgment of Enobarbus pronounces the same verdict:

> "Age cannot wither her,
> Nor custom stale her infinite variety: . . .
> For vilest things become themselves in her,
> That the holy priests bless her when she is riggish."

—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

The surroundings of Cleopatra are as intensely witty as her character. This capricious, pleasure-seeking, ever-veering, feverishly coquettish woman, this antique Parisienne, this goddess of life, scintillated and ruled over Egypt, the stark, silent land of the dead. You know it well, that Egypt, that Mizraim full of mystery, that Nile with its narrow valley, looking like a coffin. In the high reeds grins the crocodile, or the exposed babe of Revelation whimpers. Rock temples with colossal pillars, whereon appear caricatures of sacred animals of horribly varied hues. At the portal nods a monk of Isis, with hieroglyphic head-gear. In luxurious villas, mummies take their siestas, and the gilded masks protect them from the swarms of carrion flies. There stand slender obelisks and squat pyramids, like dumb thoughts. In the background we are greeted by the Ethiopian mountains of the Moon, hiding the sources of the Nile. Everywhere, Death, Stone, and Mystery. And over this land, there ruled as queen the beautiful Cleopatra. How witty God is!—Heine, *Lectures*

Antony indeed was given him by history, and he has but embodied in his own vivid colors the irregular mind of the Triumvir, ambitious and daring against all enemies but himself. In Cleopatra he has less to guide him; she is another incarnation of the same passions, more lawless and insensible to reason and honor, as they are found in women. This character being not one that can please, its strong and spirited delineation has not been sufficiently observed. It has indeed only a poetical originality; the type was in the courtesan of common life, but the resemblance is that of Michael Angelo's Sybils to a muscular woman.—HALLAM, *Literature of Europe.*

Shakespeare has not been successful in conveying an idea of the elegance of Cleopatra's mind. Neither her manners, thoughts, nor language, impress us with a conviction of her possessing those accomplishments which [Plutarch] ascribes to her.—SKOTTOWE, *Life of Shakespeare.*

What a contrast between Juliet and Cleopatra; one, a young girl, hardly more than a child, whom the might of a pure and unselfish passion transforms into a woman, whose whole being is absorbed by this love which consummates her character and her life; the other, a courtesan of genius, if I may say so, with experience of life and the world, devoted to pleasure, practiced in all the arts of seduction, endowed by nature with an alluring witchery, to whom the fire of her love for Antony alone lends a glimmer of womanly dignity. Artistically considered, Cleopatra is, perhaps, the masterpiece among Shakespeare's female characters; given the problem, Shakespeare has solved it as no one else could have done. But what conflicts must his soul have endured, what bitter experiences must he have passed through, to have set himself such a problem, to have created a woman so widely different from all those he had pictured before—a woman so devoid of the ideal womanly

graces, yet so irresistible, for whose sake Antony sacrifices the dominion of the world.—TEN BRINK.

ANTONY

Shakespeare represents Antony as, what he certainly was not, a man of the most noble and high spirit, capable at times, notwithstanding the luxury he afterwards fell into, of a thoroughly soldier-like life, and full of kind and generous feelings. He seems to delight in supposing the melancholy meditations of a great and active character, when losing his power, and drawing to his end.—BATHURST.

ANTONY'S INTELLECTUAL ABILITY

The opinions and actions of Shakespeare's Antony, therefore, are diametrically opposed to each other; but there is no inconsistency in his conduct. The licentiousness of Cleopatra is the link which binds her to the heart of Antony; dissolute and voluptuous himself, her depravity is congenial to his nature; that which others would have revolted from, is to him a spell. . . . But, what was grateful to his appetite did not command the approbation of his judgment. History has alike recorded Antony's intellectual ability and his corporeal frailty: a victim to the latter, enough of the former doubtless survived to impress on his memory the deepest sense of his folly, the weakness and the unworthiness of his infatuation. Shakespeare read the inmost thoughts of Antony; he has given them an everlasting record.—SKOTTOWE, *Life of Shakespeare.*

A GORGEOUS GALLERY

The student of ancient history can find in the play occasional disregard of precise dates. He can discover, in some cases, a sequence of events which is not in absolutely strict accord with the account of them that has been handed down. But from no investigation of records, from no in-

terpretation of texts, will he ever arrive at so clear and vivid a conception of the characters of the actors who then took part in the struggle for the supremacy of the world. Nowhere in ancient story or song will he find, as here, the light which enables him to see the men as they are. It is a gorgeous gallery in which each personage stands out so distinct that there is no danger of misapprehension or confusion as to the parts they fill. Antony appears the soldier and voluptuary he was, swayed alternately by love, by regret, by ambition, at one moment the great ruler of the divided world, at the next recklessly flinging his future away at the dictation of a passionate caprice; Cleopatra, true to no interest, fascinating, treacherous, charming with her grace those whom she revolts by her conduct, luring the man she half loves to a ruin which involves herself in his fate; Octavius, cool, calculating, never allowing his heart to gain, either for good or evil, the better of his head, showing in early youth the self-restraint, the caution, the knowledge of the world which belong to advancing years; the feeble Lepidus, striving to act the part of a reconciler to the two mighty opposites, with whom the irony of fate has thrown him in conjunction; these and half-a-dozen minor characters appear painted in clear and sharp outline on the crowded canvas of Shakespeare; while in attendance, like the chorus of a Greek tragedy, stands Enobarbus, commenting on every incident of the great world-drama which is acted before his eyes, ominously foreboding the declining fortunes of his chief in the moral ruin which carries with it prostration of the intellect, and pointing to the inevitable catastrophe of shame and dishonor to which events are hurrying.—LOUNSBURY.

OCTAVIA

I do not understand the observation of a late critic, that in this play, "Octavia is only a dull foil to Cleopatra." Cleopatra requires no foil, and Octavia is not dull, though in a moment of jealous spleen, her accomplished rival gives

her that epithet. It is possible that her beautiful character, if brought more forward and colored up to the historic portrait, would still be eclipsed by the dazzling splendor of Cleopatra's; for so I have seen a flight of fireworks blot out for awhile the silver moon and ever burning stars. But here the subject of the drama being the love of Antony and Cleopatra, Octavia is very properly kept in the background, and far from any competition with her rival: the interest would otherwise have been unpleasantly divided, or rather, Cleopatra herself must have served but as a foil to the tender, virtuous, dignified, and generous Octavia, the very *beau idéal* of a noble Roman lady—

The character of Octavia is merely indicated in a few touches, but every stroke tells. We see her with "downcast eyes sedate and sweet, and looks demure,"—with her modest tenderness and dignified submission—the very antipodes of her rival! Nor should we forget that she has furnished one of the most graceful similes in the whole compass of poetry, where her soft equanimity in the midst of grief is compared to

> The swan's down feather
> That stands upon the swell at flood of tide,
> And neither way inclines.

—JAMESON, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR

The next to him [Antony] in importance, though not in interest, is Octavius Cæsar. The ruling passion in the character of Octavius was the paramount lust of dominion; but even that never seems to have excited him to enthusiasm. His command over others, and his command over himself, were asserted with the calculated precision and determination of a machine. He was the only one whom Cleopatra could not ensnare. His passionless nature enabled him to withstand even her, who had fascinated and nearly destroyed the great Julius. Octavius is a perfect exemplar

of a politician and commander. In various features of his character and career, and, which is curious, even in his aspect, he reminds one of the first Napoleon Buonaparte. He was the man, of all others, fitted to sway and direct the Roman people at the critical juncture of their running into faction upon the assassination of Julius Cæsar. Like Napoleon, too, he skillfully released himself from the coalition of the Triumvirate, and made himself perpetual dictator, and then emperor. Again, like Napoleon, under the ostentation of liberty, he was a selfish, imperious, and unrelenting tyrant, because (like a pattern politician) he had not one spark of feeling unconnected with his own individual and personal ambition and advantage; no sympathy but for vulgar glory, as centering in, and emanating from himself. And lastly, like Napoleon, he knew the value of being beforehand with an enemy. —CLARKE, *Shakespeare-Characters.*

OCTAVIUS'S CONQUEST

But Cleopatra—"the serpent of old Nile," the representative of the fallen greatness of the degenerate, corrupt culture of the East, which has been stifled in sensual pleasures and voluptuousness—is adorned to excess with beauty and grace, mind and wit, is full of caprices and contradictions, and possessed of passions as glowing as they are sudden in their change; as wanton and voluptuous as old Asia, as fantastic, strange and unfathomable as mysterious Egypt itself; the very essence of oriental splendor and naturalness, but, at the same time, initiated in all the arts of an over-refined civilization; a woman with all the vices and virtues of a woman, half Grace, half Mæade, full of coquetry, fickleness and egotism, and yet equally full of love and devotion, wholly absorbed in feminine frivolity, and yet at the same time of a lofty mind and a genial instinct for true greatness. She, in whom everything is becoming, because she does it with the charm of demoniacal gracefulness, can, it is true, deceive an Antony and rule

half the world through him, but cannot herself govern, cannot act independently. She lives to repent the arrogance and capricious inquisitiveness which drove her from her state-apartments, from her couch, into the council chambers of men, and into war and battles; but, like Antony, she perishes owing to her want of inward firmness of character. For, notwithstanding her cunning and artifice, she is as far removed from prudence as she is from moderation and self-control; all her machinations are of no avail upon the cold-blooded, self-possessed Octavius. Accordingly she falls with Antony, whose death is her own work. In her downfall she once more collects all the broken rays of the fullness of her energy and of her lofty mind; in death and suicide the East has ever proved itself great. Octavius loses the principal figure for his triumphal entry; but the victory is doubly his. He has conquered, not only the already broken, heroic greatness, the military skill and the mental superiority of an Antony, but also the amorous arts of a Cleopatra, and this last conquest must be acknowledged greater than the first. The tribunal of history, therefore, looks upon him as in the right, because he has the greater amount of inward, moral right on his side. He is, indeed, ambitious and greedy of power, but his adversaries are no less so. The moderation, however, which he alone possesses is the chief of political virtues, for, if it be true to itself, it involves self-control.—Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

THE CHARM OF THE PLAY

This play keeps curiosity always busy, and the passion always interested. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick succession of one personage to another, call the mind forward without intermission from the first Act to the last. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene; for, except the feminine arts, some of which are too low, which distinguish Cleopatra, no character is

very strongly discriminated. Upton, who did not easily miss what he desired to find, has discovered that the language of Antony is, with great skill and learning, made pompous and superb, according to his real practice. But I think his diction not distinguishable from that of others: the most tumid speech in the play is that which Cæsar makes to Octavia. The events, of which the principal are described according to history, are produced without any art of connection or care of disposition.—JOHNSON.

Whatever else may be said as to the drift of the tragedy of *Antony and Cleopatra* this certainly may with truth be said, that to strong natures that sicken under the weight of convention and are weary with looking upon the littleness of human nature in its ordinary forms, it affords a great and splendid, howsoever temporary, relief and refreshment. The winds of power blow through it; the strong meridian sunshine blazes over it; the colors of morning burn around it; the trumpet blares in its music; and its fragrance is the scent of a wilderness of roses. Shakespeare's vast imagination was here loosed upon colossal images and imperial splendors. The passions that clash or mingle in this piece are like the ocean surges—fierce, glittering, terrible, glorious. The theme is the ruin of a demigod. The adjuncts are empires. Wealth of every sort is poured forth with regal and limitless profusion. The language glows with a prodigal emotion and towers to a superb height of eloquence. It does not signify, as modifying the effect of all this tumult and glory, that the stern truth of mortal evanescence is suggested all the way and simply disclosed at last in a tragical wreck of honor, love and life. While the pageant endures it endures in diamond light, and when it fades and crumbles the change is instantaneous to darkness and death.—WINTER, *Old Shrines and Ivy*.

FAULTS OF THE PLAY

The play suffers from lack of concentration on the two principal figures; it is ill-constructed and contains much that is superfluous. Act III opens with a scene which has absolutely no relation to the action of the play and no interest of its own. If Shakespeare inserted this scene merely because the triumphant return of Ventidius is mentioned by Plutarch, he must have supposed that he was writing a chronicle play. In this not improbable case, *Antony and Cleopatra* became a great, though diffusely-constructed tragedy, only because Shakespeare's imagination was too intensely interested by the principal figures to allow him simply to dramatize the historical narrative. There is too much of Pompey and his friends: far more than is necessary to illustrate the confusions arising from Antony's abandonment of duty. But Shakespeare's power of characterization and his poetic force are at their height in this play. Octavius as an extremely fine foil to Antony; and Enobarbus, who is almost a chorus, is one of Shakespeare's best characterizations. There is nothing in Shakespeare finer than the last two acts, and the rise of this drama to a culmination of splendor is unique so far as Shakespeare is concerned.—SECCOMBE AND ALLEN, *The Age of Shakespeare.*

THE MORAL

In *Antony and Cleopatra,* it is proclaimed with a thousand tongues that self-indulgence and achievement are incompatible.—GOETHE, *Shakespeare und kein Ende.*

THE TRAGEDY OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ANTONY,
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, } *triumvirs*
LEPIDUS,
SEXTUS POMPEIUS
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,
VENTIDIUS,
EROS,
SCARUS,
DERCETAS, } *friends to Antony*
DEMETRIUS,
PHILO,
MÆCENAS,
AGRIPPA,
DOLABELLA,
PROCULEIUS, } *friends to Cæsar*
THYREUS,
GALLUS,
MENAS,
MENECRATES, } *friends to Sextus Pompeius*
VARRIUS,
TAURUS, *lieutenant-general to Cæsar*
CANIDIUS, *lieutenant-general to Antony*
SILIUS, *an officer in Ventidius's army*
EUPHRONIUS, *an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar*
ALEXAS,
MARDIAN, *a eunuch,*
SELEUCUS,
DIOMEDES, } *attendants on Cleopatra*
A Soothsayer
A Clown

CLEOPATRA, *queen of Egypt*
OCTAVIA, *sister to Cæsar, and wife to Antony*
CHARMIAN,
IRAS, } *attendants on Cleopatra*

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants

SCENE: *In several parts of the Roman Empire*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Antony has fallen before the charms of Cleopatra, queen of Egypt and neglects wife and country for her, yielding himself to the voluptuous life of her court. News comes from Italy of the death of his deserted wife, Fulvia, and of an attack on that country by Sextus Pompeius. Antony rouses himself and hastens back to Rome.

ACT II

Antony makes his peace with the other triumvirs by explaining that Pompeius's attack on Italy was caused by Fulvia's desire to have him return from Egypt and by marrying Octavia, sister to Octavius. Pompeius concludes a treaty with the triumvirs.

ACT III

Not long after Octavius wages new wars with Pompeius and imprisons Lepidus. Octavia is sent by Antony from their home in Athens to her brother to make peace but no sooner is she gone than Antony again yields to Cleopatra's charms and journeys to Egypt. Octavius uses this wrong done his sister as an excuse for turning his forces against Antony. Their two fleets battle near Actium and the defection of the Egyptian admiral gives Octavius the victory. Antony offers to give up everything to Octavius if only allowed to live. This the victor refuses and Antony sends a message of defiance to him.

ACT IV

Antony and Octavius now engage in a land battle. The first day's fight is won by Antony but on the second day the Egyptian admiral yields to the Romans and other forces deserting him, Antony is defeated and loses his courage. He accuses Cleopatra of treachery and slays himself, dying in her presence.

ACT V

After Antony's defeat and death the Egyptian queen determines to kill herself, especially since Octavius purposes that she be taken a prisoner to Rome to follow in his triumphal procession. She succeeds in her intention by causing an asp to bite her which had been brought to her in a basket of figs.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

ACT FIRST

SCENE I

Alexandria. A room in Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's lust.

8. *"Reneges"* is an old word for *renounce* or *refuse;* here to be pronounced in two syllables, as if it were spelled *renegues* or *reneys.* The word is met with in an old poem called "Skelton Laureat upon the dolourous dethe of the moost honourable Erle of Northumberlande":

"The commouns *reneyed* ther taxes for to pay
Of them demanded and asked by the kinge."—H. N. H.

Flourish. Enter Antony, Cleopatra, her ladies, the train, with Eunuchs fanning her.

Look, where they come:
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There 's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I 'll set a bourn how far to be beloved.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me: the sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:
Fulvia perchance is angry; or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar hath not sent
His powerful mandate to you, 'Do this, or this;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform 't, or else we damn thee.'

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance! nay, and most like:

12. *"The triple pillar"*; one of the three pillars, *i. e.* the triumvirs. Antony ruled the eastern provinces of the empire; Octavius the western; Lepidus Italy.—C. H. H.

16. *"bourn"*; boundary.—C. H. H.

18. *"Grates me: the sum."*; F. 1, *"Grates me, the summe."*; Ff. 2, 3, *"Rate me, the summe."*; Rowe, *"Rate me the sum."*; Pope, *"It grates me. Tell the sum."*; Capell, *"'T grates me:—The sum."*; Steevens (1793), *"'Grates me:—The sum."*—I. G.

19. *"them"*; *"news"* was sometimes used as plural in Shakespeare's time.—H. N. H.

You must not stay here longer, your dismission
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.
Where 's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's I would say? both?
Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds. The messengers!

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair
[*Embracing.*
And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?
I 'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.
Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,

48. *"but stirr'd"*; that is, *not unless* stirred or inspired by Cleopatra. Mason explains the passage thus: "Cleopatra means to say that Antony will act like himself, without regard to the mandates of Cæsar or the anger of Fulvia. To which he replies, *'But* stirr'd by Cleopatra,' that is, *Add* if *moved to it* by Cleopatra."—H. N. H.

44. *"for the love of Love"*; that is, for the sake of the Queen of Love.—H. N. H.

Let 's not confound the time with conference harsh:
There 's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admired!
No messenger but thine; and all alone
To-night we 'll wander through the streets and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it. Speak not to us.
[*Exeunt Ant. and Cleo. with their train.*

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius prized so slight?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!
[*Exeunt.*

50. *"fully strives"*; Mr. Collier's second folio reads *"fitly* strives." *Fitly* may be the better word; but the change is not needed, the sense being clear enough as it stands.—H. N. H.

58. *"that great property"*; that peculiar greatness.—C. H. H.

60–61. *"liar, who Thus speaks of him"*; Pope reads *"liar Fame, Who speaks him thus."*—I. G.

Of course the common liar is Fame or Rumor.—H. N. H.

Scene II

The same. Another room.

Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where 's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer!

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man? Is 't you, sir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

5. *"charge";* Warburton and Southern MS. conj., adopted by Theobald; Ff., *"change";* Jackson conj. *"chain";* Williams conj. *"'hang."*—I. G.

The original reads *"change* his horns," which Knight retains and explains it,—"Vary, give a different appearance to." *"Charge"* is the reading generally agreed upon.—H. N. H.

Char. He means in flesh.
Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.
Char. Wrinkles forbid!
Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.
Char. Hush!
Sooth. You shall be more beloving than beloved.
Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.
Alex. Nay, hear him.
Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.
Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.
Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.
Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.
Char. Then belike my children shall have no names: prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?
Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,

24. The liver being considered the seat of love, Charmian says she would rather heat her liver with drinking than with love's fire. A heated liver was supposed to make a pimpled face.—H. N. H.

28–29. *"have a child at fifty"*; "This," says Johnson, "is one of Shakespeare's natural touches. Few circumstances are more flattering to the fair sex, than breeding at an advanced period of life."—H. N. H.

36. That is, prove bastards. Thus Launce, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:* "That's as much as to say *bastard* virtues, that indeed know not their fathers, and therefore *have no names.*"—H. N. H.

And fertile every wish, a million.
Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.
Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.
Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.
Alex. We 'll know all our fortunes.
Eno. Mine and most of our fortunes to-night shall be—drunk to bed.
Iras. There 's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.
Char. E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.
Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.
Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Prithee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.
Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.
Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.
Sooth. I have said.
Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?
Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?
Iras. Not in my husband's nose.
Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune!

40. *"fertile"*; Warburton conj., adopted by Theobald; Ff., *"foretell"* and *"foretel"*; Pope, *"foretold"*; Collier MS., *"fruitful."*—I. G.

41. That is, I *acquit* thee *of being* a witch. This has allusion to the common proverbial saying, "You'll never be burnt for a witch," spoken to a silly person, who is indeed no conjurer.—H. N. H.

66. *"Alexas,—come"*; Theobald's reading of the Folio text, where

O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! and let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they 'ld do 't!

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he; the queen.

Enter Cleopatra.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Alexas is erroneously printed as though the name of the speaker.—I. G.

68. *"Isis"* divided with the other Egyptian deity Osiris all the qualities and attributes which belonged to the whole Roman pantheon. To pose as a second Isis was one of Cleopatra's affectations.—C. H. H.

86. *"Saw you my lord?"*; so Ff. 2, 3, 4; F. 1 reads *"Saue you, my lord."*—I. G.

Cleo. He was disposed to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him. Enobarbus!
Eno. Madam?
Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where 's Alexas?
Alex. Here, at your service. My lord approaches.
Cleo. We will not look upon him: go with us.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Antony with a Messenger and Attendants.

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.
Ant. Against my brother Lucius?
Mess. Aye:
But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, joining their force 'gainst Cæsar,
Whose better issue in the war from Italy
Upon the first encounter drave them.
Ant. Well, what worst?
Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.
Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward. On:
Things that are past are done with me. 'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.
Mess. Labienus—

94. *"Fulvia thy wife"*; Antony was Fulvia's third husband; he divorced her in order to marry Cleopatra. Failing to incite Augustus Cæsar against Antony, she joined with Antony's brother Lucius against Augustus. She failed in all her intrigues, and finally died of a broken heart.—C. H. H.

105–110. The arrangement of the text was first given by Steevens. —I. G.

This is stiff news—hath with his Parthian force
Extended Asia from Euphrates,
His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia,
Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

Mess. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue:
Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome;
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults
With such full license as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds

115–117. *"O, then . . . earing"*; the proper meaning of *"quick,"* it scarce need be said, is *living* or *alive*. Here it seems to mean *pregnant, prolific*, in which sense it forms an apt and natural epithet for *soil*. Of course the *mind* is here compared to a fat and generous *soil*, which, if suffered to *"lie still,"* if not stirred with the plow, shoots forth weeds; and the telling us plainly our faults is as the *"earing,"* that is, the *plowing*, to make the soil productive of better things. Surely, nothing could well be more apposite and expressive than such a simile. But the old copies have *winds* here instead of *"minds."* Every one much acquainted with proof-reading must know how apt *w* and *m* are to be misprinted for each other; and in these plays we have frequent instances of such misprinting. In this place Warburton changed *winds* to *"minds,"* and has been followed by divers later editors. Knight and Verplanck, however, retain *winds*, explaining it thus: "When do we 'bring forth weeds?' In a heavy and moist season, when there are no 'quick winds' to mellow the earth, to dry up the exuberant moisture, to fit it for the plough. The Poet knew the old proverb of the worth of a bushel of March dust; but the 'winds of March,' rough and unpleasant as they are, he knew also produced this good. The 'quick winds,' then, are the voices which bring us true reports to put an end to our inaction. When these winds 'lie still,' we 'bring forth weeds.' But the metaphor is carried further: the winds have rendered the soil fit for the plough; but the knowledge of our own faults—ills—is the

When our quick minds lie still, and our ills told us
Is as our earing. Fare thee well awhile.
Mess. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*
Ant. From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak there!
First Att. The man from Sicyon, is there such an one?
Sec. Att. He stays upon your will.
Ant. Let him appear.
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage.

Enter another Messenger.

What are you?
Sec. Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.
Ant. Where died she?
Sec. Mess. In Sicyon:
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears.
[*Gives a letter.*
Ant. Forbear me.
[*Exit Sec. Messenger.*
There 's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,

ploughing itself—the *earing.*" This is certainly ingenious, perhaps plausible; but it seems to us very strained and far-fetched, and savoring more of a commentator's sense than of common sense. We therefore stick to the usual reading.—For this use of *"earing,"* see *King Richard II,* Act iii. sc. 2.—H. N. H.

116. *"minds"*; Warburton conj., adopted by Hanmer; Ff. 1, 2, *"windes"*; Collier conj. *"winds."*—I. G.

By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself: she 's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back that shoved her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off:
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch. How now! Enobarbus!

Re-enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What 's your pleasure, sir?
Ant. I must with haste from hence.
Eno. Why then we kill all our women. We see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.
Ant. I must be gone.
Eno. Under a compelling occasion let women die: it were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of

131. *"by revolution lowering";* the pleasure of to-day, by revolution of events and change of circumstances, often loses all its value to us, and becomes to-morrow a pain. Mr. Collier's second folio changes *"revolution lowering"* to *reputation souring.* Of course the image is of a wheel, which *revolving,* what is at the top to-day is at the bottom to-morrow.—H. N. H.

133. *"the hand";* Antony is referring to his own hand: *"My* hand *would now* pluck her back."—H. N. H.

134. *"enchanting";* so F. 1; omitted in Ff. 2, 3, 4; Rowe reads *"Ægyptian."*—I. G.

144. *"a compelling occasion";* Rowe's emendation of Ff., *"a compelling an occasion";* Nicholson conj. *"so compelling an occasion,"* &c.—I. G.

this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: we cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blest withal would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia!

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth, comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this

151. "*mettle*"; vigor.—C. H. H.

grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat: and indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen
And get her leave to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us, but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar and commands
The empire of the sea: our slippery people,
Whose love is never link'd to the deserver
Till his deserts are past, begin to throw
Pompey the Great and all his dignities
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,

193. *"leave"*; the original has *"love"* instead of *"leave."* What should be the meaning of *"love,"* is hard to tell. The change was proposed long ago by Monck Mason, and is made in Mr. Collier's second folio.—H. N. H.

203. Of Pompey the Great's sons Oneus was killed at the battle of Munda, while Sextus, after fruitless attempts at supreme power, was defeated in a naval engagement by Octavius and Lepidus, and was finally executed by Antony's orders about 35 B. C.—C. H. H.

The sides o' the world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.
Eno. I shall do 't. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

The same. Another room.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is he?
Char. I did not see him since.
Cleo. See where he is, who 's with him, what he does:
I did not send you: if you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: quick, and return.
[*Exit Alexas.*
Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.
Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

207–208. *"like the courser's hair,"* &c., alluding to the popular notion that horsehair put into water will turn into a snake or worm. —I. G.

3. *"I did not send you"*; that is, go as of your own motion; as *if* I did not send you.—H. N. H.

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear:
In time we hate that which we often fear.
But here comes Antony.

Enter Antony.

Cleo. I am sick and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian; I shall fall:
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.

Ant. What 's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there 's some good news.

What says the married woman? You may go:
Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,

Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no color for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: no going then;
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows' bent, none our parts so poor
But was a race of heaven: they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen:
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers
Breed scrupulous faction: the hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,

36. "*our brows' bent*" is the bending or inclination of our brows. The brow is that part of the face which expresses most fully the mental emotions.—H. N. H.

"*parts*"; qualities essential to our whole being.—C. H. H.

Rich in his father's honor, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness grown sick of rest would purge
By any desperate change. My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness: can Fulvia die?

Ant. She 's dead, my queen:
Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read
The garboils she awaked: at the last, best;
See when and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know
The purposes I bear, which are, or cease
As you shall give the advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant, making peace or war
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;
But let it be: I am quickly ill and well,

57. Cleopatra means, "Though age could not exempt me from folly, at least it frees me from a childish and ready belief of every assertion. Is it possible that Fulvia is dead? I cannot believe it." —H. N. H.

72–73. *"I am quickly ill and well, So Antony loves"*; that is, *such*

So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honorable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I prithee, turn aside and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look
Like perfect honor.

Ant. You 'll heat my blood: no more. 80

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target. Still he mends;
But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I 'll leave you, lady.

is Antony's love; as fickle as my health; as quickly hot and cold, as I am sick and well. Some editions point the passage thus: "I am quickly ill, and well, so Antony loves." Which gives the meaning, "*provided*, or *if so he* Antony loves." This would imply a compliment to Antony. But he takes it as a reproach, as is clear from his meeting it with a remonstrance.—H. N. H.

74. "*evidence*"; Mr. Collier's second folio changes *evidence* to *credence;* and he is so confident the change is right as to affirm that "so it must be given in future." Why, the whole idea of Antony's speech is of a court of justice where his love is arraigned or put on trial; and he implies a charge upon Cleopatra of having borne false-witness against it. Of course, *evidence* is *testimony*. It will hardly do to talk about the *authority* of such corrections.—H. N. H.

78. "*to Egypt*"; to me, the queen of Egypt.—H. N. H.

84. "*Herculean*"; "*oblivion*" is used for *forgetfulness*. She means, apparently, that her memory is as treacherous or deceitful as Antony; and he is so treacherous that she is all forgotten by him.—H. N. H.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part, but that 's not it:
Sir, you and I have loved, but there 's not it:
That you know well: something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labor
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me,
Since my becomings kill me when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honor calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
Sit laurel victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides and flies,
That thou residing here go'st yet with me,
And I hence fleeting here remain with thee.
Away! [*Exeunt.*

91–92. An antithesis seems intended between *royalty* and *subject:* "But that I know you can be a queen, and that your royalty holds idleness in subjection to you, I should suppose you, from this idle discourse, to be the very genius of idleness itself."—H. N. H.

96–97. "That which becomes me is hateful to me, when not precious in your sight."—H. N. H.

Scene IV

Rome. Cæsar's house.

Enter Octavius Cæsar, reading a letter, Lepidus, and their train.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor: from Alexandria
This is the news: he fishes, drinks and wastes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsafed to think he had partners: you shall find there
A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness:
His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness, hereditary
Rather than purchased, what he cannot change
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let us grant it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy,
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit

3. *"Our"*; Heath and Johnson conj., adopted by Singer; Ff., *"One"*; Hanmer, *"A."*—I. G.

12. "As the stars of heaven appear larger from the darkness of the night, so the faults of Antony seem enlarged by his goodness."—H. N. H.

And keep the turn of tippling with a slave,
To reel the streets at noon and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say this becomes him,—
As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones
Call on him for 't: but to confound such time
That drums him from his sport and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours, 'tis to be chid
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here 's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears he is beloved of those

22. *"as"*; Johnson conj. *"and."*—I. G.

25. "His *levity* throws so much weight on us."—H. N. H.

28. *"call on him"*; that is, demand payment of him for it; or, it may be, *visit* him for it. Collier's second folio changes *"call* to *fall"*; which is plausible, but not necessary.—H. N. H.

That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less:
It had been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wish'd until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them, which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind; many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on 't, and flush youth revolt:
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more

38. *"that only have fear'd"*; those whom *fear*, not *love*, made Cæsar's friends."—H. N. H.

Mr. Collier's second folio changes *"ports"* to *fleets;* the only advantage of which is, that it avoids the cacophony of *"ports"* and *"reports."*—H. N. H.

44. *"comes dear'd"*; the old copy reads, "Comes *fear'd* by being lack'd." Warburton made the correction, which is necessary to the sense.—H. N. H.

45. *"flag"*; the common yellow Iris.—C. H. H.

46. *"lackeying"*; *"lacquying"*; Theobald's correction, from Anon. MS.; Ff., *"lacking"*; Pope, *"lashing"*; Southern MS., *"backing."*—I. G.

Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink

56. *"wassails"*; Knight and Verplanck read *vassals* in this place, and explain it thus: "'Leave thy lascivious *vassals*' expresses Cæsar's contempt for Cleopatra and her minions, who were strictly the vassals of Antony, the Queen being one of his tributaries." This is plausible, and pleads strongly for admission. Still we cannot quite yield to it, as it strikes quite from the drift and line of all that Cæsar has been saying of Antony. Besides, it spoils the contrast which Cæsar seems to be aiming at here, between Antony as he is now, with his manhood melting away in the lap of voluptuous indulgence, and as he was at the former time referred to.—H. N. H.

This superb speech is based upon the following passage in Plutarch's *Life of Antonius*, where the writer is relating what happened after the death of Julius Cæsar, but before the Triumvirate was formed: "Cicero, being the chiefest man of authority and estimation in the city, stirred up all men against Antonius, and sent Hircius and Pansa, then Consuls, to drive him out of Italy. These two Consuls, together with Cæsar, who also had an army, went against Antonius, that besieged the city of Modena, and there overthrew him in battell; but both the Consuls were slain there. Antonius, flying upon this overthrow, fell into great misery al at once; but the chiefest want of al other, and that pinched him most, was famine. Howbeit, he was of such a strong nature, that by patience he would overcome any adversity; and the heavier fortune lay upon him, the more constant be shewed himselfe. And it was a wonderfull example to the souldiers to see Antonius, that was brought up in al finenesse and superfluity, so easily to drink puddle water, and to eate wild fruits and roots. And moreover it is reported, that even as they passed the Alpes they did eate the barkes of trees, and such beasts as never man tasted of their flesh before."—H. N. H.

59. *"whom"*; *i. e.* famine.—C. H. H.

The stale of horses and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsedst. On the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: and all this—
It wounds thine honor that I speak it now—
Was borne so like a soldier that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 'tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field; and to that end
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able
To front this present time.

75. "Assemble we"; the original has *"assemble me."* The misprint of *me* for *we* was easy; and in fact *m* and *w* were, as they still are, often put the one for the other. It seems to us nowise likely that Cæsar would use *me* in such a connection. Nevertheless, *me* is retained by Knight and Verplanck, the former remarking upon it thus: "The modern reading is *'assemble we'*; and it is justified by the assertion that one equal is speaking to another. The commentators forget the contempt which Cæsar had for Lepidus: they forget, too, the crouching humility of Lepidus himself." But who told him, or how does he know, that they "forget" so many things which he has the wit to remember? We believe the change was made for some better reason, and that some better reason should be alleged for unmaking it.—H. N. H.

Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.
Lep. Farewell, my lord: what you shall know meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.
Cæs. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian!
Char. Madam?
Cleo. Ha, ha!
Give me to drink mandragora.
Char. Why, madam?
Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.
Char. You think of him too much.
Cleo. O, 'tis treason!
Char. Madam, I trust, not so.
Cleo. Thou, eunuch Mardian!
Mar. What 's your highness' pleasure?
Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has: 'tis well for thee,

4. "*mandragora*"; a plant, of which the infusion was supposed to induce sleep. Thus in Adlington's translation of *The Golden Asse* of Apuleius: "I gave him no poyson but a doling drink of *mandragoras*, which is of such force, that it will cause any man to sleepe as though he were dead."—H. N. H.

That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed!

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou movest?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men. He 's speaking now,
Or murmuring, 'Where 's my serpent of old Nile?'
For so he calls me: now I feed myself
With most delicious poison. Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect and die
With looking on his life.

33. *"aspect"*; glance.—C. H. H.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!
Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?
Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd—the last of many doubled kisses—
This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.
Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.
Alex. 'Good friend,' quoth he,
'Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress.' So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,

36–37. *"medicine"; "gilded";* alluding to the philosopher's stone, which by its touch converts base metal into gold. The alchemists call the matter, whatever it be, by which they perform transmutation a *medicine*.—H. N. H.

48. *"an arm-gaunt";* Ff., *"an Arme-gaunt";* Hanmer, *"an arm-girt";* Mason conj., adopted by Steevens, 1793, *"a termagant";* Jackson conj. *"a war-gaunt";* Boaden conj., adopted by Singer, *"an arrogant";* Lettsom conj. *"a rampaunt";* the latter ingenious emendation certainly commends itself; unless *"arm-gaunt"*="having lean fore-limbs."—I. G.

The original has, "an *arme-gaunt* steed," which presents an inextricable puzzle, and has proved a wit-graveller to the critics. The only explanation given of it, that can look probability in the face, is Warburton's: "Worn lean and thin by much service in war." But, if the horse were worn so horribly, it does not well appear how he should go it so high in the neighing line, unless he were bawling for food. Sir Thomas Hanmer proposed *arm-girt,* which is also found in Mr. Collier's second folio, and is approved by Mr. Dyce. Of course its meaning is, girt with arms, or with armor.

Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.
Cleo. What, was he sad or merry?
Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.
Cleo. O well divided disposition! Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:
He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not merry,
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy; but between both.
O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man else. Met'st thou my posts?
Alex. Aye, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?
Cleo. Who 's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian.

Monck Mason proposed "a *termagant* steed," which was adopted with high commendation by Steevens. *Arrogant* was proposed by Mr. Boaden. As formerly written, *arrogaunt*, it might easily be misprinted *arme-gaunt*. And it has this advantage over *termagant*, that it requires the original article *an* before it, instead of *a*. Besides, *termagant* means *furious;* while *arrogant*, answering to the Latin *ferox*, is *fierce, proud*. The epithet, besides having good authority, is certainly a noble and fitting one for the place, and is accordingly preferred by Singer and Verplanck.—H. N. H.

50. *"beastly";* Hanmer, *"beast-like";* Collier MS., *"boastfully";* Becket conj. *"basely."*—I. G.

That is, was *in a* beastly *manner made* dumb by him; *dumb* being here used as a verb.—H. N. H.

Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?
Char. O that brave Cæsar!
Cleo. Be choked with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.
Char. The valiant Cæsar!
Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.
Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.
Cleo. My salad days,
When I was green in judgment: cold in blood,
To say as I said then! But come, away;
Get me ink and paper:
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I 'll unpeople Egypt. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

SCENE I

Messina. Pompey's house.

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, in warlike manner.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.
Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.
Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.
Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.
Pom. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope
Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money where

10. *"powers are crescent"*; Theobald reads *"pow'r's a crescent"*; Becket conj. *"power is crescent"*; Anon. conj. *"power's a-crescent."* —I. G.

He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd, but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field: a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams: I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy waned lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honor
Even till a Lethe'd dullness!

Enter Varrius.

How now, Varrius!

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected: since he went from Egypt 'tis

21. "*waned lip*" is *pale* or *faint colored* lip; a lip that shows age or sickness; *waned* being a participle of the verb *wane*. Cleopatra has spoken of the waning of her beauty: "Think on me, that am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black, and wrinkled deep in time!" Mr. Dyce quotes an apt though comic passage from Fletcher's *Queen of Corinth*: "Oh, ruby *lips*, love hath to you been like wine-vinegar; now you look *wan* and pale, lips' ghosts ye are." There were no occasion for so much note, but that Mr. Collier would read *wand-lip*, as if Cleopatra's lip were a *wand*, and had magic in it. The context plainly requires the sense of *waned*.—H. N. H.

27. "*till*" was formerly used for *to*.—H. N. H.

A space for farther travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear. Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain: but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife that 's dead did trespasses to Cæsar; 40
His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,
Not moved by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were 't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves;
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be 't as our gods will have 't! It only stands 50
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*

35. *"rear the higher our opinion"*; deem our reputation the greater.—C. H. H.

Scene II

Rome. The house of Lepidus.

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.
Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave 't to-day.
Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.
Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in 't.
Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.
Eno. Not if the small come first.
Lep. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter Cæsar, Mæcenas, and Agrippa.

8. "*would not shave*"; that is, I would meet him undressed, without any show of respect.—H. N. H.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark, Ventidius.
Cæs. I do not know,
Mæcenas; ask Agrippa.
Lep. Noble friends,
That which combined us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What 's amiss,
May it be gently heard: when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: then, noble partners,
The rather for I earnestly beseech,
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.
Ant. 'Tis spoken well.
Were we before our armies and to fight,
I should do thus. [*Flourish.*
Cæs. Welcome to Rome.
Ant. Thank you.
Cæs. Sit.
Ant. Sit, sir.
Cæs. Nay, then.
Ant. I learn, you take things ill which are not so,
Or being, concern you not.
Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at, that I should

Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.
Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was 't to you?
Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there
Did practice on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.
Ant. How intend you, practised?
Cæs. You may be pleased to catch at mine intent
By what did here befal me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me, and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.
Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it,
And have my learning from some true reports
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you 'll patch a quarrel,

44. *"Was theme for you,"* i. e. "had you for its theme"; Johnson conj. *"Had theme from you"*; Collier (ed. 2), *"For theme was you"*; Staunton conj. *"Had you for theme"*; Orson conj. *"Was known for yours,"* &c.—I. G.

45–46. *"never did urge me"*; that is, never urged my name as a pretense for the war.—H. N. H.

52–54. *"If you'll patch . . . this"*; that is, "If you'll patch a quarrel, it must not be with this, as here the matter you are making

As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me, but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours, which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet: for that you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

it with is whole; there is no flaw, no ground of quarrel, in it." *Whole* is opposed to *patch*. The passage not being understood, all modern editions from Rowe's till Knight's have interpolated a negative, thus: "As matter whole you have *not* to make it with"; to the great harming of both meter and sense.—H. N. H.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me ere admitted: then
Three kings I had newly feasted and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but next day
I told him of myself, which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.
Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath, which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.
Lep. Soft, Cæsar!
Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak:
The honor is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it. But on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath.
Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I required them;
The which you both denied.
Ant. Neglected rather,
And then when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I 'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty

78. "*I told him of myself*"; "I told him the condition I was in at his coming."—H. N. H.

85. Mason explains, and rightly, we think, that the force of *now* does not fall with *talks*, but with *is sacred;* "the point of honour, which he talks on, is sacred with me *now*, however negligent, or untrue to my oath I may have been *then*." He accordingly excuses his fault, asks pardon, and tenders reparation.—H. N. H.

87. "*article*"; particulars.—C. H. H.

Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honor
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis noble spoken.

Mæc. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mæcenas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only: speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to, then; your considerate stone.

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech; for 't cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew

93–94. *"nor my power work without it";* "nor my greatness work without mine honesty."—H. N. H.

112. *"your considerate stone," i. e.* "I am silent as a stone"; Heath conj. *"your confederates love";* Johnson, *"your considerate ones";* Blackstone conj. *"your consideratest one,"* &c., &c.—I. G.

What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.
Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar.
Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.
Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admired Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.
Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa:
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserved of rashness.
Ant. I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.
Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men,
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage
All little jealousies which now seem great,
And all great fears which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would each to other and all loves to both

124. A rather obscure and awkward expression; but the meaning seems to be,—"Your proposal, if Cleopatra had been by to hear it, had well deserved the reproof of rashness." Collier's second folio has "*for* rashness," which gives the same sense. The original has *proof* instead of *reproof*. The emendation is Warburton's, and is universally received.—H. N. H.

Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.
Ant. Will Cæsar speak?
Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.
Ant. What power is in Agrippa;
If I would say, 'Agrippa, be it so,'
To make this good?
Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.
Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and from this hour
The heart of brothers govern in our loves
And sway out great designs!
Cæs. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: let her live
To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!
Lep. Happily, amen!
Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.
Lep. Time calls upon 's:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?
Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.
Ant. What 's his strength
By land?
Cæs. Great and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.
Ant. So is the fame.
Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.
Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I 'll lead you.
Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.
Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.
[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus.*
Mæc. Welcome from Egypt, sir.
Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mæcenas! My honorable friend, Agrippa!
Agr. Good Enobarbus!
Mæc. We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested. You stayed well by 't in Egypt.
Eno. Aye, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance,
And made the night light with drinking.
Mæc. Eight wild-boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mæc. She 's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appeared indeed, or my reporter devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,

196. The reader may be pleased to compare Dryden's description with that of Shakespeare:

"Her galley down the silver Cydnus row'd
The tackling, silk, the streamers wav'd with gold,
The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple sails:
Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch were plac'd,
Where she, another seaborn Venus, lay.—
She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,
And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
As if, secure of all beholders' hearts,
Neglecting she could take 'em: Boys, like Cupids,
Stood fanning with their painted wings the winds
That play'd about her face: But if she smil'd,
A darting glory seem'd to blaze abroad
That man's desiring eyes were never wearied,
But hung upon the object: To soft flutes
The silver oars kept time; and while they play'd,
The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,
And both to thought. 'Twas heaven, or somewhat more;
For she so charm'd all hearts, that gazing crowds
Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath
To give their welcome voice."—H. N. H.

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, cloth-of-gold of tissue,
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-color'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,

211. *"Nereides"*; the nymphs of the sea who attended upon Neptune.—C. H. H.

213. *"And made their bends adornings"*; *i. e.* "and made their very act of obeisance an improvement on their beauty" (Steevens); the passage has been variously interpreted, but this seems the simplest solution.—I. G.

214. *"tackle"*; treated as a plural noun in the First Folio.—C. H. H.

Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.
Agr. Rare Egyptian!
Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better he became her guest,
Which she entreated: our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.
Agr. Royal wench!
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed:
He plow'd her, and she cropp'd.
Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.
Mæc. Now Antony must leave her utterly.
Eno. Never; he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies: for vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.
Mæc. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle

230. *"ordinary"*; the public dinner at Elizabethan eating-houses.—C. H. H.

The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.
Agr. Let us go.
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
Whilst you abide here.
Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The same. Cæsar's house.

Enter Antony, Cæsar, Octavia between them, and Attendants.

Ant. The world and my great office will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.
Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.
Ant. Good night, sir. My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.
Good night, sir.
Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt all but Antony.*

Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah, you do wish yourself in Egypt?

3. "*my prayers*"; Rowe reads "*in prayers*"; Collier MS., "*with prayers.*"—I. G.

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in
My motion, have it not in my tongue: but yet
Hie you to Egypt again.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy demon, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but near him thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd: therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy luster thickens,
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him,

22. *"a fear"*; Collier (ed. 2), Thirlby conj., *"afeard"*; S. Walker conj. *"afear."*—I. G.

Alluding, no doubt, to a personage called *Fear* in some of the old Moralities. We meet with a similar allusion in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii. sc. 2: "O! let my lady apprehend no *fear:* in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no such monster."—H. N. H.

24. *"when"*; elliptical for the phrase "at the time when I speak." —C. H. H.

27. *"luster thickens"*; so in *Macbeth*, "light *thickens.*"—H. N. H.

But he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him.
[*Exit Soothsayer.*
He shall to Parthia. Be it art or hap,
He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him,
And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine
When it is all to nought, and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' the east my pleasure lies.

Enter Ventidius.

O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia: your commission 's ready;
Follow me, and receive 't. [*Exeunt.*

30. *"he away, 'tis"*; Pope's emendation of F. 1, *"he alway 'tis"*; *Ff.* 2, 3, 4, *"he alway is."*—I. G.

37. *"quails"*; the ancients used to match quails as we match cocks. Julius Pollux relates that a circle was made in which the birds were placed, and he whose quail was first driven out of this circle lost the stake. We are told by Mr. Marsden that the Sumatrans practice these quail combats. The Chinese have always been extremely fond of quail fighting. Mr. Douce has given a print, from an elegant Chinese miniature painting, which represents some ladies engaged at this amusement, where the quails are actually *inhooped*.—H. N. H.

38. *"inhoop'd,"* *i. e.* enclosed in a hoop; Hanmer, *"in-coop'd"*; Seward conj., adopted by Capell, *"in whoop'd-at."*—I. G.

Scene IV

The same. A street.

Enter Lepidus, Mœcenas, and Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten
Your generals after.
Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we 'll follow.
Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.
Mœc. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount
Before you, Lepidus.
Lep. Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about:
You 'll win two days upon me.
Mœc. } Sir, good success!
Agr. }
Lep. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.
All. The music, ho!

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone; let 's to billiards: come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore: best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd
As with a woman. Come, you 'll play with me, sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though 't come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I 'll none now:
Give me mine angle; we 'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws, and as I draw them up,
I 'll think them every one an Antony,
And say 'Ah, ha! you 're caught.'

Char. 'Twas merry when
You wager'd on your angling: when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

3. *"let's to billiards"*; "An anachronism," say the critics; *"billiards* were not known to the ancients." But how do they know this? Late researches have shown that many things were in use in old Egypt, which, afterwards lost, have been re-invented in modern times. But Shakespeare did not know this? Doubtless, not; but then he knew that by using a term familiar to his audience he should lead their thoughts to what has always followed in the train of luxury and refinement. Suppose he had been so learned and withal such a slave to his learning, as to use a term signifying some game which the English people never had heard of. Which were the greater anachronism?—H. N. H.

12. *"tawny-finn'd"*; Theobald's emendation of Ff., *"Tawny-fins"*; Rowe reads *"Tawny-fin."*—I. G.

Cleo. That time—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience, and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.

Enter a Messenger.

O, from Italy!
Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.
Mess. Madam, madam,—
Cleo. Antonius dead! If thou say so, villain,
Thou kill'st thy mistress: but well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss: a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.
Mess. First, madam, he is well.
Cleo. Why, there 's more gold.
But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.
Mess. Good madam, hear me.

23. *"Philippan"*; the battle of Philippi being the greatest action of Antony's life, it was an adroit piece of flattery to name his sword from it.—H. N. H.

24. *"ram"*; so in all the old copies. Many modern editions substitute *rain* for *ram*, as being more congruous with *fruitful* and *barren*, and, in confirmation, quote from Timon,—*"Rain* sacrificial whisperings in his ear." But *ram* may have a meaning equally congruous with *fruitful* and *barren*. Besides, the word is spelled *ramme* in the original, so that it could hardly be a misprint for *rain*.—H. N. H.

36–39. We here stick to the wording and pointing of the original.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there 's no goodness in thy face: if Antony
Be free and healthful,—so tart a favor
To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.
Mess. Will 't please you hear me?
Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I 'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.
Mess. Madam, he 's well.
Cleo. Well said.
Mess. And friends with Cæsar.
Cleo. Thou 'rt an honest man.
Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.
Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.
Mess. But yet, madam,—
Cleo. I do not like 'But yet,' it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon 'But yet'!
'But yet' is a jailer to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: he 's friends with Cæsar,

Divers modern editions give the passage thus, to the great marring of the sense:

"Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face: If Antony
Be free and healthful,—*why* so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings?"—H. N. H.

In state of health, thou say'st, and thou say'st, free.

Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He 's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he 's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[*Strikes him down.*

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you? Hence,
[*Strikes him again.*
Horrible villain! or I 'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I 'll unhair thy head:
[*She hales him up and down.*
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam,
I that do bring the news made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage,
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He 's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast lived too long.
[*Draws a knife.*

Mess. Nay, then I 'll run.

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.
[*Exit.*

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself:
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again:
Though I am mad, I will not bite him: call.

Char. He is afeard to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him.
[*Exit Charmian.*
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.

Re-enter Charmian and Messenger.

Come hither, sir.
Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message
An host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser, than I do,
If thou again say 'Yes.'

Mess. He 's married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would thou didst,
So half my Egypt were submerged and made

A cistern for scaled snakes! Go get thee hence:
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Take no offense that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do
Seems much unequal: he 's married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou 'rt sure of! Get thee hence:
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Messenger.*

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have dispraised Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for 't now.
Lead me from hence;

96. *"Narcissus"* was a beautiful youth of Bœotia, who killed himself from vexation at his inability to approach his own reflection in a fountain. His blood was changed into the flower which is still called after him.—C. H. H.

103. *"That art not what thou'rt sure of!"*; Hanmer, *"That say'st but what thou'rt sure of"*; Johnson conj. *"That art—not what?—Thou'rt sure on't,"* &c.; perhaps the words of the text mean "that art not the evil thing of which thou art so certain"; other interpretations have been advanced.—I. G.

(with irony) that art innocent, forsooth, of offense, yet sure to offend!—C. H. H.

I faint: O Iras, Charmian! 'tis no matter. 110
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination; let him not leave out
The color of her hair: bring me word quickly.
[*Exit Alexas.*
Let him for ever go: let him not—Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way 's a Mars. [*To Mardian*] Bid you Alexas
Bring me word how tall she is. Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI

Near Misenum.

Flourish. Enter Pompey and Menas from one side, with drum and trumpet: at another, Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, Enobarbus, Mæcenas, with Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.
Cæs. Most meet

115. Cleopatra is now talking in broken sentences, not of the messenger, but of Antony.—H. N. H.

116. *"Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,"* alluding to the old "perspective" pictures showing one picture from one point of view, another from another standpoint.—I. G.

That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods, I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you laboring for him. What was 't
That moved pale Cassius to conspire, and what
Made the all-honor'd honest Roman, Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burthen
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails;

12–14. *"since Julius Cæsar . . . him"*; there is some obscurity here, which may be removed thus: "Julius Cæsar, after his death, saw you his son and friends labouring for his revenge at Philippi: therefore I know no reason why my father should want revengers, as he has also a son and friends surviving him."—H. N. H.

We 'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'ercount thee.

Pom. At land indeed
Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house:
But since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in 't as thou mayst.

Lep. Be pleased to tell us—
For this is from the present—how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There 's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embraced.

Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome; this 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges and bear back
Our targes undinted.

Cæs.
Ant.
Lep. } That 's our offer.

28. The naughty custom, here referred to, of the cuckoo is explained in 1 *Henry IV*, Act v. sc. 1. In this speech, "*o'ercount*" is used equivocally, implying that Antony has overreached as well as outnumbered him. Antony had in fact worked himself into the possession of the house of Pompey's father. Thus in North's *Plutarch:* "Antonius asked him, And where shall we suppe? 'There,' said Pompey; and shewed him his admirall gallie, which had sixe bankes of oares: 'That, said he, is my fathers house they have left me.' He spake it to taunt Antonius, because he had his fathers house, that was Pompey the Great."—H. N. H.

Pom. Know then,
I came before you here a man prepared
To take this offer: but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience: though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily and did find
Her welcome friendly.
Ant. I have heard it, Pompey,
And am well studied for a liberal thanks
Which I do owe you.
Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.
Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither;
For I have gain'd by 't.
Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.
Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.
Lep. Well met here.
Pom. I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are agreed:
I crave our composition may be written
And seal'd between us.
Cæs. That 's the next to do.
Pom. We 'll feast each other ere we part, and let 's
Draw lots who shall begin.

55. A metaphor from making *marks* or *lines* in casting accounts in arithmetic.—H. N. H.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.
Pom. No, Antony, take the lot:
But, first or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.
Ant. You have heard much.
Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.
Ant. And fair words to them.
Pom. Then so much have I heard:
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—
Eno. No more of that: he did so.
Pom. What, I pray you? 70
Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.
Pom. I know thee now: how farest thou, soldier?
Eno. Well;
And well am like to do, for I perceive
Four feasts are toward.
Pom. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behavior.

71. The incident here alluded to is related in Plutarch's *Life of Julius Cæsar*. After telling how, upon Cæsar's coming to Alexandria, Pothinus the eunuch drove Cleopatra from the court into the country, and how Cæsar sent secretly for her to come to him, he goes on thus: "She, only taking Apollodorus of all her friends, took a litle bote, and went away with him in the night, and came and landed hard by the foot of the castell. Then, having no other meane to come into the court without being knowne, she laid herselfe downe upon a mattresse or flockbed, which Apollodorus tied and bound up together like a bundle with a great leather thong, and so took her upon his backe, and brought her thus hampered in this fardle unto Cæsar in the castle gate. This was the first occasion, it is reported, that made Cæsar to love her." The incident is dramatized with much spirit in Fletcher's *False One*.—H. N. H.

Eno. Sir,
I never loved you much, but I ha' praised ye
When you have well deserved ten times as much
As I have said you did.
Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?
Cæs
Ant. Show us the way, sir
Lep.
Pom. Come.
[*Exeunt all but Menas and Enobarbus*
Men. [*Aside*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—You and I have known, sir.
Eno. At sea, I think.
Men. We have, sir.
Eno. You have done well by water.
Men. And you by land.
Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.
Men. Nor what I have done by water.
Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.
Men. And you by land.
Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure he cannot weep 't back again.

Men. You 've said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here: pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray ye, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their

amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is: he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let 's away. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII

On board Pompey's galley, off Misenum.

Music plays. Enter two or three Servants, with a banquet.

First Serv. Here they 'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

Sec. Serv. Lepidus is high-colored.

First Serv. They have made him drink alms-drink.

5. "It satirically alludes to Cæsar and Antony's admitting him

Sec. Serv. As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out 'No more;' reconciles them to his entreaty and himself to the drink.

First Serv. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

Sec. Serv. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan I could not heave.

First Serv. To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A sennet sounded. Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, Pompey, Agrippa, Mæcenas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other captains.

Ant. [*To Cæsar*] Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o' the Nile
By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow: the higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themselves the load of envy" (Warburton).—H. N. H.

17–20. That is, *a sight as unseemly* as the holes where the eyes should be, *without the kindling presence of the eye to fill them.*—H. N. H.

Lep. You 've strange serpents there.
Ant. Aye, Lepidus.
Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.
Ant. They are so.
Pom. Sit,—and some wine! A health to Lepidus!
Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I 'll ne'er out.
Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me you 'll be in till then.
Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.
Men. [*Aside to Pom.*] Pompey, a word.
Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] Say in mine ear: what is 't?
Men. [*Aside to Pom.*] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,
And hear me speak a word.
Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] Forbear me till anon.—
This wine for Lepidus?
Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?
Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with it own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.
Lep. What color is it of?
Ant. Of it own color too.
Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.
Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?
Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him,
else he is a very epicure.
Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell
me of that? away!
Do as I bid you.—Where 's this cup I call'd
for?
Men. [*Aside to Pom.*] If for the sake of merit thou
wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool.
Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] I think thou 'rt mad. The
matter? [*Rises, and walks aside.*
Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.
Pom. Thou hast served me with much faith.
What 's else to say?
Be jolly, lords.
Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.
Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?
Pom. What say'st thou?
Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world?
That 's twice.
Pom. How should that be?
Men. But entertain it,
And, though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.
Pom. Hast thou drunk well?
Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou darest be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha 't.
Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoke on 't. In me 'tis villainy;
In thee 't had been good service. Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honor;
Mine honor, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done,
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. [*Aside*] For this
I 'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.
Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus!

Ant. Bear him ashore. I 'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here 's to thee, Menas!

Men. Enobarbus, welcome!

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There 's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off Lepidus.*

Men. Why?

Eno. A' bears the third part of the world, man; see'st not?

81. *"there"*; Pope, *"then"*; Steevens conj. *"theirs."*—I. G.

Men. The third part then is drunk: would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!
Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.
Men. Come.
Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.
Ant. It ripens towards it. Strike the vessels, ho!
Here 's to Cæsar!
Cæs. I could well forbear 't.
It 's monstrous labor, when I wash my brain
And it grows fouler.
Ant. Be a child o' the time.
Cæs. Possess it, I 'll make answer:
But I had rather fast from all four days
Than drink so much in one.
Eno. [*To Antony*] Ha, my brave emperor!
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?
Pom. Let 's ha 't, good soldier.
Ant. Come, let 's all take hands,
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.
Eno. All take hands.
Make battery to our ears with the loud music:
The while I 'll place you: then the boy shall sing;

102. *"increase the reels"*; Steevens conj. *"and grease the wheels"*; Douce conj. *"increase the revels."*—I. G.

105. *"Strike"*; that is, *tap* them, *broach* them. So in Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, Act v. sc. 10: "Home, Launce, and *strike* a fresh piece of wine."—H. N. H.

The holding every man shall bear as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.*

THE SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!
In thy fats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:
Cup us, till the world go round,
Cup us, till the world go round!

Cæs. What would you more? Pompey, good night. Good brother,
Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let 's part;
You see we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarb
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words. Good night.
Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I 'll try you on the shore.

120. *"bear"*; Theobald's emendation; Ff., *"beat."*—I. G.

123. *"pink eyne"* are *small eyes.* "Some have mighty yies and some be *pinkyied.* Quidam pergrandis sunt luminibus, quidam peti." *Horman's Vulgaria,* 1519. The flower called a *pink* is in French *œillet,* or *little eye.* To *pink* and *wink* is to contract the eyes and peep out of the lids. Hence *pinky* for tipsy, from the peculiar expression of the eyes of persons in liquor. The epithet is therefore well appropriated to the God of wine.—H. N. H.

134. *"Antick'd us"*; made us buffoons.—C. H. H.

Ant. And shall, sir: give 's your hand.
Pom. O Antony,
You have my father's house,—But, what? we are friends.
Come, down into the boat.
Eno. Take heed you fall not.
[*Exeunt all but Enobarbus and Menas.*
Menas, I 'll not on shore.
Men. No, to my cabin.
These drums! these trumpets, flutes! what! 140
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows: sound and be hang'd, sound out! [*Sound a flourish, with drums.*
Eno. Hoo! says a'. There 's my cap.
Men. Hoo! Noble captain, come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

SCENE I

A plain in Syria.

Enter Ventidius as it were in triumph, with Silius, and other Romans, Officers, and soldiers; the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now
Pleased fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger. Bear the king's son's body
Before our army. Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.
Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony

1. *"struck"* alludes to *darting*. Thou, whose darts have often struck others, art struck now thyself.—H. N. H.

4. *"Orodes"*; the king of Parthia, Pacorus' father.—C. H. H.

5. *"Marcus Crassus"*; Crassus, with Pompey and Cæsar, had formed the First Triumvirate. He ruled the province of Syria. He had been routed, taken prisoner, and put to death by the forces of Orodes, the Parthian king.—C. H. H.

Shall set thee on triumphant chariots and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough: a lower place, note well,
May make too great an act; for learn this, Silius,
Better to leave undone than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve 's away.
Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achieved by the minute, lost his favor.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him, and in his offense
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that
Without the which a soldier and his sword
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

Ven. I 'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither, with what haste
The weight we must convey with 's will permit,
We shall appear before him. On, there; pass along! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Rome. An ante-chamber in Cæsar's house.

Enter Agrippa at one door, and Enobarbus at another.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?
Eno. They have dispatch'd with Pompey; he is gone;
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad, and Lepidus
Since Pompey's feast, as Mena says, is troubled
With the green sickness.
Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.
Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!
Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!
Eno. Cæsar? Why, he 's the Jupiter of men.
Agr. What 's Antony? The god of Jupiter.
Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How! the nonpareil!
Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

6. "*'Tis a noble Lepidus*"; alluding, perhaps, ironically, to the signification of the word *lepidus*."—H. N. H.

12. Of course it must be understood that in this dialogue the speakers are but travestying the flights of Lepidus in praise of his colleagues.—H. N. H.

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say 'Cæsar': go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best; yet he loves Antony:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number—ho!—
His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle. [*Trumpet within.*] So; 20
This is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier, and farewell.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in 't. Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band
Shall pass on thy approof. Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue which is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter 30
The fortress of it; for better might we

16, 17. *"hearts, tongues,"* etc.; a parody of the so-called "reporting sonnet."—C. H. H.

20. That is, they are the *wings* that raise this *lumpish insect* from the ground. So in *Macbeth*, "The *shard-borne* beetle."—H. N. H.

Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.
Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.
Cæs. I have said.
Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear: so, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.
Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well:
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.
Octa. My noble brother!
Ant. The April 's in her eyes: it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on. Be cheerful.
Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house, and—
Cæs. What,
Octavia?
Octa. I 'll tell you in your ear.
Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue, the swan's down-feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide
And neither way inclines.
Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] Will Cæsar weep?
Agr. [*Aside to Eno.*] He has a cloud in 's face.

35. *"Though you be therein curious"*; however closely you may scrutinize my conduct.—C. H. H.

51–52. A horse is said to have *a cloud in his face*, when he has a

Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
So is he, being a man.
Agr. [*Aside to Eno.*] Why, Enobarbus,
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.
Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] That year indeed he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound he wail'd,
Believe 't, till I wept too.
Cæs. No, sweet Octavia, 59
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.
Ant. Come, sir, come;
I 'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.
Cæs. Adieu; be happy!
Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!
Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses Octavia.*
Ant. Farewell!
[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

dark-colored spot in his forehead between his eyes. This gives him a sour look, and is thought to indicate an ugly temper. Burton has applied the phrase to the look of a female: "Every lover admires his mistress, though she be very deformed of herselfe — thin, leane, chitty-face, have *clouds in her face*, be crooked," &c.— H. N. H.

59. *"Believe 't till I wept too"*; Steevens explains the passage thus: "Believe that he wept over such an event, till you see me weeping on the same occasion, when I shall be obliged to you for putting such a construction on my tears, which in reality will be tears of joy."— H. N. H.

Scene III

Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?
Alex. Half afeard to come.
Cleo. Go to, go to.

Enter Messenger.

Come hither, sir.
Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you
But when you are well pleased.
Cleo. That Herod's head
I 'll have: but how, when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it? Come thou near.
Mess. Most gracious majesty,—
Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?
Mess. Aye, dread queen.
Cleo. Where? 10
Mess. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face, and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.
Cleo. Is she as tall as me?
Mess. She is not, madam.
Cleo. Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongued or low?
Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voiced.

Cleo. That 's not so good. He cannot like her long.

Char. Like her! O Isis! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue and dwarfish.
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mess. She creeps:
Her motion and her station are as one;
She shows a body rather than a life,
A statue than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mess. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He 's very knowing;
I do perceive 't: there 's nothing in her yet:
The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I prithee.

Mess. Madam,
She was a widow—

Cleo. Widow! Charmian, hark.

Mess. And I do think she 's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is 't long or round?

Mess. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so.

34. Thus in Hill's *Pleasant History*, 1613: "The head *very round*, to be forgetful and *foolish*." Again: "The *head* long, to be prudent and wary."—H. N. H.

Her hair, what color?
Mess. Brown, madam: and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.
Cleo. There 's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business: go make thee ready;
Our letters are prepared. [*Exit Messenger.*
Char. A proper man.
Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature 's no such thing.
Char. Nothing, madam.
Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.
Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!
Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian:
But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Athens. A room in Antony's house.

Enter Antony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,
That were excusable, that and thousands more
Of semblable import, but he hath waged

New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear:
Spoke scantly of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honor, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me;
When the best hint was given him, he not took 't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Octa. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:
The good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, 'O, bless my lord and husband!'
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
'O, bless my brother!' Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it; if I lose mine honor,

9. *"hint"*; occasion.—C. H. H.

10. *"from his teeth"*; that is, *to appearance only, not seriously.* Thus Dryden in his *Wild Gallant:* "I am confident she is only angry *from the teeth* outward." So Chapman, in his version of the fifteenth *Iliad:* "She laught, but *meerly from her lips.*" And Fuller, in his *Holie Warre:* "This bad breath, though it came but *from the teeth* of some, yet proceeded from the corrupt lungs of others."—H. N. H.

I lose myself: better I were not yours
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between 's: the mean time, lady,
I 'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother: make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

Octa. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

The same. Another room.

Enter Enobarbus and Eros, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros!

Eros. There 's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old: what is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivality; would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They 'll grind the one the other. Where 's Antony?

Eros. He 's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns

15. *"Then, world, thou hast"*; Hanmer's emendation; Ff., *"Then would thou hadst"*; Warburton MS., *"Then would thou hast"*: *"chaps, no,"* Theobald's reading of Ff., *"chaps no."*—I. G.

"chaps"; jaws.—C. H. H.

"no more" does not signify *no longer;* but has the same meaning as *and* no more.—H. N. H.

The rush that lies before him; cries 'Fool Lepidus!'
And threats the throat of that his officer
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy 's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught:
But let it be. Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI

Rome. Cæsar's house.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mæcenas.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and more,
In Alexandria: here 's the manner of 't:
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthroned: at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

6. *"my father's son"; i. e.* the son of his adoptive father, Julius Cæsar, and Cleopatra.—C. H. H.

Mæc. This in the public eye?
Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia and Phœnicia: she
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.
Mæc. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.
Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.
Cæs. The people know it, and have now received
His accusations.
Agr. Who does he accuse?
Cæs. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestored: lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be deposed; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.
Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.
Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abused
And did deserve his change: for what I have conquer'd,

23. *"Who"* for whom is idiomatic in Elizabethan English.—C. H. H.

I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mæc. He 'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia, with her train.

Octa. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee castaway!

Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Raised by your populous troops: but you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,

"*Enter Octavia, with her train*"; such is the stage-direction in all the old copies. Modern editions generally omit the words, *with her Train*, thinking them, probably, inconsistent with what Cæsar says, that she "should have an army for an usher." Not being able to perceive any such inconsistency, we retain the words in question.—H. N. H.

Is often left unloved: we should have met you
By sea and land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted, 60
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Octa. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Octa. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war: he hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king 70
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; King of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king

53. *"left unloved"*; Collier MS., *"held unloved"*; Singer conj., adopted by Hudson, *"felt unloved"*; Seymour conj. *"left unvalued"*; Staunton conj. *"left unpriz'd."*—I. G.

61. *"obstruct"*; the old copy reads *abstract*. The alteration was made by Warburton.—H. N. H.

67. *"who"*; that is, which two persons are now levying.—H. N. H.

Of Comagene; Polemon and Amyntas,
The kings of Mede and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of scepters.

Octa. Aye me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,
Till we perceived both how you were wrong led
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determined things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abused
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mæc. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

80. *"wrong led"*; Mr. Collier's second folio substitutes *wronged* for *wrong led;* but Cæsar probably means that his sister had been *misled* in what she had written to him.—H. N. H.

Octa. Is it so, sir?
Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you,
Be ever known to patience: my dear'st sister!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII

Near Actium. Antony's camp.

Enter Cleopatra and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.
Eno. But why, why, why?
Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,
And say'st it is not fit.
Eno. Well, is it, is it?
Cleo. If not denounced against us, why should not we
Be there in person?
Eno. [*Aside*] Well, I could reply:
If we should serve with horse and mares together,

5. *"If not denounced against us"*; Hanmer reads, *"Is't not denounc'd 'gainst us?"*; Jackson conj. *"Is't not? Denounce against us!"*; &c.—I. G.

In the passage of *Plutarch* which supplied the basis of this scene, we have the following: "Now, after that Cæsar had made sufficient preparation, he *proclaimed open warre against Cleopatra,* and made the people to abolish the power and empire of Antonius, because he had before given it up unto a woman. And Cæsar said, furthermore, that Antonius was not master of himselfe, but Cleopatra had brought him beside himselfe by her charmes and amorous poysons; and that they that should make warre with them should be Mardian the eunuch, Photinus, and Iras (a woman of Cleopatraes bed-chamber, that frizeled her haire and dressed her head) and Charmian; the which were those that ruled all the affaires of Antonius empire."—H. N. H.

The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier and his horse.

Cleo. What is 't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from 's time,
What should not then be spared. He is already
Traduced for levity; and 'tis said in Rome
That Photinus, an eunuch and your maids
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done.
Here comes the emperor.

20. Plutarch gives the following account of this matter: "Antonius, through the perswasion of Domitius, commanded Cleopatra to returne into Ægypt, and there to understand the successe of this warre. But Cleopatra, fearing lest Antonius should againe be made friends with Cæsar by the meanes of his wife Octavia, so plied Canidius with money, that he became her spokesman unto Antonius, and told him there was no reason to send her from this warre, who defrayed so great a charge; neither was it for his profit, because thereby the Ægyptians would be utterly discouraged, which were the chiefest strength of the army by sea: that he could see no king of all their confederates, that Cleopatra was inferiour unto either for wisdome or judgment; seeing that, long before, she had wisely gouverned so great a realme as Ægypt; and besides that, she had bene so long acquainted with him, by whom she had learned to manage great affaires. These faire perswasions won him; for it was predestinated that the government of all the world should fall into Octavius Cæsars hands."—H. N. H.

Enter Antony and Canidius.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum and Brundusium
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne? You have heard on 't, sweet?
Cleo. Celerity is never more admired
Than by the negligent.
Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becomed the best of men,
To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.
Cleo. By sea: what else?
Can. Why will my lord do so?
Ant. For that he dares us to 't.
Eno. So hath my lord dared him to single fight.
Can. Aye, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: but these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off,
And so should you.
Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd,
Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare, yours heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepared for land.

25. *"admired"*; wondered at.—C. H. H.

Ant. By sea, by sea.
Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land,
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen, leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge, quite forgo
The way which promises assurance, and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard
From firm security.
Ant. I 'll fight at sea.
Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.
Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do 't at land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business?
Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.
Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange that his power should be. Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse. We 'll to our ship:
Away, my Thetis!

61. *"Thetis"*; Antony may address Cleopatra by the name of this sea-nymph, because she had just promised him assistance in his naval expedition; or perhaps in allusion to her voyage down the Cydnus, when she appeared, like Thetis, surrounded by the Nereids. —H. N. H.

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier?

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks. Do you misdoubt
This sword and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a-ducking: we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well: away!

[*Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.*

Sold. By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on 't; so our leader 's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola and Cælius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions as
Beguiled all spies.

Can. Who 's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

69. *"his whole action grows Not in the power on't"; i. e.* "his whole conduct in the war is not founded upon that which is his greatest strength, namely, his land force, but on the caprice of a woman," &c. (Malone).—I. G.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius.
Can. With news the time 's with labor, and throes forth
Each minute some. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII

A plain near Actium.

Enter Cæsar, and Taurus, with his army, marching.

Cæs. Taurus!
Taur. My lord?
Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke not battle,
Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroll: our fortune lies
Upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IX

Another part of the plain.

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond side o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place

81. *"throes"*; in Shakespeare *throe* and *throw* are always spelled alike; so that it is not quite certain which word was intended here. Collier prints *throw;* but, surely, *throe* is much the more expressive word, and equally fitting, at least, to the context.—H. N. H.

We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

Scene X

Another part of the plain.

Enter Canidius, marching with his land army one way; and Taurus, the lieutenant of Cæsar, with his army, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.

Alarum. Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer!
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder:
To see 't mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!
Eno. What 's thy passion?
Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.
Eno. How appears the fight?
Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence.
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of Egypt— 10

10. *"Yon ribaudred nag";* the original reads,—"Yon *ribaudred Nagge of Egypt."* Steevens and Malone changed *ribaudred* into

Whom leprosy o'ertake!—i' the midst o' the fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
The breeze upon her, like a cow in June!—
Hoists sails and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honor, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:

ribald-rid; and Singer, following the opinion of Tyrwhitt, changed *nag* into *hag*. *Ribald* and *ribaldry* were anciently spelled *ribaud* and *ribaudrie*. Here the verse obviously requires a word of two syllables; and we have almost no doubt that the Poet wrote *ribaud*, which somehow got misprinted *ribaudred*. Of course the epithet is applied to Cleopatra to express her notorious profligacy. It seems to us, also, that the Poet meant to use the term *nag*, in reference to her speedy flight from the battle, carrying Antony off, as it were, on her back.—H. N. H.

14. The two parts of the line were transposed for the sake of the meter.—H. N. H.

O, he has given example for our flight
Most grossly by his own!

Eno. Aye, are you thereabouts? Why then good night
Indeed.

Can. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to 't; and there I will attend
What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions and my horse: six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I 'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene XI

Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Antony with Attendants.

Ant. Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon 't;
It is ashamed to bear me. Friends, come hither:
I am so lated in the world that I
Have lost my way for ever. I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

All. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself, and have instructed cowards

To run and show their shoulders. Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolved upon a course
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure 's in the harbor, take it. O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny, for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting. Friends, be gone: you shall
Have letters from me to some friends that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims: let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:
Nay, do so; for indeed I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you: I 'll see you by and by.
[*Sits down.*

Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and Iras; Eros following.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him.
Iras. Do, most dear queen.
Char. Do! why, what else?
Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!
Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you here, sir?
Ant. O fie, fie, fie!
Char. Madam!

Iras. Madam, O good empress!
Eros. Sir, sir!
Ant. Yes, my lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: yet now—No matter.
Cleo. Ah! stand by.
Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.
Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him:
He is unqualitied with very shame.
Cleo. Well then, sustain me: O!
Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches:
Her head 's declined, and death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.
Ant. I have offended reputation,
A most unnoble swerving.
Eros. Sir, the queen.
Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,

35–36. *"he at Philippi kept his sword e'en like a dancer";* the meaning appears to be, that Cæsar never offered to draw his sword, but kept it in the scabbard, like one who dances with a sword on, which was formerly the custom in England. It is alluded to in *All's Well that Ends well:*

> "I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
> Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
> Till honour be bought up, and no *sword worn,*
> But one to *dance* with."—H. N. H.

37, 38. *Cf. Julius Cæsar,* Act V.—C. H. H.

47. In this line *"but"* is used in its exceptive sense; for *but that,* or *unless.*—H. N. H.

How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back what I have left behind
Stroy'd in dishonor.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord,
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after: o'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon!

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleased,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror, and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon!

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: give me a kiss;
Even this repays me. We sent our schoolmaster;
Is he come back? Love, I am full of lead.
Some wine, within there, and our viands! Fortune knows
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene XII

Egypt. Cæsar's camp.

Enter Cæsar, Dolabella, Thyreus, with others.

Cæs. Let him appear that 's come from Antony.
Know you him?
Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Euphronius, ambassador from Antony.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.
Euph. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea.
Cæs. Be 't so: declare thine office.
Euph. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt; which not granted,
He lessens his requests, and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: this for him
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,

9. *"his grand sea"* appears to mean the sea from which the dew-drop is exhaled. *His* was constantly used for *its*.—H. N. H.

Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there: this if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Euph. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.
[*Exit Euphronius.*
[*To Thyreus*] To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: dispatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers: women are not
In their best fortunes strong, but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal: try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

28–29. *"And in our name, what she requires; add more, From thine invention, offers"*; Grant White conj. *"What she requires; and in our name add more Offers from thine invention"*; Walker, *"and more. . . . From thine invention offer."*—I. G.

Scene XIII

Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?
Eno. Think, and die.
Cleo. Is Antony or we in fault for this?
Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other, why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world opposed, he being
The mered question: 'twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags
And leave his navy gazing.
Cleo. Prithee, peace.

Enter Antony, with Euphronius the Ambassador.

Ant. Is that his answer?
Euph. Aye, my lord.
Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she
Will yield us up.
Euph. He says so.
Ant. Let her know't.
To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again: tell him he wears the rose
Of youth upon him, from which the world should note
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's, whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart
And answer me declined, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I 'll write it: follow me.

[*Exeunt Antony and Euphronius.*

Eno. [*Aside*] Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness and be staged to the show
Against a sworder! I see men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness! Cæsar, thou hast subdued
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

25–28. *"I dare . . . alone"*; I require of Cæsar not to depend on that superiority which the *comparison* of our different fortunes may exhibit, but to answer me man to man in this *decline* of my age and power (Johnson).—H. N. H.

30. *"happiness"*; good fortune.—C. H. H.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony? See, my women,
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose
That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, sir.
[*Exit Attend.*

Eno. [*Aside*] Mine honesty and I begin to square.
The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter Thyreus.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?
Thyr. Hear it apart.
Cleo. None but friends: say boldly.
Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.
Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has,
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know,
Whose he is we are, and that is Cæsar's.
Thyr. So.
Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
Further than he is Cæsar.
Cleo. Go on: right royal.
Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.
Cleo. O!
Thyr. The scars upon your honor therefore he
Does pity as constrained blemishes,

39. "*blown*"; overblown, and no longer fragrant.—C. H. H.

Not as deserved.
Cleo. He is a god and knows
What is most right: mine honor was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.
Eno. [*Aside*] To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony. Sir, sir, thou art so leaky
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit.*
Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desired to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shrowd,
The universal landlord.
Cleo. What 's your name?
Thyr. My name is Thyreus.
Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this: in deputation
I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at 's feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.
Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

81. *"give me grace"*; grant me the favor.—H. N. H.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favors, by Jove that thunders!
What art thou, fellow?
Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man and worthiest
To have command obey'd.
Eno. [*Aside*] You will be whipp'd.
Ant. Approach, there! Ah, you kite! Now, gods and devils!
Authority melts from me: of late, when I cried 'Ho!'
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry, 'Your will?' Have you no ears?
I am Antony yet.

Enter Attendants.

Take hence this Jack, and whip him.
Eno. [*Aside*] 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp
Than with an old one dying.
Ant. Moon and stars!
Whip him. Were 't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here,—what 's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows,

Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: take him hence.
Thyr. Mark Antony,—
Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again: this Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.
[*Exeunt Attendants, with Thyreus.*
You were half blasted ere I knew you: ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abused
By one that looks on feeders?
Cleo. Good my lord,—
Ant. You have been a boggler ever:
But when we in our viciousness grow hard—
O misery on 't!—the wise gods seel our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; makes us
Adore our errors; laugh at 's while we strut
To our confusion.
Cleo. O, is 't come to this?
Ant. I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,

109. *"feeders"*; that is, on *menials*. Servants are called *eaters* and *feeders* by several of our old dramatic writers. Morose, in the *Silent Woman* of Ben Jonson, says: "Where are all my *eaters*, my mouths, now? Bar up my doors, you varlets." Thus also in Fletcher's *Nice Valour*, Act iii. sc. 1: *"Servants* he has, lusty tall *feeders*." "Have I," says Antony, "abandoned Octavia, a gem of women, to be abused by a woman so base as to look on servants!" We are indebted to Mr. Gifford for fully establishing this explanation.—H. N. H.

Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out: for I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is
Cleo. Wherefore is this?
Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards
And say 'God quit you!' be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand, this kingly seal
And plighter of high hearts! O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.

Re-enter Attendants, with Thyreus.

Is he whipp'd?
First Att. Soundly, my lord.
Ant. Cried he? and begg'd he pardon?
First Att. He did ask favor.
Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on 't. Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: look thou say
He makes me angry with him; for he seems

Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: he makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do 't,
When my good stars that were my former guides
Have empty left their orbs and shot their fires
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
My speech and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranched bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me: urge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, be gone!

[*Exit Thyreus.*

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclipsed, and it portends alone
The fall of Antony.

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source, and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite!
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,

162. *"dissolve my life"*; that is, the hailstone *dissolves* or wastes away.—H. N. H.

"Cæsarion" was Cleopatra's son by Julius Cæsar.—H. N. H.

"Cæsarion smite"; Hanmer's emendation; Ff., *"Cæsarian smile."* —I. G.

Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria, where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle:
There 's hope in 't yet.

Cleo. That 's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now I 'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,

165. *"discandying"*; the original has *discandering*. *Discandying* was proposed by Thirlby, and has been generally received. Of course it signifies melting out of a *candied*, that is, a solid state; which agrees well with the context, "a *pelleted* storm" being a storm of *bullets*. Moreover, *discandy* occurs, in a similar sense, in Act iv. sc. 10 of this play. Knight and Verplanck, however, retain *discandering*, and explain it to mean *dis-squandering*, that is, *scattering*. It is true, as they remark, that *squander* was sometimes used for *scatter*; as in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act i. sc. 3. It is also true, that the prepositive *dis*, *di*, was often used augmentatively or intensively. And it is also true, that the sense of *scattering* is congruent to the rest of the expression. All which might be good reason for adopting *disquandering*; but not, it seems to us, for retaining *discandering*.—H. N. H.

Let 's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my sad captains; fill our bowls once more:
Let 's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day:
I had thought to have held it poor, but since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we 'll speak to them; and to-night I 'll force
The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my queen;
There 's sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight
I 'll make death love me, for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt all but Enobarbus.*

Eno. Now he 'll outstare the lightning. To be furious
Is to be frighted out of fear; and in that mood
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: when valor preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

183. "*gaudy night*"; feast days, in the colleges of either university, are called *gaudy* days, as they were formerly in the Inns of Court. "From *gaudium*," says Blount, "because, to say truth, they are days of joy, as bringing good cheer to the hungry students."—H. N. H

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

Before Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mæcenas, with his army: Cæsar reading a letter.

Cæs. He calls me boy, and chides as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know
I have many other ways to die, meantime
Laugh at his challenge.

Mæc. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he 's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction. Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight. Within our files there are,

5. *"I have many other ways to die";* Upton would read: *"He* hath many other ways to die: mean time *I* laugh at his challenge." This is certainly the sense of Plutarch, and given so in modern translations; but Shakespeare was misled by the ambiguity of the old one: "Antonius sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight him: Cæsar answered, that he had many other ways to die than so."—H. N. H.

Of those that served Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done:
And feast the army; we have store to do 't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!
Exeunt.

Scene II

Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Antony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, with others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius?
Eno. No.
Ant. Why should he not?
Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.
Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I 'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honor in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo 't thou fight well?
Eno. I 'll strike, and cry 'Take all.'
Ant. Well said; come on.
Call forth my household servants: let 's to-night
Be bounteous at our meal.

Enter three or four Servitors.

Give me thy hand,

8. "*'Take all'*"; let the survivor *take all;* no composition; victory or death.—H. N. H.

Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
Thou,—and thou,—and thou: you have served me well,
And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. [*Aside to Eno.*] What means this?

Eno. [*Aside to Cleo.*] 'Tis one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony, that I might do you service
So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. [*Aside to Eno.*] What does he mean?

Eno. [*Aside to Cleo.*] To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be it is the period of your duty:
Haply you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance to-morrow
You 'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for 't!

Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep,
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed: for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense;
For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire you
To burn this night with torches: know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow, and will lead you
Where rather I 'll expect victorious life
Than death and honor. Let 's to supper, come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

The same. Before the palace.

Enter two Soldiers to their guard.

First Sold. Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

Sec. Sold. It will determine one way: fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

First Sold. Nothing. What news?

Sec. Sold. Belike 'tis but a rumor. Good night to you.
First Sold. Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

Sec. Sold. Soldiers, have careful watch.
Third. Sold. And you. Good night, good night.
[*They place themselves in every corner of the stage.*
Fourth Sold. Here we: and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.
Third Sold. 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose.
[*Music of hautboys as under the stage.*
Fourth Sold. Peace! what noise?
First Sold. List, list!
Sec. Sold. Hark!
First Sold. Music i' the air.
Third Sold. Under the earth.
Fourth Sold. It signs well, does it not?
Third Sold. No.
First Sold. Peace, I say!
What should this mean?
Sec. Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony loved,
Now leaves him.
First Sold. Walk; let 's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.
Sec. Sold. How now, masters!
All. [*Speaking together*] How now! How now! Do you hear this?

First Sold. Aye; is 't not strange?
Third Sold. Do you hear, masters? do you hear?
First Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let 's see how it will give off.
All. Content. 'Tis strange. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

The same. A room in the palace.

Enter Antony and Cleopatra, Charmian and others attending.

Ant. Eros! mine armor, Eros!
Cleo. Sleep a little.
Ant. No, my chuck. Eros, come; mine armor Eros!

Enter Eros with armor.

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on:
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her: come.
Cleo. Nay, I 'll help too.
What 's this for?
Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armorer of my heart: false, false; this, this.
Cleo. Sooth, la, I 'll help: thus it must be.
Ant. Well, well;

3. *"mine"*; Ff., *thine."*—I. G.
"iron"; weapon.—C. H. H.
5–8. The text follows Malone's arrangement and reading (*vide* Cambridge Edition, Note VI.).—I. G.

We shall thrive now. Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go put on thy defenses.

Eros. Briefly, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To daff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen 's a squire
More tight at this than thou: dispatch. O love,
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou shouldst see
A workman in 't.

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to 't with delight.

Sold. A thousand, sir,
Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.

[*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*

10. *"Briefly"* is here used for *quickly*.—The original prints this part of the dialogue somewhat confusedly; the whole passage beginning with, "Nay, I'll help too," and ending with, "Thus it must be," being assigned to Cleopatra. Sir Thomas Hanmer and Malone gave the arrangement of the dialogue as it here stands. In the next speech of Antony, the same volume substitutes "shall *bear* a storm" for "shall *hear* a storm." The change is plausible, but not necessary.—H. N. H.

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Capt. The morn is fair. Good morrow, general.
All. Good morrow, general.
Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads:
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukable
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment; I 'll leave thee
Now like a man of steel. You that will fight,
Follow me close; I 'll bring you to 't. Adieu.
[*Exeunt Antony, Eros, Captains, and Soldiers.*
Char. Please you, retire to your chamber.
Cleo. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then Antony—but now—Well, on.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI

Alexandria. Antony's camp.

Trumpets sound. Enter Antony and Eros; a Soldier meeting them.

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!
Ant. Would thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd

To make me fight at land!

Sold. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted and the soldier
That has this morning left thee would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who 's gone this morning?

Sold. Who!
One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee, or from Cæsar's camp
Say 'I am none of thine.'

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,
He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him—
I will subscribe—gentle adieus and greetings;
Say that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master. O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men! Dispatch. Enobarbus! [*Exeunt.*

17. *"Dispatch. Enobarbus!"*; Steevens (1773) reading; F. 1, *"Dispatch Enobarbus"*; F. 2, *"Dispatch Eros"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"Dispatch, Eros"*; Pope, *"dispatch my Eros"*; Johnson conj. *"Dispatch! To Enobarbus!"*; Capell, *"Dispatch.—O Enobarbus!"*; Rann, *"Eros! Dispatch"*; Ritson conj., adopted by Steevens 1793, *"Eros, despatch"*; Anon. conj. *"Domitius Enorbarbus!"*—I. G.

For this scene and a subsequent one where Enobarbus dies, Plutarch furnished only the following basis: "Antonius dealt very friendly and courteously with Domitius, and against Cleopatras

Scene VI

Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.

Flourish. Enter Cæsar with Agrippa, Enobarbus and others.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony
Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,

mind. For he being sicke of an ague when he went and tooke a little boate to go unto Cæsars camp, Antonius was very sorie for it, but yet he sent after him all his cariage, traine, and men; and the same Domitius, as though he gave him to understand that he repented his open treason, died immediately after. There were certaine kings also that forsooke him, and turned on Cæsars side, as Amyntas and Deiotarus."—H. N. H.

6–7. "*the three-nook'd world*" is "the *three corner'd* world." So in *King John:* "Come *the three corners of the world* in arms, and we shall shock them." How the world came to be thus spoken of as having *three corners* only, has not been satisfactorily explained Such, however, was, the usage of the time.—The Poet elsewhere refers to the "*olive*" as the symbol of *peace*. Thus in *2 Henry VI:* "But peace puts forth her olive every where."—H. N. H.

That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt all but Enobarbus.*

Eno. Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry
On affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar
And leave his master Antony: for this pains
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius and the rest
That fell away have entertainment, but
No honorable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: the messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus:
I tell you true: best you safed the bringer

13. *"persuade"*; Rowe's correction of Ff., *"dissuade."*—I. G. The original has *dissuade*, which Mr. Collier retains, against all propriety. The correction, evident in itself, is confirmed by Plutarch: "Alexas Laodician, who was brought unto Antonius house and favour by meanes of Timagenes, afterwards was in greater credit with him than any other Grecian. Him Antonius had sent unto Herodes king of Jurie, hoping still to keepe him his friend. But he remained there, and betrayed Antonius. For where he should have kept Herodes from revolting from him, he *perswaded* him to turne to Cæsar; and trusting king Herodes, he presumed to come in Cæsars presence. Howbeit, Herodes did him no pleasure, for he was presently taken prisoner, and sent in chains to his owne countrey, and there by Cæsars commandment put to death."—H. N. H.

Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit.*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do 't, I feel.
I fight against thee! No: I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

Scene VII

Field of battle between the camps.

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter Agrippa and others.

Agr. Retire, we have engaged ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter Antony, and Scarus wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had droven them home

With clouts about their heads.
Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.
Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H. [*Retreat afar off.*
Ant. They do retire.
Scar. We 'll beat 'em into bench-holes: I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, sir, and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.
Scar. Let us score their backs
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind:
'Tis sport to maul a runner.
Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valor. Come thee on.
Scar. I 'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII

Under the walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Enter Antony, in a march; Scarus, with others.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp: run one before,
And let the queen know of our gests. To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see 's, we 'll spill the blood

That has to-day escaped. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you served the cause, but as 't had been
Each man 's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds and kiss
The honor'd gashes whole. [*To Scarus*] Give me thy hand;

Enter Cleopatra, attended.

To this great fairy I 'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee. O thou day o' the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing!

Cleo. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue, comest thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though gray
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha' we
A brain that nourishes our nerves and can

15. *"proof of harness"*; that is, armor of proof.—H. N. H.

Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favoring hand:
Kiss it, my warrior: he hath fought to-day
As if a god in hate of mankind had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I 'll give thee, friend,
An armor all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserved it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car. Give me thy hand:
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling taborines;
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

22. *"get goal"*; at all plays of barriers the boundary is called a *goal*; to *win a goal* is to be a superior in a contest of activity.—H. N. H.

23. *"favoring"*; Theobald's emendation of Ff., *"savouring."*—I. G.

Scene IX

Cæsar's camp.

Sentinels at their post.

First Sold. If we be not relieved within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard: the night
Is shiny, and they say we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.
Sec. Sold. This last day was
A shrewd one to 's.

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—
Third Sold. What man is this?
Sec. Sold. Stand close, and list him.
Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!
First Sold. Enobarbus!
Third Sold. Peace!
Hark further.
Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;

Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular,
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver and a fugitive:
O Antony! O Antony! [*Dies.*

Sec. Sold. Let 's speak to him.

First Sold. Let 's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.

Third Sold. Let 's do so. But he sleeps.

First Sold. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.

Sec. Sold. Go we to him.

Third Sold. Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.

Sec. Sold. Hear you, sir?

First Sold. The hand of death hath raught him. [*Drums afar off.*] Hark! the drums
Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.

Third Sold. Come on, then; he may recover yet.
[*Exeunt with the body.*

Scene X

Between the two camps.

Enter Antony and Scarus, with their army.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.
Scar. For both, my lord.
Ant. I would they 'ld fight i' the fire or i' the air;
We 'ld fight there too. But this it is; our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven.....
Where their appointment we may best discover
And look on their endeavor. [*Exeunt.*

Scene XI

Another part of the same.

Enter Cæsar, and his Army.

Cæs. But being charged, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his best force

4–9. "*But this it is,*" etc.; the original here presents a singularly impracticable reading, which we subjoin, pointing and all:

"But this it is, our Foote
Upon the hilles adjoyning to the Citty
Shall stay with us. Order for Sea is given,
They have put forth the Haven:
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And looke on their endevour."

Modern editions, until Knight's, supposing some words to have dropped out after *haven*, have supplied either *Further on*, proposed by Rowe, or *Let's seek a spot*, proposed by Malone.—H. N. H.

Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*

Scene XII

Hills adjoining to Alexandria.

Enter Antony and Scarus.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd: where yond pine does stand,
I shall discover all: I 'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
Say they know not, they cannot tell; look grimly
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected, and by starts
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

[*Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.*

Re-enter Antony.

3–4. *"Swallows have built . . . nests"*; Plutarch speaks of this and divers other ominous events as occurring before the battle of Actium: "Before this warre, it is reported, many signes and wonders fell out. One of the images of stone, which was set up in honour of Antonius in the city of Alba, did sweate many daies together; and though some wiped it away, yet it left not sweating still. And in the city of Athens also, in a place where the warre of the Giants against the gods is set out in imagerie, the statue of Bacchus with a terrible wind was throwne downe in the theatre. It was said, that Antonius came of the race of Hercules, and in the manner of his life he followed Bacchus, and therefore was called the new Bacchus. The admirall galley of Cleopatra was called Antoniade, in the which there chanced a marvellous ill signe: swallowes had bred under the poope of her ship, and there came others after them, and drave the first away, and plucked downe their neasts."—H. N. H.

Ant. All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up and carouse together
Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly;
For when I am revenged upon my charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly; begone.
[*Exit Scarus.*
O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here, even here
Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am.
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,

13. *"Triple-turn'd"*; as having given her favors successively to Cæsar, Antony, and Octavius.—C. H. H.

21. *"spaniel'd"*; the old editions read *pannelled*. *"Spaniel'd* is the happy emendation of Sir Thomas Hanmer. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Helena says to Demetrius: "I am your *spaniel*,—only give me leave, unworthy as I am, to *follow you*."—H. N. H.

25. *"soul"*; Capell, *"soil"*; Singer (ed. 2) from Collier MS., *"spell"*; S. Walker conj. *"snake"*: *"grave"*; Pope reads *"gay"*; Collier (ed. 2) from Collier MS., *"great"*; Singer (ed. 2), *"grand."*—I. G.

"this grave charm" probably means this deadly or destructive piece of witchcraft. In this sense the epithet *grave* is often used by Chapman in his translation of *Homer*. Thus in the nineteenth book: "But not far hence the fatal minutes are of thy *grave* ruin." It seems to be employed in the sense of the Latin word *gravis*. Mr. Collier's second folio substitutes *spell* for *soul*, and *great* for *grave*; and Mr. Singer tells us the latter change is also

Whose eye beck'd forth my wars and call'd
them home,
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
Like a right gipsy hath at fast and loose
Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!

Cleo. Why is my lord enraged against his love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take
thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex: most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and let
Patient Octavia plow thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [*Exit Cleopatra.*
'Tis well thou 'rt gone,
If it be well to live; but better 'twere

made in one of his own copies. Both changes seem plausible.—H. N. H.

27. "That which I looked to as the reward or crown of my endeavors." The allusion is to *finis coronat opus*.—H. N. H.

37. *"doits"*; the old copies have *"dolts"* instead of *"doits."* The emendation is Warburton's. Shakespeare often uses *doits*, meaning, of course, small pieces of money. Tyrwhitt proposed, and Steevens adopted *"to* dolts" as the right reading. Knight and Verplanck, however, retain *dolts*, and explain the passage thus: *"Poor'st diminutives* are the children of the humblest condition, and classed with *dolts*—the silly and ignorant of a larger growth; the whole forming what Cleopatra, in the last scene of the play, calls the 'shouting varletry' of Rome. We must therefore understand *'for'* to mean *for the gratification of*, or adopt a suggestion by Malone, 'be shown' *fore!*"—H. N. H.

Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many. Eros, ho!
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon,
And with those hands that grasp'd the heaviest club
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die:
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot: she dies for 't. Eros, ho!
[*Exit.*

Scene XIII

Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.
Char. To the monument!
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off.
Cleo. To the monument!

1–2. *"he is more mad than Telamon"*; that is, than *Ajax Telamon* for the armor of *Achilles*, the most valuable part of which was the shield.—H. N. H.

Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say that the last I spoke was 'Antony,'
And word it, prithee, piteously: hence, Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death. To the monument! [*Exeunt.* 10

Scene XIV

The same. Another room.

Enter Antony and Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?
Eros. Aye, noble lord.
Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that 's dragonish,
A vapor sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.
Eros. Aye, my lord.
Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought

8. *"vesper's pageants"*; the beauty both of the expression and the allusion is lost, unless we recollect the frequency and the nature of these shows in Shakespeare's age. The following apposite passage from a sermon, by Bishop Hall, is cited by Mr. Boswell: "I feare some of you are like the *pageants* of your great solemnities, wherein there is a show of a solid body, whether of a lion, or elephant, or unicorne; but if they be curiously look'd into, there is nothing but cloth, and sticks, and ayre."—H. N. H.

The rack dislimns and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.
Eros. It does, my lord.
Ant. My good knave Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen—
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine,
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto 't
A million moe, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

Enter Mardian.

O, thy vile lady!
She has robb'd me of my sword.
Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress loved thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.
Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.
Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,

10. *"the rack dislimns"*; that is, "the fleeting away of the clouds destroys the picture."—H. N. H.

19. *"pack'd cards"*; to *pack the cards* was often used metaphorically, for contriving together to deceive another. The meaning is, that Cleopatra, by collusion, falsely played the great game they were engaged in, so as *to sacrifice Antony's fame to that of his enemy.*—H. N. H.

And that she has discharged: what thou wouldst do
Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake
Was 'Antony! most noble Antony!'
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep. [*To Mar.*] That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labor richly; go. [*Exit Mardian.*
Off, pluck off:
The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case! Apace, Eros, apace!
No more a soldier. Bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne. From me awhile.
[*Exit Eros.*
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture: since the torch is out,
Lie down and stray no farther: now all labor
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done.

38–39. That is, "the battery *proceeding from* my heart, which is strong enough to break through the sevenfold shield of Ajax; would it were strong enough to cleave my sides and destroy me."—H. N. H.

Eros!—I come, my queen. Eros!—Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we 'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours. Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter Eros.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died
I have lived in such dishonor that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells
'I am conqueror of myself.' Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come—which now
Is come indeed—when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me: do 't; the time is come:

60. *"less noble mind"* is to be taken in the sense of "less *noble-minded.*" Plutarch gives the passage thus: "O Cleopatra, it grieveth me not that I have lost thy company, for I will not be long from thee; but I am sory that, having bene so great a captaine and emperor, I am indeed condemned to be judged of lesse courage and noble mind then a woman."—H. N. H.

Thou strikest not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put color in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see 't.

Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must be cured.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me!

Ant. When I did make thee free, sworest thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee! [*Turning from him.*

Eros. My sword is drawn.

87. "*Lo thee*"; Grant White conj. "*Lo there.*"—I. G.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.
Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor, let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.
Ant. 'Tis said, man; and farewell.
Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?
Ant. Now, Eros.
Eros. Why, there then: thus I do escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [*Kills himself.*
Ant. Thrice-nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros
Have by their brave instruction got upon me
A nobleness in record: but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus
[*Falling on his sword.*
I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?
The guard, ho! O, dispatch me!

Enter Dercetas and Guard.

First Guard. What 's the noise?
Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O, make an end
Of what I have begun.
Sec. Guard. The star is fall'n.
First Guard. And time is at his period.
All. Alas, and woe!
Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.

First Guard. Not I.
Sec. Guard. Nor I.
Third Guard. Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.*
Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where 's Antony?
Der. There, Diomed, there.
Dio. Lives he?
Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit Dercetas.*
Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.
Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.
Ant. When did she send thee?
Dio. Now, my lord.
Ant. Where is she?
Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She has a prophesying fear
Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw—
Which never shall be found—you did suspect
She had disposed with Cæsar, and that your rage

123. Mr. Collier's second folio alters *"dispos'd"* to *compos'd;* an argument that those corrections are much more modern than the text. *Dispose* was sometimes used for *arrange.* Thus in Spenser's *Faerie Queene,* Book ii. can. 8: "Words, well *dispost,* have secret powre t'appease inflamed rage."—H. N. H.

Would not be purged, she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed: call my guard, I prithee.

Dio. What, ho, the emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!
Come, your lord calls.

Enter four or five of the Guard of Antony.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

First Guard. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft: carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.

[*Exeunt, bearing Antony.*

Scene XV

The same. A monument.

Enter Cleopatra, and her maids aloft, with Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.
Char. Be comforted, dear madam.
Cleo. No, I will not:
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter, below, Diomedes.

How now! is he dead?
Dio. His death 's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument;
His guard have brought him thither.
Enter, below, Antony, borne by the Guard.
Cleo. O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou movest in! darkling stand
The varying shore o' the world. O Antony,

10. *"Burn the great sphere"*; Hanmer, *"Turn from the sphere"*; Warburton, *"Turn from th' great sphere."*—I. G.

11. *"shore"*; Staunton conj., adopted by Hudson, *"star."*—I. G.

According to the old philosophy, the sun was accounted a planet, and thought to be whirled round the earth by the motion of a solid sphere in which it was fixed. Supposing this consumed, the sun must wander in endless space, and the earth be involved in endless night.—H. N. H.

Antony, Antony! Help, Charmian, help, Iras, help;
Help, friends below; let 's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace!
Not Cæsar's valor hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

Cleo. I dare not, dear,
Dear my lord, pardon, I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortuned Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honor
Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;
Assist, good friends.

21. *"I dare not"*; Malone conj. *"I dare not descend"*; Ritson conj., adopted by Wordsworth, *"I dare not come down"*; Anon. conj., from Plutarch, *"I dare not ope the gates,"* &c.—I. G.

Cleopatra means that she dare not come down out of the monument to Antony.—H. N. H.

25. *"brooch'd"*; *brooch* was used for an *ornament* of any kind. So in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster:* "Honour's a good *brooch* to wear in a man's hat at all times." And in *Hamlet,* Act iv. sc. 7: "He is the *brooch,* indeed, and gem of all the nation."—H. N. H.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.
Cleo. Here 's sport indeed! How heavy weighs my lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness;
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little—
Wishers were ever fools—O, come, come, come;
[*They heave Antony aloft to Cleopatra.*
And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast lived:
Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.
All. A heavy sight!
Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.
Cleo. No, let me speak, and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provoked by my offense.
Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honor, with your safety. O!
Cleo. They do not go together.

32. "*sport*"; divers editors have made a strange stumbling-block out of this use of *sport;* just as if anything were more common or more natural, than for people to express the intensest feeling by words of a contrary meaning! Mr. Collier's second folio changes *sport* into *port,* which is supposed to be from a French word meaning weight; and Mr. Singer proposes to read *support.* We believe that *sport* is not only the word used by Shakespeare, but the *fittest* word he could use in the place.—H. N. H.

Ant. Gentle, hear me:
None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius.
Cleo. My resolution and my hands I 'll trust;
None about Cæsar.
Ant. The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at, but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I lived, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest, and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going;
I can no more.
Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty? O, see, my women,
[*Antony dies.*
The crown o' the earth doth melt. My lord!
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [*Faints.*
Char. O, quietness, lady!
Iras. She 's dead too, our sovereign.
Char. Lady!
Iras. Madam!

65. *"soldier's pole"*; that is, their *standard* or rallying point is thrown down.—H. N. H.

Char. O madam, madam, madam!
Iras. Royal Egypt,
Empress!
Char. Peace, peace, Iras!
Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman, and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares. It were for me
To throw my scepter at the injurious gods,
To tell them that this world did equal theirs
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All 's but naught;
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that 's mad: then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women?
What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!
My noble girls! Ah women, women, look,
Our lamp is spent, it 's out! Good sirs, take heart:
We 'll bury him; and then, what 's brave, what 's noble,
Let 's do it after the high Roman fashion,

73. *"No more, but e'en a woman"*; Capell's version; Ff. read *"No more but in a Woman"*; Rowe, *"No more but a meer woman"*; Johnson conj., adopted by Steevens, 1773, 1778, *"No more—but e'en a woman."*—I. G.

75. *"chares"* is an old word for diverse little items and patches of work, such as commonly fall to boys and servant-girls. In New England *chores* is still used in the same way for such matters as feeding the pigs, watering the horses, milking the cows, &c.—H. N. H.

And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold:
Ah, women, women! Come; we have no friend
But resolution and the briefest end.
[*Exeunt: those above bearing off Antony's body.*

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mæcenas, Gallus, Proculeius, and others, his council of war.

Cæs. Go to him, Dollabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks
The pauses that he makes.
Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

Enter Dercetas, with the sword of Antony.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that darest
Appear thus to us?
Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy
Best to be served: whilst he stood up and spoke,
He was my master, and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I 'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,

2. "*frustrate*"; in such verbs as frustrate, contaminate, and consummate, the participle was often so formed. In the Psalter we have a similar usage: "Be ye *lift* up, ye everlasting doors."—H. N. H.

5. "*appear thus*"; that is, with a drawn and bloody sword in thy hand.—H. N. H.

I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is 't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: the round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens. The death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honor in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his sword;
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings

15. *"crack: the round world"*; Steevens conj. *"crack than this: the riun'd world"*; Singer conj. *"crack: the round world convulsive"*; Nicholson conj. *"crack: the round world in rending"*; Daniel conj. *"crack in the round world,"* &c., &c.—I. G.

16–17. *"Should have shook,"* etc.; commentators have puzzled a good deal over this passage, and most of them have concluded that some words had been lost in the printing. From the defectiveness of the measure it seems not unlikely that such may be the case. Still the sense is complete enough. Of course the idea is of a shaking, such as to confound cities and deserts together, throwing lions into the streets of men, and men into the dens of lions. We follow the arrangement of the original.—H. N. H.

24. *"Splitted the heart"*; Collier MS., *"Split that self noble heart"*; Elze conj. *"Splitted that very heart."*—I. G.

To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mæc. His taints and honors
Waged equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mæc. When such a spacious mirror 's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this. But do we lance
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world: but yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle, that our stars
Unreconcilable should divide

28. *"wash the eyes of kings"*; "May the gods rebuke me *if it be not* tidings to make kings weep." *But* again in its exceptive sense.—H. N. H.

46. *"his"* for *its*.—H. N. H.

47–48. *"should divide,"* etc.; that is, *should have made us*, in our equality of fortune, disagree *to* a pitch like this, that one of us must die.—H. N. H.

Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends,—

Enter an Egyptian.

But I will tell you at some meeter season:
The business of this man looks out of him;
We 'll hear him what he says. Whence are you?

Egyp. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,
Confined in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she 's forced to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart:
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honorable and how kindly we
Determine for her; for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Egyp. So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius. Go and say,
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require,
Lest in her greatness by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us; for her life in Rome

59. *"A poor Egyptian yet"*; that is, yet an Egyptian, or subject of the queen of Egypt, though soon to become a subject of Rome.—H. N. H.

59–60. *"live To be ungentle"*; Rowe (ed. 2) and Southern MS.; Ff. read *"leaue to be ungentle"*; Capell, *"Leave to be gentle"*; Tyrwhitt conj. *"learn To be ungentle"*; Gould conj. *"bear to be ungentle."*—I. G.

Would be eternal in our triumph: go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

Cæs. Gallus, go you along. [*Exit Gallus.*]
Where 's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius?

All. Dolabella!

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he 's employed: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: go with me, and see
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Alexandria. The monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being Fortune, he 's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her will: and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;

"*Enter Cleopatra,*" etc.; the Poet here has attempted to exhibit at once the outside and the inside of a building. It would be difficult to represent this scene on the stage in any other way than making Cleopatra and her attendants speak all their speeches, till the queen is seized, within the monument.—H. N. H.

Which shackles accidents and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

Enter, to the gates of the monument, Proculeius, Gallus, and Soldiers.

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt,
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.
Cleo. What 's thy name?
Pro. My name is Proculeius.
Cleo. Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceived,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

6. *"bolts up change";* voluntary death is an act *which bolts up change;* it produces a state which has no longer need of the gross and terrene sustenance, in the use of which Cæsar and the beggar are on a level. It has been already said in this play: "Our *dungy* earth feeds man as beast." "The Æthiopian king," says Herodotus, "upon hearing a description of the nature of wheat, replied, that he was not at all surprised if men, who eat nothing but *dung,* did not attain a longer life."—H. N. H.

7. *"dug";* Warburton conj., adopted by Theobald, *"dugg";* Ff. *"dung";* Nicholson conj. *"tongue";* Cartwright conj. *"wrong";* Bailey conj. *"doom."*—I. G.

20. *"as";* in Shakespeare's time, *as* was often used where we should use *that.*—H. N. H.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
You 're fall'n into a princely hand; fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I 'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caused it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surprised.

[*Here Proculeius and two of the Guard ascend the monument by a ladder placed against a window, and, having descended, come behind Cleopatra. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates.*

Guard her till Cæsar come. [*Exit.*

Iras. Royal queen!

97. "*pray in aid*"; *praying in aid* is a term used for a petition made in a court of justice for the calling in of help from another that hath an interest in the cause in question.—H. N. H.

99–30. "*send him the greatness*"; "In yielding to him I only give him that honor which he himself has achieved."—H. N. H.

35. There is no stage-direction here in the old copy: that now inserted is formed on the old translation of Plutarch. In the original the speech here assigned to Gallus is given to Proculeius, as is also the preceding speech.—H. N. H.

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!
Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.
[*Drawing a dagger.*
Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:
[*Seizes and disarms her.*
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Relieved, but not betray'd.
Cleo. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?
Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.
Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!
Pro. O, temperance, lady!
Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I 'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I 'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I 'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court,
Nor once be chastised with the sober eye

50. *"necesary"*; Hanmer, *"accessary"*; Malone conj. *"necessary, I'll not so much as syllable a word"*; Ritson conj. *"necessary, I will not speak; if sleep be necessary."*—I. G.

That is, if for once it be necessary to use idle talk; implying that her purposes are for action, not for speech. Johnson has shown that *will be* is often used in conversation without reference to the future.—H. N. H.

Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,
I 'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.
[*To Cleo.*] To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
If you 'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

[*Exeunt Proculeius and Soldiers.*

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.
You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is 't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd there was an emperor Antony:
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!
Dol. If it might please ye,—
Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course and lighted
The little O, the earth.
Dol. Most sovereign creature,—
Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they lived in: in his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.
Dol. Cleopatra,—
Cleo. Think you there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of?

83. *"propertied as all the tuned spheres"*; harmonious as the spheres. For the Platonic doctrine of the harmony of the spheres *cf.* the *Timæus*, §§ 37 *et seq.*: "The body of heaven is visible, but the soul is invisible, and partakes of reason and harmony" (Jowett's translation).—C. H. H.

85. *"quail"*; make tremble.—C. H. H.

87. *"an autumn 'twas"*; Theobald and Thirlby conj.; Ff. read *"an Anthony it was,"* &c.—I. G.

Dol. Gentle madam, no.
Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But if there be, or ever were, one such,
It 's past the size of dreaming: nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.
Dol. Hear me, good madam.
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: would I might never
O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root.
Cleo. I thank you, sir.
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?
Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.
Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—
Dol. Though he be honorable,—
Cleo. He 'll lead me then in triumph?
Dol. Madam, he will; I know 't.
[*Flourish and shout within:* 'Make way there: Cæsar!'

Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Proculeius, Mæcenas, Seleucus, and others of his Train.

97–98. "*nature . . . fancy*"; to *vie* here has its metaphorical sense of to *contend in rivalry*. Nature and Fancy produce each their *piece*, and the *piece* done by Nature had the preference. Antony was in reality *past the size of dreaming;* he was more by nature than fancy could present in sleep.—H. N. H.

104. "*smite*"; Capell's emendation; Ff. 1, 2, "*suites*"; Ff. 3, 4, "*suits*"; Pope, "*shoots.*"—I. G.

Cæs. Which is the Queen of Egypt?
Dol. It is the emperor, madam. [*Cleopatra kneels.*
Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:
I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.
Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.
Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often shamed our sex.
Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes and put your children
To that destruction which I 'll guard them from
If thereon you rely. I 'll take my leave.
Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and we,
Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall

Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate and jewels,
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued,
Not petty things admitted. Where 's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer: let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserved
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
I had rather seal my lips than to my peril
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours,
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild. O slave, of no more trust
Than love that 's hired! What, goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I 'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: slave, soulless villain, dog!
O rarely base!

s. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this,
That thou vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honor of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserved,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! it smites me
Beneath the fall I have. [*To Seleucus*] Prithee, go hence;
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance: wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.

[*Exit Seleucus.*

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are misthought

164. "*Addition of his envy*"; that this fellow should add one more parcel or item to the sum of my disgraces, namely his own *malice*. —H. N. H.

174. "*my chance*," *i. e.* my changed fortune, lot; Hanmer reads "*mischance*"; S. Walker conj. "*my change*"; Ingleby conj., adopted by Hudson, "*my glance*."—I. G.

Of course the meaning is, that her native fire, which is now so overlaid with the ashes of misfortune as to seem extinguished, will flame up through them. The image, though oddly expressed, is not uncommon. Chaucer has a similar one: "Yet in our *ashen* cold is fire yreken."—H. N. H.

For things that others do, and when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserved, nor what acknowledged,
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be 't yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure, and believe
Cæsar 's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear queen;
For we intend so to dispose you as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs. Not so. Adieu.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar and his train.*

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself: but, hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers Charmian.*

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

178–179. "*We answer others' merits in our name, Ars*"; Malone's reading; Ff., "*We answer others merits, in our name Ars*"; &c.—I. G.

That is, we answer for that which others have *merited* by their transgressions.—H. N. H.

185. "*make not your thoughts your prisons*"; be not a prisoner in imagination.—H. N. H.

Cleo. Hie thee again:
I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go put it to the haste.
Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the queen?
Char. Behold, sir. [*Exit.*
Cleo. Dolabella!
Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey, and within three days
You with your children will he send before:
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure and my promise.
Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.
Dol. I your servant.
Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.
Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit Dolabella.*
Now, Iras, what think'st thou?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view: in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded
And forced to drink their vapor.
Iras. The gods forbid!
Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: saucy lictors

210. *"greasy aprons,"* etc.; *cf. Julius Cæsar,* i. 1. 4, 5.—C. H. H.

Will catch at us like strumpets, and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see 219
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that 's certain.

Iras. I 'll never see 't; for I am sure my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that 's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.

Re-enter Charmian.

Now, Charmian!
Show me, my women, like a queen: go fetch

216. *"Ballad"*; the dread of being "executed in a ballad" is a theme of frequent allusion with the dramatists of Shakespeare's time. One of Falstaff's threats, in *1 Henry IV*, Act ii. sc. 2, turns upon it: "An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison." And in Massinger's *Bondman*, Act v. sc. 3, one of the insurgent slaves, humbly begging he "may not twice be executed," when asked what he means, answers thus:

> "At the gallows first, and after in a ballad
> Sung to some villainous tune. There are ten-groat rhymers
> About the town, grown fat on these occasions.
> Let but a chapel fall, or a street be fir'd,
> A foolish lover hang himself for pure love,
> Or any such like accident, and, before
> They are cold in their graves, some damn'd ditty's made,
> Which makes their ghosts walk."—H. N. H.

My best attires: I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony: sirrah Iras, go.
Now, noble Charmian, we 'll dispatch indeed,
And when thou hast done this chare I 'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday. Bring our crown and all.

[*Exit Iras. A noise within.*

Wherefore 's this noise?

Enter a Guardsman.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied your highness' presence:
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. [*Exit Guardsman.*
What poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution 's placed, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guardsman, with Clown bringing in a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guardsman.*
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,

229. "*sirrah*" was not anciently an appellation either reproachful or injurious; being applied, with a sort of playful kindness, to children, friends, and servants, and what may seem more extraordinary, as in the present case, to women.—H. N. H.

240. "*fleeting,*" or flitting, is *changeable, inconstant.*—H. N. H.

243. "*worm*" is used by our old writers to signify a *serpent.* The

That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly, I have him: but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Rememberest thou any that have died on 't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt: truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm; but he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do: but this is most fallible, the worm 's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

[*Setting down his basket.*

Cleo. Farewell.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Aye, aye; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted

word is pure Saxon, and is still used in the north in the same sense. We have it still in the *blind-worm* and *slow-worm*. Shakespeare uses it several times. The notion of a serpent that caused death without pain was an ancient fable, and is here adopted with propriety. The *worm of Nile* was the asp of the ancients, which Dr. Shaw says is wholly unknown to us.—H. N. H.

256–258. *"but he . . . they do"*; Warburton observes that "Shakespeare's clowns are always jokers, and deal in sly satire": but he would have *all* and *half* change places. The confusion was probably designed to heighten the humor of the clown's speech.—H. N. H.

but in the keeping of wise people, for indeed there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth: I wish you joy o' the worm. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Iras with a robe, crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me: now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements

292. *"my other elements"*; according to the old philosophy, there were four *elements*, fire, air, earth, and water, of which all things were composed. In *King Henry V*, Act iii. sc. 7, the Dauphin de-

I give to baser life. So; have you done?
Come then and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell.
[*Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.*
Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.
Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may say
The gods themselves do weep!
Cleo. This proves me base:
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He 'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,
[*To an asp, which she applies to her breast.*
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
Unpolicied!
Char. O eastern star!
Cleo. Peace, peace!

scribes his horse thus: "He is pure *air* and *fire;* and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him."—H. N. H.

295. *"Iras falls and dies";* Iras must be supposed to have applied an asp to her arm while her mistress was settling her dress, to account for her falling so soon.—H. N. H.

With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate of life at once untie:
poor venomous fool, be angry, and despatch."

Antony and Cleopatra. Act 5, Scene 2.

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Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:
[*Applying another asp to her arm.*
What should I stay— [*Dies.*

Char. In this vile world? So, fare thee well.
Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown 's awry;
I 'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

First Guard. Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

First Guard. Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.
[*Applies an asp.*
O, come apace, dispatch: I partly feel thee.

First Guard. Approach, ho! All 's not well: Cæsar 's beguiled.

Sec. Guard. There 's Dolabella sent from Cæsar; call him.

First Guard. What work is here! Charmian, is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.
Ah, soldier! [*Dies.*

332. Charmian remembers the words: "When thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave to *play* till doomsday."—H. N. H.

Re-enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?
Sec. Guard. All dead.
Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.
[*Within.* 'A way there, a way for Cæsar!'

Re-enter Cæsar and his train.

Dol. O sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear is done.
Cæs. Bravest at the last,
She level'd at our purposes, and being royal
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.
Dol. Who was last with them?
First Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her figs:
This was his basket.
Cæs. Poison'd then.
First Guard. O Cæsar,
This Charmian lived but now; she stood and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.
Cæs. O noble weakness!
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony

In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:
The like is on her arm.

First Guard. This is an aspic's trail: and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable
That so she died; for her physician tells me
She hath pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the monument:
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity than his glory which

356. *"caves"*; so Ff. 2, 3, 4; F. 1, *"caues"*; Barry conj. *"canes"*; Anon. conj. *"caves"*; Perring conj. *"course."*—I. G.

358. To *pursue conclusions* is to *try experiments*. Plutarch gives the following account of these experiments: "Cleopatra was very carefull in gathering all sorts of poisons together, to destroy men. Now, to make proofe of those poisons which made men die with least paine, she tried it upon condemned men in prison. She afterwards went about to prove the stinging of snakes and adders, and made some to be applyed unto men in her sight. So, when she had daily made diverse and sundry proofes, she found none of them all so fit as the biting of an aspicke; the which causeth only a heavinesse of the head, without swouning or complaining, and bringeth also a great desire to sleepe, with a sweate in the face; and so by litle and litle taketh away the senses and vitall powers, no living creature perceiving that the patients feele any paine. For they are so sorie when any body awaketh them and taketh them up, as those that be taken out of a sound sleepe."—H. N. H.

Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall
In solemn show attend this funeral,
And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Abhorring, abomination; V. ii. 60.

Abode, staying; I. ii. 189.

Abstract; "the a. of all faults," "a microcosm of sinfulness"; I. iv. 9.

Abused, ill-used; III. vi. 86.

Abysm, abyss; III. xiii. 147.

Admitted, acknowledged; registered; (Theobald, *"omitted"*); V. ii. 140.

Afeard, afraid; II. v. 81.

Affect'st, pleases; (F. 1, *"affects"*); I. iii. 71.

Aid; "pray in a.", seek assistance, call in help from another; V. ii. 27.

Alcides, Hercules; IV. xii. 44.

Alike; "having a. your cause," "being engaged in the same cause with you" (Malone); II. ii. 51.

All-obeying, obeyed by all; III. xiii. 77.

Alms-drink, "leavings"; (according to Warburton a phrase amongst good fellows to signify that liquor of another's share which his companion drinks to ease him); II. vii. 5.

Angle, angling-line, fishing-line; II. v. 10.

Answer, render account; III. xiii. 27.

Antoniad, the name of the flagship of Cleopatra; III. x. 2.

Apace, fast; IV. vii. 6.

Appeal, impeachment; III. v. 12.

Approof; "and as my farthest band shall pass on thy a.", *i. e.* "such as when tried will prove to be beyond anything that I can promise" (Schmidt); III. ii. 27.

Approves, proves; I. i. 60.

Arabian bird, *i. e.* the Phœnix; III. ii. 12.

Argument, proof; III. xii. 3.

Arm-gaunt, (*vide* Note); I. v. 48.

Armorer, one who has care of the armor of his master; IV. iv. 7.

As, as if; I. ii. 105.

As low as, lower than; III. iii. 37.

Aspic, asp, a venomous snake; V. ii. 296.

——'s, (Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Aspects"*); V. ii. 354.

As 't, as if it; IV. viii. 6.

At heel of, on the heels of, immediately after; II. ii. 160.

Atone, reconcile; II. ii. 102.

Attend, witness, take notice of; II. ii. 60.

——, await; III. x. 32.

Augurer, diviner, foreteller; V. ii. 337.

Auguring, prophesying; II. i. 10.

Avoid, begone, withdraw; V. ii. 242.

AWRY, not straight; (Pope's emendation of Ff., *"away"*); V. ii. 321.

BAND, bond; II. vi. 132; III. ii. 26.
BANQUET, dessert; I. ii. 19.
BARK'D, peeled; IV. xii. 23.
BATTERY; "b. from my heart," *i. e.* the battery proceeding from the beating of, my heart; IV. xiv. 39.
BATTLE, army; III. ix. 2.
BECK'D, beckoned; IV. xii. 26.
BEGUILED, cheated; V. ii. 326.
BELIKE, I suppose; I. ii. 36.
BENCH-HOLES, holes of a privy; IV. vii. 9.
BEREAVE, deprive; V. ii. 130.
BEST, it were best; IV. vi. 26.
BESTRID, did stride over; V. ii. 82.
BETIME, betimes, in good time; IV. iv. 20.
BLOWN, swollen; V. ii. 352.
BLOWS, swells; IV. vi. 34.
BOAR; "the b. of Thessaly," *i. e.* "the boar killed by Meleager"; IV. xiii. 2.
BOGGLER, inconstant woman; III. xiii. 110.
BOLTS UP, fetters; V. ii. 6.
BOND, "bounden duty" (Mason); I. iv. 84.
BOOT; "make b.", take advantage; IV. i. 9.
BOOT THEE WITH, give thee to boot, give thee in addition; II. v. 71.
BOY MY GREATNESS, alluding to the fact of boys or youths playing female parts on the stage in the time of Shakespeare; V. ii. 220.
BRANDED, stigmatized; IV. xiv. 77.
BRAVE, defy; IV. iv. 5.
BREAK, communicate; I. ii. 191.
BREATHER, one who lives; III. iii. 24.
BREATHING, utterance; I. iii. 14.
BREEZE, gadfly; III. x. 14.
BRIEF, summary; V. ii. 138.
BRING, take; III. v. 25.
BRING ME, *i. e.* bring me word; IV. xiii. 10.
BROOCH'D, adorned as with a brooch; (Wray conj. *"brook'd"*); IV. xv. 25.
BURGONET, a close-fitting helmet; I. v. 24.
BUT, if not; V. ii. 103.
BUT BEING, except, unless we are; IV. xi. 1.
BUT IT IS, except it be, if it be not; V. i. 27.
BY, according to; III. iii. 43.

CALL ON HIM, call him to account; (?) "visit," (Schmidt); I. iv. 28.
CANTLE, piece; III. x. 6.
CARBUNCLED, set with carbuncles; IV. viii. 28.
CARRIAGE; "the c. of his chafe", the bearing of his passion, *i. e.* his angry bearing; I. iii. 85.
CARRIES BEYOND, surpasses; III. vii. 76.
CAST, cast up, calculate; III. ii. 17.
CHANCE; "wounded ch.", broken fortunes; III. x. 36.
——, fortune; V. ii. 174.
——, occur; III. iv. 13.
CHARE, task; V. ii. 231.
CHARES, drudgery; IV. xv. 75.
CHARM, charmer; IV. xii. 16.
CHECK, rebuke; IV. iv. 31.
CHUCK, a term of endearment; IV. iv. 2.
CIRCLE, crown; III. xii. 18.
CLIP, embrace; IV. viii. 8.

CLIP, surround; V. ii. 362.
CLOSE, hidden; IV. ix. 6.
CLOTH-OF-GOLD OF TISSUE, *i. e.* "cloth-of-gold in tissue or texture"; (?) cloth-of-gold on a ground of tissue; II. ii. 204.
CLOUTS, cloths; (?) blows, knocks; IV. vii. 6.
CLOYLESS, preventing satiety; II. i. 25.
COLOR, excuse, pretext; I. iii. 32.
COMES DEAR'D, becomes endeared; (Ff., *"comes fear'd"*); I. iv. 44.
COMFORT; "best of c.", *i. e.* "may the best of comfort be yours" (Steevens); (Rowe, *"Be of comfort"*); III. vi. 89.
COMMAND, all power to command; III. xi. 23.
COMMISSION, warrant; II. iii. 41.
COMPARISONS, advantages, *i. e.* "things in his favor, when compared to me"; (Pope, *"caparisons"*); III. xiii. 26.
COMPETITOR, associate; I. iv. 3.
COMPOSE, come to a composition; II. ii. 15.
COMPOSURE, composition; I. iv. 22.
CONCLUSION; "still c.", *i. e.* quiet inference; (Collier MS., *"still condition"*); IV. xv. 28.
CONCLUSIONS, experiments; V. ii. 358.
CONFOUND, waste; I. i. 45.
——, destroy; III. ii. 58.
CONGEALMENT, congealed blood; IV. viii. 10.
CONTENT, agreed; IV. iii. 24.
CONTINENT; "thy c.", that which encloses thee; IV. xiv. 40.
CONTRIVING; "many our c. friends," *i. e.* "many friends who are busy in our interest"; I. ii. 196.
CONVERSATION, deportment; II. vi. 134.
CORRIGIBLE, submissive to correction; IV. xiv. 74.
COUCH, lie; IV. xiv. 51.
COULD, would gladly; I. ii. 133.
COURSE, pursue hotly; III. xiii. 11.
COURT OF GUARD, guard room; IV. ix. 2.
CRACK, burst of sound; V. i. 15.
CRESCENT, increasing; II. i. 10.
CRESTED, formed the crest of; V. ii. 83.
CROWNET, crown; IV. xii. 27.
——s, coronets; V. ii. 91.
CUNNING, "dexterous and trick-ish in dissembling"; I. ii. 154.
——, skill, art; II. iii. 34.
CURIOUS, careful; III. ii. 35.
CURSTNESS, ill-humor; II. ii. 25.

DAFF'T, doff it, take it off; (F. 1, *"daft"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"doft"*; Rowe, *"dof't"*); IV. iv. 13.
DARE, defiance; I. ii. 198.
DARKENS, obscures; III. i. 24.
DARKLING, in the dark; IV. xv. 10.
DEALT ON LIEUTENANTRY, acted by proxy; III. xi. 39.
DEATH AND HONOR, honorable death; IV. ii. 44.
DECLINED, decayed, fallen; III. xiii. 27.
DEFEAT'ST, dost destroy; IV. xiv. 68.
DEFEND, forbid; III. iii. 46.
DEMON, attendant spirit; II. iii. 19.
DEMURELY, solemnly, gravely; IV. xv. 29; IV. ix. 31.
DEMURING, looking with affected modesty; IV. xv. 29.
DEPUTATION; "in d.", by deputy;

(Ff., *"disputation"*); III. xiii. 74.

DEROGATELY, disparagingly; II. ii. 34.

DESIRES; "your d. are yours," your desires are granted; III. iv. 28.

DETERMINE, decide, resolve; V. i. 59.

DETERMINES, comes to an end; III. xiii. 161.

DIMINUTIVES, insignificant creatures; IV. xii. 37.

DISASTER, disfigure; II. vii. 19.

DISCANDY, melt; IV. xii. 22.

DISCANDYING, melting, thawing; (Ff. *"discandering"*; Rowe, *"discattering"*); III. xiii. 165.

DISCONTENTS, malcontents; I. iv. 39.

DISLIMNS, effaces, blots out; (Ff., *"dislimes"*); IV. xiv. 10.

DISMISSION, dismissal, discharge; I. i. 26.

DISPONGE, pour down; IV. ix. 13.

DISPOSE, dispose of; V. ii. 186.

DISPOSED, settled matters; (Collier MS., *"compos'd"*); IV. xiv. 123.

DISPOSITION; "pinch one another by the d.", "touch one another in a sore place" (Warburton); "try each other by banter" (Clarke); II. vii. 8.

DISTRACTIONS, detachments; III. vii. 77.

DIVINE, prophesy, predict; II. vi. 126.

DOITS, the smallest sum of money; (Ff., *"Dolts,"* i. e. fools; for which reading much is to be said); IV. xii. 37.

DOUGHTY-HANDED, stout of hands; IV. viii. 5.

DREAD, fear; IV. xiv. 127.

DROVEN, driven; IV. vii. 5.

DUMB'D, silenced; (Ff. *"dumb"* Warburton, *"done"*); I. v. 50.

EAR, plow; I. iv. 49.

EARING, tilling, plowing; I. ii. 117.

EBB'D, declined, decayed; I. iv. 43.

EDGES, blades, swords; II. vi. 39.

EDICT; "make thine own e.", decree the reward you desire; III. xii. 32.

EFFECTS, realization; V. ii. 333.

EGYPT, i. e. the Queen of Egypt; I. iii. 78.

EGYPT'S WIDOW, i. e. Cleopatra, who had been married to young Ptolemy, afterwards drowned; II. i. 37.

ELDER, better, superior; III. x. 13.

EMBATTLE, be drawn up in battle array; IV. ix. 3.

EMBOSS'D, foaming at the mouth; a hunting term; (Ff., *"imbost"*); IV. xiii. 3.

ENFORCE, urge; II. ii. 99.

——, lay much stress upon; V. ii. 125.

ENFRANCHED, enfranchised; (Theobald, *"enfranchis'd"*); III. xiii. 149.

ENFRANCHISE, set free, deliver; I. i. 23.

ENOW, enough; (used as plural of *enough*); I. iv. 11.

ENSUED, followed; IV. xiv. 77.

ENTERTAINMENT, reception; III. xiii. 140.

——, service; IV. vi. 17.

ENTER WITH, recommend to; IV. xiv. 113.

ENVY, malice; V. ii. 164.

ESTRIDGE, ostrich; III. xiii. 197.

ETERNAL; "e. in our triumph," i. e. "be for ever recorded as

the most glorious trophy of our triumph"; (Thirlby conj. *"eternaling"*); V. i. 66.

EVERY OF, every one of; I. ii. 40.

EVIDENCE, proof; I. iii. 74.

EXIGENT, exigency, decisive moment; IV. xiv. 63.

EXPEDIENCE, expedition; I. ii. 192.

EXTENDED, seized upon; a law term; I. ii. 107.

EYE, appear; I. iii. 97.

FACTION, dissension; I. iii. 48.

FAIRY, enchantress; IV. viii. 12.

FALL, befall, fall upon; III. vii. 40.

——, let fall; III. xi. 67.

FALLIBLE, blunder for *infallible;* (F. 1, *"falliable"*); V. ii. 259.

FAME, rumor, report; II. ii. 166.

FAST AND LOOSE, a cheating game of gipsies; IV. xii. 28.

FATS, vats; II. vii. 124.

FAVOR, face, countenance; II. v. 38.

FEAR, frighten; II. vi. 24.

FEARFUL, full of fear; III. xi. 55.

FEATURE, external appearance; II. v. 112.

FEEDERS, parasites; III. xiii. 109.

FELLOWS, companions; IV. ii. 13.

FERVENCY, eagerness; II. v. 18.

FETCH IN, take, capture; IV. i. 14.

FEVER, put in a fever; III. xiii. 138.

FIGS; "I love long life better than f.", a proverbial phrase; I. ii. 33.

FILES, lines of soldiers; I. i. 3.

FINISH, end, die; V. ii. 193.

FLAW; "becomes his f.", *i. e.* "accommodates himself to his misfortune"; III. xii. 34.

FLEET, float; (Rowe, *"float"*); III. xiii. 171.

FLUSH YOUTH, "youth ripened to manhood"; (Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"flesh y."*); I. iv. 52.

FOISON, plenty; II. vii. 24.

FOLLOW'D, chased; V. i. 36.

FOOTMEN, foot soldiers; III. vii. 45.

FOR, as for, as regards; III. vi. 34; III. xii. 19; V. ii. 66.

FORBEAR, withdraw; V. ii. 175.

FORBEAR ME, leave me alone; I. ii. 127.

FORMAL, ordinary; II. v. 41.

FORSPOKE, gainsaid; III. vii. 3.

FORTH, out of; IV. x. 7.

FOR THAT, nevertheless; II. ii. 70.

——, because; III. vii. 30.

FRAME TO, conform; V. i. 55.

FROM, away from; II. vi. 30.

FRONT, oppose, face; I. iv. 79.

FRONTED, opposed; II. ii. 61.

FRUSTRATE, frustrated; V. i. 9.

FULLEST, most perfect; III. xiii. 87.

GARBOILS, disturbances, turmoils; I. iii. 61.

GAUDY, festive; III. xiii. 183.

GESTS, deeds; (Warburton's conj. adopted by Theobald; Ff., *"guests"*); IV. viii. 2.

GET, win; IV. viii. 22.

GIVE, give out, represent; I. iv. 40.

GIVE OFF, go off, cease; IV. iii. 23.

GOT, won; V. ii. 30.

GOT UPON, won, gained; IV. xiv. 98.

GRACE, honor; III. xiii. 81.

GRACE; "to gr.", by gracing; IV. xiv. 136.

GRACEFUL, favorable; II. ii. 60.

GRANTS, allows, admits; III. i. 29.
GRATES ME, it vexes me; I. i. 18.
'GREED, agreed; II. vi. 38.
GREEN SICKNESS, a disease of women, characterized by a pale, lurid complexion; III. ii. 6.
GRIEFS, grievances; II. ii. 100.
GROW TO, be added to; II. ii. 25.

H, formerly pronounced *ache;* here used with play upon the letter and the word; IV. vii. 8.
HAP, accident, chance; II. iii. 32.
HAPLY, perhaps; III. xiii. 48.
HARDLY, with difficulty; V. i. 74.
HARRIED, vexed, put in fear; III. iii. 43.
HEARTS; "my h.", a familiar appellation; IV. ii. 41.
HEAVINESS, used with play upon the two senses of the word, (i.) weight, (ii.) sorrow; IV. xv. 33.
HEAVY, sad; IV. xv. 40.
HELD MY CAP OFF, acted as a faithful servant; II. vii. 65.
HEROD, a common character in the old Mystery plays; typically, a fierce tyrant; I. ii. 29.
HIE, hasten; II. iii. 15.
HIE THEE, hasten; V. ii. 194.
HIGH-BATTLED, commanding proud armies; III. xiii. 29.
HIS, its; III. xii. 10.
HOLDING, burden of the song; II. vii. 120.
HOMAGER, vassal; I. i. 31.
HOME, "without reserve, without ceremony"; I. ii. 111.
HOPE, suppose; II. i. 38.
HUMANITY, human nature; V. i. 32.

IDLENESS, frivolousness; I. iii. 92.
IF THAT, if; III. xiii. 80.
IMMOMENT, insignificant, of no moment; V. ii. 166.
IMMORTAL, blunder for *mortal,* deadly; V. ii. 247.
IMPERIOUS, imperial; IV. xv. 23.
IMPORT, carry with them; II. ii. 135.
IMPRESS, press, impressment; III. vii. 37.
IN, in for it; II. vii. 39.
INCLIPS, encloses; II. vii. 76.
INGROSS'D, collected, got together; III. vii. 37.
INHOOP'D, enclosed in a hoop; II. iii. 38.
INJURIOUS, hurtful, malignant; IV. xv. 76.
INTEND; "how i. you," what do you mean; II. ii. 40.
INTRINSICATE, intricate; (Capell's Errata, *"intrinsecate"*; Wray conj. *"intricate"*); V. ii. 307.
ISIS, one of the chief Egyptian divinities; originally the goddess of the Earth, afterwards of the Moon; her worship was afterwards introduced into Rome; I. ii. 68.
IT OWN, its own; II. vii. 51.

JACK, term of contempt; III. xiii. 93.
JADED, spurned; III. i. 34.
JUMP, hazard, stake; III. viii. 6.

KEEP; "k., yourself within yourself", keep within bounds, restrain yourself; II. v. 75.
KIND; "do his k.", *i. e.* "act according to his nature"; V. ii. 264.
KNAVE, boy; IV. xiv. 12.
——, servant; V. ii. 3.
KNOWN, known each other; II. vi. 86.

LACK BLOOD, turn pale; I. iv. 52.
LANCE, cut; in order to cure; (F f., *"launch"*; Pope, *"launce"*); V. i. 36.
LANGUISH, lingering disease; (Johnson conj. *"anguish"*); V. ii. 42.
LANK'D, became thin; I. iv. 71.
LATE, lately; IV. i. 13.
LATED, belated; III. xi. 3.
LEGIONS, bodies of infantry, each consisting of six thousand men; III. x. 34.
LENGTH, length of life; (Steevens conj. *"life"*); IV. xiv. 46.
LETHE'D, oblivious, unconscious; (Ff., *"Lethied"*); II. i. 27.
LEVEL'D AT, guessed at; V. ii. 339.
LICHAS, the companion of Hercules; (Ff., *"Licas"*); IV. xii. 45.
LIFE; "her l. in Rome," *i. e.* her being brought alive to Rome; V. i. 65.
LIGHTNESS, used in double sense, with play upon the two senses of the word; I. iv. 25.
LIKE, same; I. iii. 8; III. vi. 37.
——, likely; III. xiii. 29.
LIST, listen to; IV. ix. 6.
LOATHNESS, unwillingness; III. xi. 18.
LOOF'D, luffed, brought close to the wind; III. x. 18.
LOTTERY, prize; II. ii. 248.
LOUD, in high words; II. ii. 21.
LUXURIOUSLY, lustfully; III. xiii. 120.

MAKE NOTE, notice, observe; III. iii. 26.
MALLARD, drake; III. x. 20.
MANDRAGORA, mandrake; a plant, the root of which was thought to resemble the human figure and to cause madness, and even death when torn from the ground; I. v. 4.
MARBLE-CONSTANT, firm as marble; V. ii. 240.
MEAN, means; III. ii. 32.
MECHANIC, vulgar, journeyman-like; IV. iv. 32.
MEDICINE, elixir; (?) physician; I. v. 36.
MEETER, more fitting; V. i. 49.
MEETLY, well; I. iii. 81.
MERED; "m. question," *i. e.* "the sole cause and subject of the war"; (Rowe, *"meer"*; Johnson, *"mooted"*; Jackson, *"meted"*; Kinnear, *"merest," etc.*); III. xiii. 10.
MERELY, absolutely; III. vii. 8; III. vii. 48.
MERITS, deserts; V. ii. 178.
MIND; "less noble m.", *i. e.* being of less noble mind; (Rowe, Pope, *less noble-minded*); IV. xiv. 60.
MINGLE, union; I. v. 59.
MISDOUBT, mistrust; III. vii. 63.
MISLIKE, dislike; III. xiii. 147.
MISSIVE, messenger; II. ii. 74.
MIS-THOUGHT, misunderstood, misjudged; V. ii. 176.
MODERN, ordinary; V. ii. 167.
MOE, more; IV. xiv. 18.
MOMENT; "upon far poorer m.", with less cause; I. ii. 150.
MOODY, sad; II. v. 1.
MOONS, months; III. xii. 6.
MORN-DEW, morning-dew; III. xii. 9.
MORTAL, deadly; V. ii. 306.
MOST, utmost; II. ii. 169.
MOTION; "in my m.", "intuitively"; II. iii. 14.
MOUNT, "at the M.," *i. e.* M. Misenum; II. iv. 6.
MULETERS, muleteers, mule-

drivers; (Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Muliters"*; F. 1, *"Militers"*); III. vii. 36.

MUSED OF, thought of, dreamed of; III. xiii. 83.

MUSS, "a scramble, when any small objects are thrown down, to be taken by those who can seize them" (Nares); III. xiii. 91.

NAUGHT, worthless; IV. xv. 78.

NEGLIGENT; "in n. danger", *i. e.* "in danger through being negligent"; III. vi. 81.

NESSUS; "the shirt of N.", the shirt dipped in the poisoned blood of Nessus, which caused Hercules the most terrible agony when he unwittingly put it on; IV. xii. 43.

NICE, tender, dainty; III. xiii. 180.

NICK'D, "set the mark of folly on"; III. xiii. 8.

NOISES IT, causes a disturbance; III. vi. 96.

NUMBER, put into verse; III. ii. 17.

O, circle; V. ii. 81.

OBLIVION, oblivious memory, forgetfulness; I. iii. 90.

OBSERVANCE, powers of observation; III. iii. 25.

OBSTRUCT, obstruction; (Warburton conj. adopted by Theobald; Ff., *"abstract"*; Keightley, *"obstruction"*; Cartwright conj. *"obstacle"*); III. vi. 61.

OCCASION, necessity; II. vi. 144.

OF, by; I. iv. 37; II. ii. 161.

——, about, concerning; II. vi. 126.

——, from; IV. viii. 22.

——, for; IV. xv. 60.

OF, with; V. ii. 212.

OFFICE, function, service; I. i. 5.

ON, of; I. v. 27; II. ii. 85; III. ii. 61.

OPPRESSION, difficulty; (Warburton conj., adopted by Hanmer, *"opposition"*); IV. vii. 2.

ORBS, spheres; III. xiii. 146.

ORDINARY, meal; II. ii. 230.

OSTENTATION, display; (Theobald, *"ostent"*; S. Walker conj. *"ostention"*); III. vi. 52.

OUT-GO; "the time shall not o.", "life shall not last longer than"; III. ii. 61.

OUTSTRIKE, strike faster than; IV. vi. 36.

OWE, own; IV. viii. 31.

PACE, break in; II. ii. 64.

PACK'D, sorted, shuffled in an unfair manner; IV. xiv. 19.

PACORUS, son of Orodes, King of Parthia; III. i. 4.

PALES, impales, encloses; II. vii. 76.

PALL'D, decaying, waning; II. vii. 90.

PALTER, equivocate; III. xi. 63.

PANTS, pantings, palpitations; IV. viii. 16.

PARAGON, compare; I. v. 71.

PARCEL; "a p. of," *i. e.* "of a piece with"; III. xiii. 32.

——, specify; V. ii. 163.

PART, depart; I. ii. 193.

PARTICULAR, private affairs; I. iii. 54.

——, personal relation; IV. ix. 20.

PARTISAN, a kind of halberd; II. vii. 15.

PARTS, sides; III. iv. 14.

PAST, beyond; I. ii. 154.

PATCH A QUARREL, make a quar-

rel of pieces and shreds; II. ii. 52.

PELLETED, formed into small balls; III. xiii. 165.

PENETRATIVE, penetrating; IV. xiv. 75.

PERFORCE, of necessity; III. iv. 6.

PERIOD, end; IV. ii. 25.

PERSISTED; "most p. deeds," deeds most persisted in; V. i. 30.

PETITION; "p. us at home," request us to come home; I. ii. 197.

PIECE, masterpiece; III. ii. 28.

——, master-piece; (Warburton, adopted by Theobald, *"prize"*); V. ii. 99.

PINION'D, bound; V. ii. 53.

PINK EYNE, half-shut eyes; II. vii. 123.

PLACED, fixed, firm; V. ii. 238.

PLANT, place; IV. vi. 9.

PLANTED, rise; (Warburton MS. *"planned"*); I. iii. 26.

PLANTS, the soles of the feet (used quibblingly); II. vii. 2.

PLATED, clothed in armor; I. i. 4.

PLATES, pieces of money, silver coins; V. ii. 92.

PLEACH'D, folded; IV. xiv. 73.

POINTS, tagged laces, used for tying parts of the dress; III. xiii. 157.

POLE, load-star; IV. xv. 65.

PORT, gate; IV. iv. 23.

——, carriage, bearing; IV. xiv. 52.

POSSESS, give possession; III. xi. 21.

POSSESS IT, *i. e.* (?) "be master of it"; (Collier MS., *"Profess it"*; Kinnear conj. *"Pledge it"*, etc.); II. vii. 109.

POWER, armed force; III. vii. 58.

——, vital organ; III. xii. 36.

PRACTISED, plotted; II. ii. 40.

PRACTISE ON, plot against; II. ii. 39.

PRAY YE, I pray you, are you in earnest or jesting?; II. vi. 122.

PRECEDENCE, what has preceded; II. v. 51.

PRESCRIPT, direction; III. viii. 5.

PRECEDENT, former; IV. xiv. 83.

PREGNANT, in the highest degree probable; II. i. 45.

PRESENT, present purpose, business; II. vi. 30.

PRESENT, represent; V. ii. 217.

PRESENTLY, immediately; II. ii. 161.

PROCESS, mandate; I. i. 28.

PROJECT, shape, form; (Hanmer, *"parget"*; Warburton, *"procter"*; Orger conj. *"perfect"*); V. ii. 121.

PROOF OF HARNESS, armor of proof, tested and tried armor; IV. viii. 15.

PROPER, fine, nice; III. iii. 41.

PROPERTIED, endowed with qualities; V. ii. 83.

PROROGUE, "linger out, keep in a languishing state"; II. i. 26.

PROSECUTION, pursuit; IV. xiv. 65.

PTOLEMY; "the queen of Pt.", *i. e.* belonging to the line of the Ptolemies, the Macedonian dynasty in Egypt; I. iv. 6.

PURCHASED, acquired; I. iv. 14.

PURGE, be cured; I. iii. 53.

PYRAMISES, pyramids; II. vii. 41.

QUALITY, character; I. ii. 205.

QUEASY, disgusted; III. vi. 20.

QUICK, lively sprightly; V. ii. 216.

QUICKEN, receive life; IV. xv. 39.

QUIT, requite; III. xiii. 124.

RACE; "r. of heaven," "of heavenly origin" (Schmidt); "smack or flavor of heaven" (Warburton); (Hanmer, *"ray"*); I. iii. 37.

RACK, floating vapor; IV. xiv. 10.

RAM, thrust; (Hanmer, *"Rain"*; Delius conj. *"Cram"*); II. v. 24.

RANGED, disposed in order; I. i. 34.

RANGES, ranks; III. xiii. 5.

RATES, is worth; III. xi. 69.

RAUGHT, reached; IV. ix. 29.

REEL, stagger as a drunkard; I. iv. 20.

REGIMENT, sway; III. vi. 95.

RELIGION, sacred, holy obligation; V. ii. 199.

REMARKABLE, worthy of note, distinguished; IV. xv. 67.

REMOVE, removal, departure; I. ii. 210.

RENDER, give up; III. x. 33.

RENDER'D, gave up; (F. 1, *"rendred"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"tendred"*); IV. xiv. 33.

RENEGES, denies; I. i. 8.

REPORTS, reporters; II. ii. 47.

REQUIRES, begs, asks; III. xii. 12.

REVOLTED, who have revolted; IV. ix. 8.

RIBAUDRED, lewd; (Steevens conj., adopted by Malone, *"Yon' ribald-rid nag"*; Tyrwhitt conj. Collier (ed. 2), *"Yon ribald hag,"* etc.); III. x. 10.

RIGGISH, wanton; II. ii. 245.

RIGHT, very, true; IV. xii. 28.

RIVALITY, co-partnership; III. v. 9.

RIVE, split, sever; IV. xiii. 5.

SAFE, make safe; I. iii. 55.

SAFED, conducted safely; (Steevens conj.; Ff., *"saf't"*); IV. vi. 26.

SALT, wanton; II. i. 21.

SCALD, scabby, scurvy; V. ii. 215.

SCANTLY, grudgingly; III. iv. 5.

SCOTCHES, cuts; IV. vii. 10.

SCRUPULOUS, "prying too nicely into the merits of either cause"; I. iii. 48.

SEAL, make an end; (Hanmer, *"sleep"*; Johnson conj. *"seel"*); IV. xiv. 49.

SEEL, blind; a term of falconry; III. xiii. 112.

SELF, same; V. i. 21.

SEMBLABLE, similar; III. iv. 3.

SENNET, a set of notes played on the trumpet or cornet; II. vii. 20–21.

SEVERAL, separate; I. v. 62.

SHALL, will; II. i. 1.

SHARDS, wing-cases of beetles; III. ii. 20.

SHOULD MAKE, ought to have made; V. i. 14.

SHOWN, appeared, shown yourselves; IV. viii. 7.

——, made a show of, exhibited; IV. xii. 36.

SHOWS, seems, appears; I. ii. 174.

SHREWD, bad; IV. ix. 5.

SHROWD, shelter, protection; (Hanmer *"shrowd, the great,"*; Collier MS., *"shrowd, who is"*; Bulloch conj. *"stewardship"*; Gould conj. *"shield"*); III. xiii. 71.

SIGNS; "it s. well," it is a good omen; IV. iii. 14.

SIRS, used with reference to the waiting-women; IV. xv. 85.

SNARE, trap; IV. viii. 18.

So, if only; (according to some,= thus); I. iii. 73.

——, if; III. xiii. 15.

odest, demure; V. ii. 54.
nishes; (Ff., *"foyles"* ; Collier conj. *"foi-* . 24.
omewhat; IV. viii. . 352.
, quickest; III. iv. 27.
SAY, predict; I. ii. 52.
ATISH, stupid; IV. xv. 79.
SPACE, space of time, time enough; II. i. 31.
SPANIEL'D, followed like a spaniel, a dog; IV. xii. 21.
SPEEDS, succeeds, prospers; II. iii. 35.
SPOT, disgrace; IV. xii. 35.
SPRITELY, lively; IV. vii. 15.
SQUARE, quarrel, fight; II. i. 45; III. xiii. 41.
——; "kept my square," *i. e.*, kept my rule, proper position, "kept straight"; II. iii. 6.
——, fair, just; II. ii. 190.
SQUARES, squadrons; III. xi. 40.
STABLISHMENT, settled inheritance; III. vi. 9.
STAGED, exhibited publicly; III. xiii. 30.
STAIN, eclipse; (Theobald, *"strain"*; Warburton MS., and Boswell conj., adopted by Collier (ed. 2.), *"stay"*; Jackson conj. *"stun,"* etc.); III. iv. 27.
STALL, dwell; V. i. 39.
STAND ON, 'be particular about; IV. iv. 31.
STANDS UPON; "s. our lives u.", *i. e.* concerns us, as we value our lives; II. i. 50.
STATION, mode of standing; III. iii. 22.
STAYS UPON, awaits; I. ii. 121.
STEER, direct, control; V. i. 32.
STILL, continually, always; III. ii. 60.
STIRR'D, roused, incited; I. i. 43.
STOMACH, inclination; II. ii. 50.
STOMACH, resent; III. iii. 12.
STOMACHING, giving way to resentment; II. ii. 9.
STRAIGHT, straightway, immediately; II. ii. 171; IV. xii. 3.
STRANGLER, destroyer; (Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"stranger"*; Rowe, *"estranger"*); II. vi. 133.
STROY'D, destroyed; III. xi. 54.
STUDIED; "well s.", desire earnestly; II. vi. 48.
SUBSCRIBE, sign; IV. v. 14.
SUCCESS, result, issue; III. v. 6.
SUCH, very great, very considerable; III. iii. 44.
SUFFER, sustain loss or damage; III. xiii. 34.
SUFFICING, sufficient; IV. xiv. 117.
SUM; "the s.," *i. e.* tell me the whole in few words; I. i. 18.
SWORDER, gladiator; III. xiii. 31.
SYNOD, the assembly of the gods; III. x. 5.

TABORINES, drums; IV. viii. 37.
TAKE IN, take, conquer; I. i. 23; III. vii. 24.
TALL, sturdy; II. vi. 7.
TARGES, targets, shields; II. vi. 40.
TEETH; "from his t.", not from his heart; III. iv. 10.
TELAMON, Ajax Telamon; IV. xiii. 2.
TEMPER, freedom from excess; I. i. 8.
TEMPERANCE, chastity; III. xiii. 121.
——, moderation, calmness; V. ii. 48.
TENDED; "t. her i' the eyes," watched her very look; II. ii. 212.
TERRENE, terrestrial, earthly; III. xiii. 153.

THANKS, thanks for; (Capell conj. *"thanks for"*); V. ii. 21.

THEM, themselves; (Capell's emendation; Ff., *"his"*; Theobald, *"their"*); III. vi. 88.

THEME; "was th. for you," had you for its theme; II. ii. 44.

THEREABOUTS, of that opinion; III. x. 30.

THETIS; "my Th.", *i. e.* "my sea-goddess"; III. vii. 61.

THICK; "so th.", "in such quick succession"; I. v. 63.

THICKENS, grows dim; II. iii. 27.

THINK; "th. and die," *i. e.* "despond and die"; (Hanmer, *"Drink"*; Tyrwhitt conj. *"Wink"*; Becket conj. *"Swink"*); III. xiii. 1.

THOUGHT, sorrow; IV. vi. 36.

THROES, puts in agony; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"throwes"*; F. 4, *"throws"*; perhaps *"throwes forth"*=brings forth); III. vii. 81.

THROW UPON, bestow upon; I. ii. 201.

TIGHT, able, adroit; IV. iv. 15.

TIMELIER, earlier; II. vi. 52.

TINCT, tincture; I. v. 37.

TIRES, head-dresses, head-gear; II. v. 22.

TOKEN'D; "the t. pestilence," spotted plague; "the death of those visited by the plague was certain when particular eruptions appeared on the skin; and these were called *God's tokens*" (Steevens); III. x. 9.

TOP, height of; V. i. 43.

TO'T, to get to it; III. x. 32.

TOUCH, attain; V. ii. 333.

TOUCHES, sensations, feelings; I. ii. 194.

TOWARD, in preparation; II. vi. 74.

TOYS, trifles; V. ii. 166.

TREATIES, proposals for a treaty; III. xi. 62.

TRIPLE, third; I. i. 12.

TRIPLE-TURN'D, three times faithless; (Jackson conj. *"triple-train'd"*); IV. xii. 13.

TRULL, worthless woman; III. vi. 95.

TURPITUDE, extreme baseness; IV. vi. 33.

UNDOING, destruction; V. ii. 44.

UNEQUAL, unjust; II. v. 101.

UNFOLDED, exposed; V. ii. 170.

UNNOBLE, ignoble; III. xi. 50.

UNPOLICIED, devoid of policy; V. ii. 311.

UNPURPOSED, not intended; IV. xiv. 84.

UNQUALITIED, deprived of his character and faculties; III. xi. 44.

UNSEMINAR'D, destitute of seed; I. v. 11.

UNSTATE, divest of estate and dignity; III. xiii. 30.

UNTO, over; II. ii. 146.

UPON THE RIVER, upon the shores of the river; II. ii. 192.

URGE; "did u. me in his act," "made use of my name as a pretense for the war" (Warburton); II. ii. 46.

URGENT, pressing; I. ii. 194.

USE; "in u.", in usufruct; I. iii. 44.

USE, are used, are accustomed; II. v. 32.

USEFUL, usefully; IV. xiv. 80.

VACANCY, empty and idle time; I. iv. 26.

VANTAGE, advantage; III. x. 12.

VARLETRY, rabble; (F. 1, *"Varlotarie"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Varlotry"*); V. ii. 56.

VESSELS; "strike the v.", *i. e.* "tap the casks"; (? "strike your cups together"); II. vii. 105.
VIALS; "sacred v.", "alluding to the lachrymatory vials, or bottles of tears, which the Romans sometimes put into the urn of a friend"; I. iii. 63.
VIE, contend with, rival; "v. strange forms with fancy," *i. e.* "contend with, rival, fancy in producing strange forms"; V. ii. 98.
VIEW; "to my sister's v.", to see my sister; II. ii. 170.
VIRTUE, valor; IV. viii. 17.

WAGED, were opposed to each other; (F. 2, *"way"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"may"*; Rowe, *"weigh'd"*; Ritson conj. *"Weigh"*); V. i. 31.
WAIL'D, bewailed; III. ii. 58.
WANED, faded; (Ff., *"wand"*; Johnson conj. *"fond"*); II. i. 21.
WASSAILS, carousing; (Pope's emendation of Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"Vassailes"* and *"Vassails"*; F. 4, *"Vassals"*); I. iv. 56.
WAY'S, way he is; (so F. 4; Ff. 1, 2, 3 *"wayes"*; Hanmer, *"way he's"*); II. v. 117.
WEET, wit, know; I. i. 39.
WELL SAID, well done; IV. iv. 28.
WHARFS, banks; II. ii. 218.
WHAT, why; (Collier MS., *"Why"*); V. ii. 316.
WHICH, who; I. ii. 5.
WHOLE, well again; IV. viii. 11.
WINDOWED, placed in a window; IV. xiv. 72.
WITH, by; I. i. 56; III. x. 7; V. ii. 171.
WITH's, with us; III. i. 36.
WOO'T, wouldst thou; (Capell, *"Wou't"*); IV. ii. 7.
WORDS, flatters with words, cajoles; V. ii. 191.
WORKY-DAY, ordinary; I. ii. 56.
WORM, snake; V. ii. 243.
WOT'ST, knowest; I. v. 22.
WRONG LED, misled; (Capell, *"wrong'd"*); III. vi. 80.

YARE, light, active; III. vii. 39.
——, ready; III. xiii. 131.
——, be quick; V. ii. 286.
YARELY, readily; II. ii. 216.
YIELD, reward, requite; IV. ii. 33.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

GENERAL

1. To what period of the Poet's development does the style of this play assign its composition? What other plays belong to this period?

2. What distinguishes its style?

3. What are its historical sources?

4. Justify the love of Antony and Cleopatra,—or explain it.

5. Were the circumstances of Antony's political situation to blame for the mischief his devotion to the Egyptian queen made for him? Without these circumstances would his devotion necessarily have marred his life and success? Comment for and against.

6. Considering his passion for Cleopatra was it to be expected he would be faithful to Octavia? What was his real wrong to Octavia, dependent upon this condition?

7. Was Octavia wise to marry Antony knowing the circumstances?

8. If he had loved Octavia, was she calculated, as a woman, to help him maintain reason and balance in his life, more than such a woman as Cleopatra? If so, or if not, why?

9. What is the function of Enobarbus throughout the play? In what way does he knit the elements of the theme together?

10. What are the main features of Antony's character as compared with Octavius Cæsar's?

ACT I

11. To what view of the infatuation of Antony are we introduced in the opening lines of Antony's friend Philo?

12. In what way does the passage between Antony and Cleopatra, upon their entrance, give the keynote of the drama's action?

13. What does the passage between the handmaids of Cleopatra, and the soothsayer, reveal of the tone of life about the Queen?

14. Where does Antony express realization of the danger of his infatuation for Cleopatra?

15. How does Enobarbus show his insight into Cleopatra's nature? What undercurrent of feeling towards Antony's course is conveyed through his words?

16. How do Cleopatra's own actions corroborate the view Enobarbus takes of her?

17. What calls Antony to Rome? From what soldierly sternness does Cæsar describe him as having fallen?

18. What is revealed of the nature, and the sincerity of Cleopatra,—and of her love for Antony, in the passages where she appears during this act?

19. Does she enlist our sympathy? If so, how, and why?

20. Do her coquetries necessarily mean insincerity? Analyze the aspects she presents of herself.

ACT II

21. How does Pompey significantly describe the respective positions of the Triumvirs?

22. How does Enobarbus speak for the best of Antony's character, and how does Lepidus show himself in the short passage between them?

23. How is the situation between Antony, Cæsar, and the State, shown in the second scene? How also, does it reveal the qualities of the two great Triumvirs?

24. What are the pithy comments of Enobarbus during it?

25. What is the advice of Agrippa, to bring about amity?

26. How does Enobarbus describe the meeting of Antony and Cleopatra and the Alexandrian revels?

27. What does the soothsayer tell Antony, and what occasions does Antony recall to give color to the divinations?

28. How does Cleopatra receive the news of Antony's marriage to Octavia? Relate the passage. What does this show of her nature and the order of her love?

29. What is the prophecy of Enobarbus with regard to the marriage of Octavia and Antony?

30. How is the trouble between Pompey and the Triumvirate arranged?

31. What does Pompey's captain suggest he do? How does Pompey rebuff him?

32. What graphic sketch of Lepidus in his relation to the Triumvirate do the servants, on Pompey's galley, give?

ACT III

33. What successive occurrences lead to Antony's return to Egypt?

34. What does Cæsar relate of Antony's lavish gifts to Cleopatra and her sons?

35. What brings on the war between Antony and Octavius finally?

36. How does Cleopatra make it difficult for Antony to carry on the war?

37. How is he advised to carry on the battle of Actium? Why does he not follow the advice?

38. What is the result? Is the behavior of Antony in the matter explicable? On what grounds?

39. What is his emotion, owing to the result of the battle?

40. What are Cleopatra's pleas for her part in the disaster?

41. How does Enobarbus express himself over the disgrace of it? Whom does he blame most, Antony or the Queen? Why?

42. How does Enobarbus comment on the message of Antony to Cæsar?

43. What dramatic purpose with regard to the passion of Antony for the Queen does the incident of Thyreus, serve? What comment of Enobarbus in this scene, is tragically significant of the condition of Antony?

44. What is the final comment of Enobarbus upon Antony's resolution of valor concerning the further prosecution of the war?

ACT IV

45. What is the significant comment of Mæcenas with regard to Antony when Cæsar receives Antony's reply?

46. What is the dramatic character of scene ii? What personal sentiment of Antony's friends and followers toward him, is exemplified in it?

47. What is the dramatic purpose and effect of scene iii? Describe the scene.

48. What is the particular sting to Antony's feeling in the report of Enobarbus' defection?

49. What is the general effect upon Antony's followers finally, produced by his disgrace at Actium and the results of his subservience to Cleopatra?

50. What is the dramatic effect of the emphasis upon Antony's exultation over the first turn of the battle in his favor? How does it affect the atmosphere of portent already engendered?

51. What are we to believe drives Enobarbus to his death?

52. What turns the tide of Antony's passion against Cleopatra?

53. What gives the deep intensity to the expression of his feeling when he is told she is dead? Relate the substance of his words and action following. To what deed does the news drive him?

54. Describe the final passage between Antony and Cleopatra while Antony is dying. Cite its lines of especial beauty and tragic passion. What essential qualities are

expressed in Cleopatra's grief and resolution upon Antony's death?

ACT V

55. What feeling for Antony does Cæsar's words reveal? In what way does this and the emotions expressed for Antony personally, throughout the play by his friends and enemies, relate to the central *morale* of the theme?

56. How does Cleopatra pretend to meet the terms of Cæsar? What does she really plot?

57. What does she know is the prospect before her if she is carried to Rome?

58. Describe the manner of her death. Are her handmaids imbued with her spirit?

59. What are Cæsar's final commands with regard to the burial of the two great lovers?

CYMBELINE

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITION

The Tragedie of Cymbeline was first printed in the Folio of 1623; it is the last play in the volume, where it occupies pp. 369–399 (misprinted 993).

The place of *Cymbeline* in the First Folio has led some critics to infer that it was included late, and as an afterthought. The text of the play is certainly unsatisfactory, and possibly represents in many cases the poet's "rough-cast notes" rather than his finished work.

DOUBTFUL PASSAGES

The Vision in Act V, sc. iv, was probably by some other hand than Shakespeare's; it recalls the problems connected with the *Masque* in the Fourth Act of the *Tempest;* in both cases it is important to remember the fondness for this species of composition during the reign of James I. The Vision may have been inserted for some special Court representation.

The exquisite simplicity of the dirge sung by the brothers over the grave of Fidele (Act IV, sc. ii) seems to have raised doubts in the minds of certain commentators as to the authenticity of the lines; they have found "something strikingly inferior" in the concluding couplets, both in thought and expression; they would reject, as "additions,"

> "Golden lads and girls all must,
> As chimney-sweepers, come to dust,"

preferring no doubt Collin's more elegant rendering:—

"To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring!"

THE "TRAGEDY" OF CYMBELINE

The editors of the First Folio erred in describing *Cymbeline* as a "Tragedy," and in placing it in the division of "Tragedies"; "all is outward sorrow" at the opening of the story, but its close is attuned to the harmony of peace and happiness, and the play thus satisfies the essential conditions of "Romantic Comedy," or more properly of Shakespearean "Tragi-Comedy,"—life's commingling of tears and laughter, sorrow and joy, joy triumphant in the end.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

No positive evidence exists for the date of composition of *Cymbeline;* the probabilities are in favor of 1609–1610.

This limit may be fixed from a notice in the MS. *Diary* of Dr. Simon Forman, a notorious quack and astrologer. His "*Book of Plaies and Notes thereof for common Policie*" [1] shows him an enthusiastic play-goer; it contains his reports of three Shakespearean representations at the Globe Theater in 1610–1611; *Macbeth* is referred to under the former year (possibly an error for 1611); *The Winter's Tale* was witnessed on May 15, 1611, two or three months before the diarist's death; *Cymbeline* unfortunately has no date assigned; there is merely the statement, preceding an epitome of the plot,—

"Remember also the story of Cymbalin, King of England in Lucius' time."

Cymbeline's influence on Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philas-*

[1] Among the Ashmolean MSS. (208) in the Bodleian Library; privately printed by Halliwell-Phillips.

ter (*cp.* the characters of Imogen and Euphrasia [1]) is noteworthy: the date of the latter play cannot be definitely fixed, but the evidence points to *circa* 1610–1611; 1608 is the earliest date critics have assigned to it. Similarly Webster's "*White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona,*" printed in 1612, and written *circa* 1608, owes some of its tenderest touches to the most striking scenes in *Cymbeline.*

The relation of these two plays, to the present play, as well as certain striking resemblances between scenes and situations in *Cymbeline* and *Macbeth* (*e. g.*, Act II, sc. ii, compared with *Macbeth*, Act II [2]), have led to the conjecture that some portions of the work were written as early as 1606–1607, the whole being completed in 1609–1610; one scholar assigns to the former date Act II, sc. i, and Act V, sc. ii–v.[3] Another scholar [4] calls attention to a change of treatment to be found in the character of Cloten; in the earlier scenes "he is a mere fool" (*e. g.* Act I, sc. iii, Act II, sc. i; in the latter "he is by no means deficient in manliness, and the lack of his counsel is regretted by the King in Act IV, sc. i." He finds in Act III, sc. v, corroboration of his view, pointing out that the prose part is a subsequent insertion, having some slight discrepancies with the older parts of the scene. According to this view the story of Cymbeline and his sons, the tribute, etc., in the last three acts, was written at an earlier time, in 1606.[5]

[1] As a single instance of the borrowings, in thought and phraseology, the following may be noted:—

> The gods take part against me; could this boor
> Have held me thus else?" (*Philaster,* IV. i.).

Cp. Cymbeline, V. ii. 2–6.

[2] Some of the parallels are certainly noteworthy; thus, the reference to Tarquin (ll. 12–14) recalls *"Tarquin's ravishing strides"* (*Macb.,* II. i. 55, 56); *"lac'd with blue of heaven's own tinct"* (ll. 22, 23) may be compared with Duncan's *"silver skin laced with his golden blood"* (*Macb.,* II. iii. 118), &c.

[3] G. M. Ingleby (*cp.* his edition of *"Cymbeline,"* 1886).

[4] F. G. Fleay.

[5] *Cp. "A Chronicle History of the Life and Works of William Shakespeare."*

More important than these questionable theories are the unmistakable links links connecting *Cymbeline* with the Shakespearean fragment of *Pericles*, with *The Tempest*, and especially with *The Winter's Tale*—the crowning glories of the close of the poet's literary life; what the present writer has said of one of these may be said of all: "on all of them his gentle spirit seems to rest; 'Timon the Misanthrope' no longer delights him; his visions are of human joy—scenes of forgiveness, reconciliation, and peace—a world where father is re-united with child, husband with wife, brother with brother, friend with friend. Like his own Miranda, Shakespeare in these Romances again finds the world beautiful:—

> "'O wonder!
> How many goodly creatures are there here!
> How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world
> That has such people in 't!'"

Perhaps, after all, John Heminge and Henry Condell knew what they were about, when, in defiance of chronology and of their own classification, they opened their precious Folio with the wonders of Prospero's enchanted island, and closed it with "the divine comedy" of "Posthumous and Imogen."

SOURCE OF THE PLOT

The main plot of the play is the love-story of Posthumus and Imogen: this theme, with the famous "wager-*motif*" and the "chest intrigue," is set in a framework of pseudo-British History, and blended with episodes belonging to that mythical epoch.

I. THE HISTORICAL ELEMENT. So far as the names of the British King (whose reign was contemporary with the birth of Christ), his two sons, and step-son, are concerned, the historical element was derived from Holinshed's *Chronicles of England* (Bk. III; ch. xiii–xviii); some few meager incidents were taken from the same source, notably the original of Posthumus' account of the battle, and of his

description of the changed fortunes of the fight, summed up in "*a narrow lane, an old man, and two boys.*" The source of this episode is found in Holinshed's *History of Scotland*, near the chapters dealing with the story of *Macbeth*.

The mere name of the heroine is also to be found in Holinshed's account of ancient British story; but it is clear that Shakespeare was already familiar with the name when engaged on *Much Ado About Nothing;* in the opening stage-direction of this play "Innogen" is actually mentioned as "the wife of Leonato."

II. THE STORY OF IMOGEN. The story of Imogen was derived, directly or indirectly, from the *Decamerone* of Boccaccio; it is one of the Second Day Stories; "wherein was discoursed of those who after being baffled by divers chances have won at last of a joyful issue beyond their hope." The Ninth Story tells "*how Bernabo of Genoa, duped by Ambrogiuolo, loseth his good and commandeth that his innocent wife be put to death. She escapeth and serveth the Soldan in a man's habit. Here she lighteth upon the deceiver of her husband and bringeth the latter to Alexandria, where her traducer being punished, she resumeth woman's apparel and returneth with her husband, rich.*"

This rough outline of the plot, at the head of Boccaccio's story, indicates, somewhat at least, how far Shakespeare's version departs from the Italian. Shakespeare may have read the story as told in the *Decamerone*, but there were many other renderings of the theme, which, perhaps originally belonging to Byzantine literature, found a place in Old French Romance and Drama long before it reached Italy; in all probability "*The Romance of the Violet*," by Gerbert de Montruil, *circa* 1225, was the source of Boccaccio's novel.

From the French, rather than from the Italian, were derived the oldest German and Scandinavian stories of "*The Four Merchants; or, The Virtuous Wife.*" Some such English variant of the Imogen story was probably

current in England in the sixteenth century, and may account for certain features of the play; *e. g.* the introduction in Act I, sc. iv, of the representatives of the four nationalities,[1] but it is not at all unlikely that Shakespeare was also acquainted with Boccaccio's narrative. A curious English version appeared in a tract entitled "*Westward for Smelts,*" which was published in 1620; its chief interest lies perhaps in the fact that the story is there associated with English history, and referred to the times of Edward IV.[2]

III. IMOGEN AND SNOW-WHITE. Certain elements of the plot have still to be accounted for:—*e. g.* (i) the story of the wicked step-dame, with her subtle interest in the poisonous properties of herbs: (ii) the stealing of the princes, and their free life in the wilds and in their cave-home: (iii) Fidele's happy life with them in the cave; its sudden end; the re-awakening from death. These, and other points, serve to knit together the two main threads of the plot, but they are nowhere to be found in Holinshed, nor in Boccaccio, nor in the many variants of the "wager-story." The bare enumeration of the three elements must, I think, serve to establish Shakespeare's obligation to another source,—to a folk-story still among the most popular of all nursery tales,—the story of "Little Snow-white." The fairy tale as known to modern English children has come to them from Germany, but there can be little doubt that an English "Snow-white" was known to Shakespeare in his own youth, and was perhaps even dearer to him than the stories of "Childe Rowland" and "Mr. Fox." These latter fairy-tales are happily still preserved among the treasures of "English Fairy Tales": some day perhaps

[1] It is interesting to note that not only was the story of *"The Four Merchants"* well known in Denmark in the XVIth century, but during the same century Iceland had ballads and rhymes on the same theme; the writer possesses transcripts of several such versions.

[2] Malone alludes to an edition of 1603; but he probably made a mistake, the book may have existed in manuscript years before its publication.

Shakespeare's "Snow-white" may be added; one would, however, be much surprised if it differed strikingly from the tale so dear to us from infancy.

In the tale as in the play we have (i) a weak king surrendering his child to the tender mercies of a cruel step-mother, who, to quote from the popular version, "was a beautiful woman, but proud and haughty"; (ii) the cottage of the dwarfs which gives Snow-white shelter is described in the best and truest versions as a cave in the forest; (iii) Snow-white, hungry and thirsty, enters the cave uninvited, and is found by the kindly dwarfs, much in the same way as Fidele by Belarius, Guiderius and Arviragus. "Oh, heavens! oh, heavens!" cried the dwarfs, "what a lovely child!" "By Jupiter, an Angel!" quoth Belarius,

> "or if not,
> An earthly paragon!" . . .

(iv) The dwarfs said, "If you will take care of our house, cook, and make the beds, wash, sew, and knit, you can stay with us and you shall want for nothing." Even so was it with Fidele.

> "But his neat cookery! he cut our roots
> In characters,
> And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick
> And he her dieter." . . .

(v) "Snow-white," the story tells us, "kept the house in order for them; in the mornings they went to the mountains and looked for copper and gold, in the evenings they came back, and then their supper had to be ready. The girl was alone the whole day, so the good dwarfs warned her and said, 'Beware of your step-mother, she will soon know that you are here; be sure to let no one come in.'" . . . . . The situation is practically identical in the play, save that Imogen's wicked step-mother need not visit her, for she works her evil power by means of the poisoned cordial. Both in the play and in the tale the poison sends the victim into a death-like trance. (vi) The simple nar-

rative of the nursery story is perhaps the best commentary on the sweetest scene of the play, the finding of Fidele dead —"the bird is dead that we have made so much on"—and the burial, the sorrow of the princes, and their dirge. "Snow-white was dead, and remained dead. The dwarfs laid her upon a bier, and all seven of them sat round it and wept for her, and wept three days long. Then they were going to bury her, but she still looked as if she were living, and still had her pretty red cheeks. They said 'we cannot bury her in the dark ground,' and they had a transparent coffin of glass made. They put the coffin out upon the mountains, and one of them always stayed by it and watched it. And birds came too, and wept for Snow-white; first an owl, then a raven, and last a dove." Beneath all the complexity of plot created by Shakespeare, this original can still clearly be detected; in the play the homely robin, "the ruddock," does service for the owl, the raven, and the dove of the story. The parallels might easily be multiplied. These will perhaps suffice to show that Imogen, "*the sweetest, fairest lily*," and Fidele, "*that sweet rosy lad*," owed something of their beauty to the child "white as snow, as red as blood, and with hair as black as ebony." "Imogen" is in very deed "Snow-white," the best beloved of childhood's heroines, transfigured as manhood's ideal of all womanly perfection.

"Hang there like Fruit, my Soul,
Till the Tree Die."

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The only contemporary notice that has reached us of *The Tragedy of Cymbeline* is from Dr. Simon Forman's *Book of Plays and Notes Thereof*, lately discovered by Mr. Collier in the Ashmolean Museum. Unluckily, Forman's notice of *Cymbeline* does not give the date and place of the performance; but from the dates set down in other parts of his *Diary* it appears that he must have seen the play acted some time between April 20, 1610, and May 15, 1611. We subjoin the greater part of the notice:

"Remember, also, the story of *Cymbeline*, how Lucius came from Octavius Cæsar for tribute, and, being denied, after with a great army, who landed at Milford-Haven, and were vanquished by Cymbeline, and Lucius taken prisoner; and all by means of three outlaws, of the which two were the sons of Cymbeline, stolen from him when they were but two years old, by an old man whom Cymbeline banished; and he kept them as his own sons twenty years with him in a cave. And how one of them slew Cloten, that was the Queen's son, going to Milford-Haven to seek the love of Imogen, the king's daughter. And how the Italian that came from her love conveyed himself into a chest; and said it was a chest of plate, sent from her love and others. And in the deepest of the night, she being asleep, he opened the chest and came forth, and viewed her in her bed, and the marks of her body, and took away her bracelet; and after accused her of adultery to her love. And, in the end, how he came with the Romans into England, and was taken prisoner, and after revealed to Imogen, who had turned herself into man's apparel, and fled

to meet her love at Milford-Haven; and chanced to fall on the cave in the woods where her two brothers were. And how, by eating a sleeping dram, they thought she had been dead, and laid her in the woods, and the body of Cloten by her in her love's apparel; and how she was found by Lucius."

All this, to be sure, does not prove that the play was new when Forman saw it; since we know not how long it may have held its place on the stage; and the fact of its being kept out of print during the Poet's life is strong evidence that the company were interested in retaining it for performance. It appears, also, by an entry of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, that the play was acted at Court, on January 1, 1633, before King Charles I, and was "well liked by the King." Nevertheless, our own conviction is very clear that the play, as it has come down to us, was indeed fresh from the mint about the time of Forman's notice. External evidence bearing on this point, we have already implied there is none. But the play has the same general characteristics of style and imagery as *The Tempest* and *The Winter's Tale;* while perhaps no play in the whole series abounds more in those overcrammed and elliptical passages which show too great a rush and press of thought for the author's space. The poetry and characterization, also, are marked by the same severe beauty and austere sweetness, as in the other plays mentioned; while the moral sentiment of the piece comes out from time to time in just that condensed and flashing energy which indicates, to our mind, the Poet's last and highest stage of art.

Every discerning and careful student will easily perceive that some passages of *Cymbeline*, especially in the fifth act, run in a very different style from the rest of the play. We refer, of course, to that piece of dull impertinence, the vision of Posthumus in prison, his dialogue with the Jailers, and the absurd "label" found on his bosom after the vision disappeared. For nothing can well be plainer than that this whole thing is strictly impertinent: it does not

throw the least particle of light on the character or motive of any person; has indeed no business whatsoever with the action of the drama, except to hinder and embarrass it. The dialogue with the Jailers is the brightest part of it; yet even here we have, in effect, but a stupid repetition of what Posthumus has already set forth with such utterance as Shakespeare alone could give him. This ugly blemish apart, the *dénouement* is perfect, and the whole preparation for it made with consummate judgment and skill.

Nevertheless, there the passage stands, and, unsightly an old patch as it may seem, we have no doubt it was woven into the place by Shakespeare himself. It is very much in the manner of those rude and inartificial plays of an earlier time, which Shakespeare did more than anybody else, to supersede and drive out of use. This has naturally led some to consider it the relic of an older drama, perhaps one written in the Poet's youth, and in the other parts thoroughly rewritten when his powers were in their full-grown and ripened strength. But, whether retained from an earlier effort of his own, or borrowed from the work of some other hand, it must have been worked in with the nobler effluence of his genius for motives which could have no place with him as an artist. How well it was adapted to take with the vulgar taste of that day, may be judged well enough from the comparative thrift that waits on divers stupid absurdities of the stage in our time. Doubtless, in his day as in ours, there was a large majority who, for the sake of this blemishing stuff, would tolerate the glories of the play: and though, in this case at least, we cannot but wish it were otherwise, still it ought to be no prejudice to Shakespeare, that he was not inaccessible to such motives as have always largely influenced men in his line.

Cymbeline was first published in the folio of 1623, where it stands the last in the division of Tragedies, and the last in the volume. The original presents a tolerably well-printed text, with the acts and scenes duly marked, and the stage-directions remarkably full and precise.

The historical matter of Cymbeline, what there is of it, was drawn from Holinshed. The whole matter of old Belarius and the disguised princes, for aught that hath yet been discovered, was original with the Poet; the only mention of them in Holinshed being as follows: "Touching the continuance of Kymbeline's reign, some writers do vary, but the best-approved affirm that he reigned thirty-five years, and then died, leaving behind him two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus." The name of Cloten also was found among the ancient British kings; but the character and all the incidents belonging to it are without any historical basis. The part of the Queen, also, is throughout the Poet's own creation; at least, no originals of it have been brought to light. The main plot of the drama, with all that relates to Imogen, Posthumus, and Iachimo, is of fabulous origin.

What source Shakespeare directly drew from in this part of the play, is involved in some uncertainty. The chief points in the story seem to have been a sort of common property among the writers of Mediæval Romance. A general outline of the tale,—containing the husband's wager on the virtue of his wife, the successful falsehood practised by the undertaker, to persuade him of her infidelity, his seeking to avenge himself by her death, her escape, his subsequent discovery of the falsehood, the punishment of the traitor, and the reunion of the separated couple,—has been traced to two old French romances of the thirteenth century, and to a French Miracle-play of the Middle age. Brief sketches of all these are given in Mr. Collier's collection of ancient romances entitled *Shakespeare's Library*. It is remarkable that the old Miracle-play has two points of resemblance to *Cymbeline*, which have not been found elsewhere. One is, that Berengier, who answers to Iachimo, when proposing the wager, says to the husband,—"I tell you truly that I know no woman living, but if I might *speak to her twice*, at the third time I might have all my desire." So, in Act I, sc. v, of the tragedy, Iachimo says,—"With no more advantage than

the opportunity of *a second conference*, I will bring you from thence that honor of hers." The other is, that Berengier endeavors to work the lady up to a fit of jealousy and resentment by telling her,—"I come from Rome, where I left your lord, who does not value you the stalk of a cherry: he is connected with a girl for whom he has so strong a regard that he knows not how to part from her."

But the completest version of the story is in Boccaccio's *Decameron*, being the Ninth Novel of the Second Day. Here we meet with several incidents, such as the trunk used for conveying the traitor into the lady's bedchamber, his discovery of a private mark on her person, and her disguise in male attire, which establish a connection between the novel and the tragedy; though whether the Poet read Boccaccio in the original or in a translation since lost, is still uncertain. We subjoin a sketch of the story as told by the novelist:

Several Italian merchants, meeting in Paris, fell to talking freely about their wives. "I know not," said one, "how my wife behaves in my absence; but, whenever I meet with an attractive woman, I make the best I can of the opportunity." "And so do I," said another; "for whether I think my wife unfaithful or not, she will be so if she pleases." All agreed in this opinion, except Bernabo Lomellia, of Genoa, who said he had a wife perfectly beautiful, in the flower of youth, and of such chastity, that if he were absent ten years she would remain true. Thereupon a young merchant named Ambrogiulo became very facetious and loose-spoken, boasting that he would seduce this modern Lucretia, if opportunity were given him. Bernado met his boast by proposing a wager, which the other accepted.

Ambrogiulo then went to Genoa, where he soon found that Ginevra had not been overpraised, and that his wager would be lost, unless he could prevail by some stratagem. Accidentally meeting with a poor servant-woman of Ginevra's, he bribed her to his purpose; and she, pretend-

ing absence for a few days, begged the lady to take charge of a large chest till her return: she consented, and the chest was placed in her bed-chamber. The lady having retired for the night, when she was fast asleep, with a taper burning in the chamber, Ambrogiulo crept from his lurking-place, made a careful survey of the room, the furniture, and pictures; then approached the bed, looking eagerly for some mark on her person, and at last discovered a mole and a tuft of golden hair on her left breast. Then, taking a ring, a purse, and other trifles, he crept back into the chest, where he stayed till the third day, when the woman returned, and had the chest carried home.

On his return to Paris, the villain called together those who were present at the laying of the wager, produced before them the stolen trinkets, calling them gifts from the lady, and gave an account of the room and its contents. Bernabo said his account was correct, and that the purse and the ring belonged to his wife; but that all this might have been obtained from some of her servants, and therefore it did not make good his claim to the wager. Then the other said,—"The proofs I have given ought to suffice; but as you require more, I will silence your doubts: Ginevra has a mole on her left breast." Bernabo showed at once by his looks that this was true, and soon acknowledged it in words; then paid the wager, and started for Italy. Arriving near home, he sent for his wife, and gave secret orders to have her put to death on the road. The servant stopped in a lonely place, and told her of his master's orders: she protested her innocence of any crime against her husband, besought the compassion of the servant, and promised to hide herself in some distant abode. He spared her life, and returned with some of her clothes, saying he had killed her.

Ginevra then disguised herself in man's apparel, and became the servant of a Catalonian gentleman, who took her to Alexandria. Here she was so fortunate as to gain the favor of the Sultan, who took her into his service, and made her captain of the guard. Not long after, she

was sent with a band of soldiers to Acre, where, being in the shop of a Venetian merchant, she saw a purse and girdle which she recognized as her own. On her asking whose they were, and whether they were for sale, Ambrogiulo, who had arrived with a stock of merchandise, stepped forth and said they were his, and begged her, since she admired them, to accept them as a gift. She asked him why he smiled. He replied, that the purse and girdle were presents to him from a married lady of Genoa; and that he smiled at the folly of her husband, who had laid five thousand florins against one that his wife's virtue was incorruptible.

The conduct of her husband was now explained to her. She feigned pleasure at the story, and persuaded the villain to go with her to Alexandria. Her next care was, to have her husband brought thither, who was now in great distress. Then she prevailed on the Sultan to force from Ambrogiulo a public recital of his whole course of villainy; whereupon Bernabo owned that he had caused his wife to be murdered, in the belief of her guilt with Ambrogiulo. "You see," said she to the Sultan, "how little cause the lady had to be proud either of her gallant or her husband. If you, my lord, will punish the deceiver and pardon the deceived, the lady shall appear in your presence." The Sultan assenting, she then fell at his feet, and, throwing off her disguise, declared herself to be Ginevra: the mole on her breast soon put an end to all doubt of the fact. The villain was then put to death, and his great wealth given to Ginevra. The Sultan made her a princely gift of jewels and money, furnished a ship, and suffered her and Bernabo to depart for Genoa.

There is also a vulgarized and mutilated English version of the same tale, which places the scene in England, in the reign of Henry VI, and makes all the persons Englishmen. It was published in a book called *Westward for Smelts*, and was entitled "The Tale told by the Fishwife of the Stand on the Green." Malone and some others too hastily concluded this to have been the piece used by Shake-

speare, supposing it to have been first printed in 1603. But no copy of that date, or of any earlier date than 1620, has been seen or heard of, and an entry of it at the Stationers' in January, 1620, seems to establish that it had not been published before that time. Besides, it varies from Boccaccio's tale in some points wherein the tragedy agrees with it, as in making the villain conceal himself under the lady's bed, instead of using a chest, and in leaving out the item of the mole: so that, even granting it to have been published early enough, still it would not quite answer the purpose.

Those who have undertaken to reform the original classification of Shakespeare's plays, have been something at loss, apparently, what to do with *Cymbeline*. As already seen, it has somewhat of historical matter; but the history is so slight, and, withal, so manifestly neither forms nor guides the plot, but merely, as in case of *Macbeth*, subserves it, that the play cannot with any show of propriety be called an historical drama. Then, the predominant tone of feeling carries too much of tragic earnestness and intensity to permit the regarding it as a comedy, while at the same time there is not enough of tragical impression in the incidents and the catastrophe to warrant the calling it a tragedy. Perhaps it may be taken as proof that the Gothic drama, like the Gothic architecture, is naturally capable of more variety than can be embraced within the ordinary rules of dramatic classification. Hazlitt describes it as a "dramatic romance," and this description probably fits it as well as any that can be given. At all events, certain it is, that the play has just enough of historical or traditionary matter to give it a legendary character, while the general scope and structure of the piece admit and even invite the freest playing-in of whatsoever is wild and wonderful and enchanting in old romance. By throwing the scene back into the reign of a semi-fabulous king, the Poet was enabled to cast around the work an air of historical dignity, and yet frame the whole in perfect keeping with the deep, solemn, and all but tragic pathos which

sets and regulates the harmonies of the piece. A confusion of times, places, and manners, with the ceremonial of old mythology and the sentiments of Christian chivalry, the heroic deeds of earlier, and the liberal ideas of later periods, blended together without restraint and in the order merely of inherent fitness; the play is of course replete with improbable incidents; yet the improbability is everywhere softened by distance, and even made grateful by the romantic sweetness, the sober wisdom, and the pathetic tenderness, that still spring up fresh and free in its course. All which may sufficiently account for the strong sentence some have put in against this "marvelous drama," as Ulrici justly calls it; and also of the equally strong and far wiser judgment of the poet Campbell, who regards this play as "perhaps the fittest in Shakespeare's whole theater to illustrate the principle, that great dramatic genius can occasionally venture on bold improbabilities, and yet not only shrive the offense, but leave us enchanted with the offender."

One can scarce help regarding the title of this play as a misnomer. For Cymbeline himself is so far from being the center of action and interest, that we care little or nothing for him, save as related, personally and dramatically, to Imogen, in whom the whole interest of the play centers, and whose presence, virtual or actual, fills every part of it. Notwithstanding, Ulrici, the German critic, who at least is not easy to beat in the making out of a case, maintains the appropriateness of the title. His argument is worth quoting for its ingenuity, if for nothing else. "Cymbeline," says he, "the husband, the father, and the king, whom the miseries of all the other parts more or less remotely affect, in whom the rays of the large circle converge again, around whom all revolves, forms, as it were, the quiescent center of motion, which, however passive and latent, regulates the fortunes of all, and is influenced by them. The drama, therefore, justly takes its name from him."

Schlegel pronounces *Cymbeline* "one of Shakespeare's

most wonderful compositions." Few will deny that he has chosen the right word for the impression which the play leaves strongest in the mind. Less grand and lofty in design than the Poet's great tragedies, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Lear*, and *Othello*, it scarce falls behind any of them in grace and power of execution. One cannot easily conceive how a finer and more varied display of poetry and character could be reduced within the same compass. We have already touched upon the improbability of some of the incidents. But it should be observed that the most improbable of these, excepting the vision in Act V, were borrowed from general circulation and belief. The story containing them, cast into divers forms, was a popular favorite throughout the then better part of Europe; and in this case their improbability has been much alleviated by the Poet's art, and by the home breathings of nature that wait upon them. The incidents being granted, Shakespeare's ordering of them to his use and purpose, the whole framing and management of the plot so as to work out the proposed result, are certainly most skillful and judicious; insomuch that he may be fairly said to have shown as much of judgment here, as of genius in the richly-varied poetry and character of the drama. Of course the leading purpose of the play is to be sought for in the character of Imogen. Around this, however, are ranged a number of subordinate purposes, running out into a large diversity of matter and person; yet all are set off with such artful blendings and transitions of light and shade, and grouped with such mastery of perspective, and such picturesque effect, that the very diversity serves but to deepen the impression of unity.

It is worth special noting how the constancy of the heroine, in the trial and proof of which the whole play takes its form and process, seems to have infused its spirit into the other parts. All the persons are equally set in their respective courses; the Queen in her intriguing malignity, the King in his self-blinded dotage, Cloten in urging on his love-suit, Pisanio in his fidelity of service, Belarius in

his resentment, Iachimo in his treachery, and Posthumus in his quest of death. All these persons, too, have each their several plot; each is forecasting and scheming for some end which can only be reached by thwarting another; so that the groundwork of the drama presents little else than a series of counter-plottings. And all are defeated in their turn, and, what is more, the final result is brought about by their defeat; as if on purpose to illustrate again and again, that men are not the masters of their own lot; and that while they are each intent on their several plans, a higher Power is secretly working out other plans through them. Accordingly, if the bad thrive for awhile, it is that they may at last be the more effectually caught and crushed in their own toils; if the good are at first cast down, it is that they may be uplifted in the end, and "happier much by their affliction made." And so, while the drama is bristling throughout with resolves and deeds, yet all of them miscarry, all of them fail. It is the very prevalence, in part, of what we call chance over human design, that gives the work such a wild, romantic, and legendary character; making the impression of some supernatural power putting to confusion the works of men, that its own agency may be the more manifest in the order that finally succeeds.

In Imogen not a single trait or line of female excellence is omitted. As if on purpose for the better depicting of a perfect wife, the Poet keeps her out of the other relations through most of the play. Already a wife when we first see her, she acts but little in any other quality; yet in this one she appears herself the mistress of all womanly perfections, such as would make glad the heart and life of whoever stood in any relationship with her. That her attractions may the more appear as in herself, not in the feeling of others, that is, in her character, not in her sex, the latter is hidden from those about her: yet, without any of the advantages that would arise from its being known what she is; disrobed of all the poetry and religion with which every right-minded man invests the presence of

womanhood; still she kindles a deep, holy affection in every one that meets with her. Hazlitt, with characteristic liveliness and obliquity of criticism, says,—"Posthumus is only interesting from the interest she takes in him, and she is only interesting herself from her tenderness and constancy to her husband." If this be true, how is it that she so wins and wears the hearts of those who know not nor suspect what she is? Why should wise and reverend manhood exclaim at the sight of her,—"Behold divineness no elder than a boy!" In truth, the "sweet rosy lad," and the "page so kind, so duteous, diligently," is hardly less interesting, though in a different sort, than the lady, the princess, and the wife. But is it to us, not to the other persons of the drama, that she is "interesting only from her tenderness and constancy to her husband?" Nay, much of the interest we take in her as a woman and a wife springs from the feelings kindled in others towards her as a sad, sweet, lovely boy. But, if the meaning be, that it is only while acting in the quality of a wife that she interests us; of this there can be no question, for we scarce see her acting in any other. Indeed, so far from just is the remark quoted, that there is perhaps no character in Shakespeare more apt to inspire one with the sentiment,—

> "What joy to hear thee, and to see!
> Thy elder brother I would be,
> Thy father, any thing to thee."

Imogen has all the intelligence of Portia in *The Merchant of Venice*, without any of Portia's effort or art. Portia is always trying to be wise, and always succeeds; Imogen has at least equal success without trying: and her wisdom is better than Portia's inasmuch as, seated more in the heart than in the head, and springing rather from nature than from reflection, it comes forth so freely and spontaneously that she herself takes no thought of it. It is this inward framing and tuning of the heart to the harmonies of truth that enables her to anticipate as by instinct the wisdom that comes to others only by large and

ripe experience. For it may well be observed, that in her moral reflections Imogen is wise far beyond any capabilities of the mere intellect.

And she is as spirited, withal, as intelligent, whenever duty bids or permits her to be so. Her anger is hard indeed to arouse, but woe to the man that does arouse it. Notwithstanding her sharp trials and vexations, though pursued by cunning malice "hourly coining plots" and "sprighted by a fool," the calm sweetness of her temper is ruffled but twice, and that is when duty to her husband and to herself requires it. In both cases her anger is like a flash of lightning, brief, but sure. Not even Cloten's iron stomach is proof against her scorching strokes when her spirit is up. There is no mistaking her meaning, when she speaks, every word goes right to the spot; and her quick keen rebuffs crack on the feelings and sting like a whip.

Of her personal beauty we never think at all save when others are speaking of it. And the reason seems to be, partly because she wears it so unconsciously herself, partly because, when she is before us, the radiance of her person is quenched in that of her mind and character; she so fills the inner eye, that what touches the outer is scarce heeded more than if it were not. And it is much the same with her disguise: we take no thought of it, because she takes none. For it is remarkable that she shows no fear and makes no effort, either, like Rosaline, lest she should betray her sex to others, or, like Viola, lest she should wrong it to herself. The outward proprieties of her sex are indeed exquisitely preserved; yet she seems no more conscious of doing this than of the circulation of her blood. Her thoughts and feelings are all intent on higher matters, and such is her command of our sympathies, that for the time being she empties our minds of every thing but what is in her own.

But it is needless to dwell upon, it is impossible to exhaust the beauty of this delineation. The whole play is full of the divinest poetry, and it is nearly all inspired by Imogen,

except what she herself utters and is. Other of the Poet's heroines are equal, perhaps superior, in the conception; but none of them is carried out with such sustained force and wealth of development: she is all or nearly all that a woman can be or ought to be, and we are given to see and feel all that she is. Perhaps she does not strike the imagination quite so enchantingly as Miranda, nor the heart quite so profoundly as Cordelia; but she goes near to make up the account, in that she unites, as far as seems possible, the interest of both.

The design of the play evidently required that Posthumus should be kept in the background. For he could not be in the foreground without staying beside Imogen; staying there, he could not be cheated out of his faith in her; in which case there would be no chance for the trial and proof of her constancy. Hence the necessity of putting so much respecting him into the mouths of the other persons; and certainly their tongues are rich enough in praise of him. It was no easy thing to carry him through the part assigned him in the play, without disqualifying overmuch the lady's judgment in choosing him; and the Poet manifestly labors somewhat to plant such second-hand impressions of him as may secure the vindication of her choice in our thoughts. For he clearly meant that her wisdom and insight, as approved in other things, should serve to us as a pledge and guaranty of his worth; that "by her election should be truly read what kind of man he is." And not the least of his merits as an artist is the skill he has in making his characters so utter themselves as at the same time to mirror one another. And so here, being forced either to withdraw Posthumus from our immediate view, or else to set him before us in a somewhat unfavorable light, the best thing he could do, was to give us a reflection of him from Imogen; and if that reflection, confirmed as it is by others, be not enough, there was no help for it; it was the best that the nature of the case admitted of. And surely it were something bold in any man to wage his own judgment in a matter of this kind against

such a woman's as Imogen; for, as Campbell says, "she hallows to the imagination every thing that loves her, and that she loves in return."

Still we can hardly keep quit of the suspicion, that his high credit with her and others is partly owing to the presence of such a foil as Cloten, in comparison with whom he is an angel of a man indeed. And at all events one cannot choose but wish that the Poet had made him hold out a little more firmly against the forged or stolen evidences of his wife's infidelity, and keep his faith at least till the last and strongest item was produced. It is observable, that the Poet represents his very fullness of confidence at first as rendering him all the more liable to the reverse in the contingency that is to arrive: because he is perfectly sure that no proofs of success can be shown by Iachimo, therefore, when some such proofs *are* shown, he falls the more readily into the opposite state. And this, undoubtedly, is in the right line of nature. For to shake the confidence of such a man in such a case is to invert it all into distrust at once. The character of Posthumus is crowned with a liberal measure of redemption in the latter part of the play. After his revenge, as he believes, has been taken, his exceeding bitterness of remorse and penitence turn our revenge into pity; for his experience presses home to our hearts as well as his own, that, "though those who are betray'd do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor stands in worse case of woe"; and his persevering quest of death finally repeals the feeling which we should otherwise be apt to have, that death were none too bad for him.

Cloten is a very notable instance of a man or a thing, with not merely a loose screw in the gearing, but with all the screws loose. His character reminds us of nothing so much as the description of Desborough in Woodstock: "His limbs seemed to act upon different and contradictory principles. They were not, as the play says, in a concatenation accordingly: the right hand moved as if it were on bad terms with the left, and the legs showed an inclination to foot it in different and opposite directions." Pre-

cisely so it is with Cloten's mind. There are the materials of a man in him, but they are not made up: his whole being seems a mass of unhingement, disorder, and jumble, full of unaccountable jerks and twitches: the several parts of him hold no mutual intercourse or intelligence, but appear set at incurable odds one with another, each having a will and a way of its own, so that no two of them can pull or strike together. Hence the excruciating, though at the same time laughable, unfitness of all that he does, and most that he speaks. He has indeed a reasonable gift of practical shrewdness, is not without frequent flashes of strong and ready sense; yet even these, through his overweening self-importance of rank and place, only serve to invest him all the more with the air of a conceited, blustering, consequential booby. It is very curious to observe how his vein of pithy and sententious remark goes to heighten the ridiculousness of his character, from the Saint-Vitus'-Dance of mind, so to speak, through which it comes sprawling out. Therewithal, he is rude, coarse, boisterous, vain, insolent, ambitious, malignant. Thus rendered ludicrous by whatsoever is best in him, and rendered frightful by whatsoever is not ludicrous; savage in feeling, awkward in person, absurd in manners; he is of course just the last man that any lady of sense or sensibility could be brought to endure. His calling Imogen an "imperceiverant thing," for not appreciating his superiority to Posthumus in the qualities that invite a lady's respect and affection, aptly illustrates the refined irony with which the character is drawn.

The character of Cloten was for a long time thought to be out of nature and monstrous. But Miss Seward tells us, in one of her letters, that he is the exact prototype of a man she once knew: "The unmeaning frown of the countenance; the shuffling gait; the burst of speaking; the bustling insignificance; the fever-and-ague fits of valor; the froward tetchiness; the unprincipled malice; and, what is most curious, the occasional gleams of good sense amid the floating clouds of folly which generally darkened and

confused the man's brain, and which, in Cloten, we are apt to impute to a violation of unity of character;—but in the sometime Captain C——n I saw the portrait of Cloten was not out of nature." All which would seem to infer that in this instance Shakespeare made the original, and nature imitated him!

The part of Iachimo illustrates, though not on a very large scale, Shakespeare's peculiar science and learned dealing in the moral constitution of man. At our first meeting with Iachimo, he is in just that stage of moral sickness, that he must be worse before he can be better; and in his sharp practice on the wager his disease reaches the extreme point which, even because it is extreme, starts a process of moral revolution within him; setting him to a hard diet of remorse and repentance, and conducting him through these to renovation and health. So that his treachery is one of those large over-doses of crime which sometimes have the effect of purging off men's criminality. Such is the cunning leechcraft of nature: out of men's vices she hatches scorpions to lash and sting them into virtue.

Those who think poetry dwells more in the palace than the cottage, and that Shakespeare is apt to postpone the rights of untitled manhood in favor of conventional aristocracy, may be sent to school to Pisanio; who is, socially, the humblest person in the drama, yet his being is "all compact" of essential heroism. His action shows not one self-regarding thought or purpose: he alone seems to live and breathe purely for others. And what shrewdness, what forecast, what fertility of beneficence there is in him! His character is lifted into the highest region of poetry by his oblivion of self; and even those whom he serves derive much of their poetry from his self-forgetting, incorruptible loyalty to them.

In the two princes the Poet again shows his preference of the innate to the acquired; if indeed one may venture to affirm what is due to nature, and what to art, in a place where have fallen the instructions of the veteran sage and

hero whom they call father. From the lips of old Belarius they have drunk in the lore of wisdom and virtue: all their nobler aptitudes have been fed and nurtured alike by the stories of his life and by the influences of their mountain home. What they hear from him only makes them desire to be like him when they are old; and this desire prompts them to go where he has been, see what he has seen, and do as he has done. So that all his arguments for keeping them withdrawn from the world are refuted by his own character; they cannot rest away from scenes where such treasures grow. The wisdom of experience in him and the wisdom of nature in them are both equally beautiful in their way, both equally becoming in their place; and if they have been to him the best of materials to work upon, he has been to them the best of workmen. Except themselves, truth, piety, gentleness, heroism, are the only inmates of their rocky dwelling. Love and reverence, the principles of whatsoever is greatest and best in human character, have sprung up in their breasts in healthy, happy proportion, and indissolubly wedded themselves to the simple and majestic forms of nature around them. And how inexpressibly tender and sweet the pathos that mingles in their solemnities round the tomb of their gentle visitor, supposed to be dead! But, indeed, of these forest scenes it is impossible to speak with any sort of justice. And we cannot tell whether the "holy witchcraft" of these scenes be owing more to the heroic veteran, the two princely boys, or the "fair youth" that has strayed amongst them,

> "A lovely apparition, sent
> To be a moment's ornament."

It is hardly too much to say, that whatsoever is most beautiful elsewhere in the Poet, is imaged here in happier beauty. And when the youthful dwellers in the mountain and the rock, awed and melted by the occasion, weep and warble over the grave of that "blessed thing" that seems to

have dropped down from heaven merely to win their love and vanish; one would think the scene must, as Schlegel says, "give to the most deadened imagination a new life for poetry."

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

IMOGEN

It is true that the conjugal tenderness of Imogen is at once the chief subject of the drama, and the pervading charm of her character; but it is not true, I think, that she is merely interesting from her tenderness and constancy to her husband. We are so completely let into the essence of Imogen's nature, that we feel as if we had known and loved her before she was married to Posthumus, and that her conjugal virtues are a charm superadded, like the color laid upon a beautiful groundwork. Neither does it appear to me, that Posthumus is unworthy of Imogen, or only interesting on Imogen's account. His character, like those of all the other persons of the drama, is kept subordinate to hers: but this could not be otherwise, for she is the proper subject—the heroine of the poem. Everything is done to ennoble Posthumus, and justify her love for him; and though we certainly approve him more for her sake than for his own, we are early prepared to view him with Imogen's eyes; and not only excuse, but sympathize in her admiration of one

> Who sat 'mongst men like a descended god.
> . . . . . .
> Who lived in court, which it is rare to do,
> Most praised, most loved:
> A sample to the youngest; to the more mature,
> A glass that feated them.

And with what beauty and delicacy is her conjugal and matronly character discriminated! Her love for her husband is as deep as Juliet's for her lover, but without any

of that headlong vehemence, that fluttering amid hope, fear, and transport—that giddy intoxication of heart and sense, which belongs to the novelty of passion, which we feel once, and but once, in our lives. We see her love for Posthumus acting upon her mind with the force of an habitual feeling, heightened by enthusiastic passion, and hallowed by the sense of duty. She asserts and justifies her affection with energy indeed, but with a calm and wife-like dignity.—JAMESON, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

Posthumus impresses us, not as a favorite of the gods, but as a man whose penitence is as unbridled and excessive as his blind passion. Far other is the case of Imogen. In her perfection is indeed attained. She is the noblest and most adorable womanly figure Shakespeare has ever drawn, and at the same time the most various. He has drawn spiritual women before her—Desdemona, Cordelia—but the secret of their being could be expressed in two words. He has also drawn brilliant women—Beatrice, Rosalind—whereas Imogen is not brilliant at all. Nevertheless she is designed and depicted as incomparable among her sex—"she is alone the Arabian bird." We see her in the most various situations, and she is equal to them all. We see her exposed to trial after trial, each harder than the last, and she emerges from them all, not only scatheless, but with her rare and enchanting qualities thrown into ever stronger relief.—BRANDES, *William Shakespeare.*

POSTHUMUS

Posthumus, highly endowed, refined and sensitive, is in directest contrast in most respects to Cymbeline, his father-in-law, and yet participates in the characteristic weakness of want of balance between intellect and passion which renders him the prey of treacherous and calumnious malice.

The eulogies upon him with which the play opens, and that excite the envy of Iachimo afterwards, are no more

than are due to the excellencies and capacities of his nature; but the crudeness of the inexperienced islander is still about him, and he is no match for the serpent guile of an Italian liar and slanderer who works upon him against his better sense, until he is a party to a wager that no circumstances and no conditions can palliate or justify. Something of simplicity mingles with the frankness of both husband and wife, and therein also are they sympathetic; though the husband is less pardonable. It is a grievous fault that he accepts so disgraceful a challenge, and argues defective acumen that he does not discern base motive when it is put upon the footing of a wager for his priceless diamond. Imogen at first seems quicker in detecting the serpent by his glistening eye when she repels the tempter; but in truth she is little wiser, and is as inconsiderate in putting any trust in the beguiling Italian afterwards, as her husband in making covenants of honor with one so self-convicted of baseness and mean thoughts. When the revulsion comes, the heart of Posthumus is still more nearly right than his judgment, and while he expresses repentance for his precipitate cruelty to Imogen, he continues in the belief that she was guilty. The slander of Iachimo springs up again in the bosom of Imogen, and when she reads her husband's command to kill her, she ascribes it to the seduction of some painted jay of Italy.

The poet, it must be said, struggles manfully to countervail the repulsiveness of the wager that was a condition of his plot, by giving Posthumus the benefit of every excuse that could come from provocation and the dexterity of his assailant, both in seducing him to the contract and deceiving him as to the result; but the repulsiveness still remains, for it is essential and inseparable, and all that remained was to supply another group to relieve by more hearty interest, and to withdraw some attention from the wretchedness of the story by interest in the ingenuity—and this is quite unrivalled, of its progress and elucidation.—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

THE QUEEN

Imogen's step-mother, the Queen and wife of Cymbeline, is a strong-minded woman, who "bears all down with her brain." She rules the king by force or craft, and has arranged to marry Imogen to her own shallow-pated son Cloten. This ancestress of all the plotting step-mothers carries poison in her heart: her relatives may expect to find it in their food; for she is curious in distilling the essences of noxious herbs, under a scientific pretext to watch their effects in creatures not worth the hanging. But the compound that is ostensibly for rats is intended to dispossess Imogen of all her watchful liegemen, including her husband; and then, after getting her married to Cloten, the "mortal mineral" was meant to waste the King by inches to a grave that should be a royal footstool for her son.

Now the King has no suspicion of the simmering deviltry that he embraced. When all her projects are discovered, he exclaims,—

> "O most delicate fiend!
> Who is't can read a woman?"

Not he, certainly; for he had been fooled in the time-honored way of crafty women.

> "Mine eyes
> Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
> Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
> That thought her like her seeming."

At the point of death, she confessed to her physician the whole of her unsexed intent. She never loved the King as Lady Macbeth loved her lord, but only affected the greatness got by him: she was wife to his place, but abhorred his person. Who but a woman could play that game with such an air of jaunty probability that invested her blackest kisses! Imogen's husband was a scorpion to her, ranked among the vermin which she meant to kill for pastime. And she purposed to lull the King into security by "watching, weeping, tendance, kissing," while her poi-

son was vacating his throne. At the last, she only repented that the evils she hatched were not effected, "so, despairing, died," a martyr to an unfulfilled ideal. She is really the Lady Macbeth of the popular conception, being fiendlike from ambition. It would not have been Shakespearean if such a woman had been duplicated to furnish a wife to Macbeth. One hated with all her baffled spite, and the other loved with all her heart, her King.—Weiss, *Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare.*

BELARIUS

When the sons of Cymbeline were yet in their infancy, there dwelt at his court a faithful and famous warrior, named Belarius, who by valuable services had deserved the favor and love of his prince. Suddenly Cymbeline's anger fell upon the guiltless man; calumny deprived him of the royal favor; two villains swore falsely that he had entered into a treacherous league with the Romans, and Cymbeline banishes him and robs him of his possessions. The soldier, grown old in the service of the world, could not quietly suffer this punishment for his fidelity; he took the unmerited disgrace as a warrant for revenge, carried off the two sons of Cymbeline, with their nurse, married her, and brought up the boys as his own children in a solitary cavern in a forest. Here the old warrior, who formerly had not "paid pious debts to heaven," becomes a gentle hermit, and endeavors in this wilderness to educate two worthy royal youths for their country. Experience had taught him that "the gates of monarchs are arched so high" that they make men impious against God and nature, that no one can keep himself pure in the high places of life, in courts and in cities, amidst the worldly impulses of usury, ambition, and false thirst for glory; that the art of the court in the world in its present condition cannot easily be renounced, but for the soul's good it were better to be unknown. Embittered by the corruption of the world, he thinks to do the greatest service to the ungrateful and

weak king by keeping the boys free and far from it, bringing them up in the pious worship of nature, warning them of the danger of intercourse with the world by images from nature, showing them the sweetness of retired humble life, and praising the beetle as safer than the eagle.—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

CLOTEN

Beside this lout, the other rejected wooers in Shakspere's plays, Aguecheek, Slender, and Roderigo, show like gallants of the finest water. Asinine though they be, they have the saving grace of disbelief in their own capacities, but Cloten is a bullying coxcomb, insanely puffed up by his sudden elevation to princely rank. He goes in constant fear of doing something that will be a "derogation" to his novel dignity, and his version of *noblesse oblige* is summed up in the words, "it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors." At bowls and cards, which are his chief occupations, his anxiety is to win the stakes, and it is in a similarly mercenary spirit that he pays court to Imogen. His amorous tactics are as inept as the rest of his conduct. He wakes her with a serenade because he has been "advised to give her music o' mornings," and with brazen effrontery tries to bribe one of her waiting women to be his accomplice. Imogen meets his advances with a studied attempt at politeness till he begins to abuse Posthumus as "a base slave, a hilding for a livery," whereupon, angered beyond control, she retorts in kind, and ends with the scathing outburst,

> "His meanest garment
> That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
> In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
> Were they all made such men."

—BOAS, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

CHARACTERS OF THE PLAY

In sharp contrast to her [Imogen], we have, on the one hand, the Queen, and on the other Iachimo, the cunning, intriguing deceiver, who is corrected by the deep misery which he prepares for others and for himself. Belarius, however, whose first intentions were only revenge and destruction, has unconsciously and involuntarily saved the two princes from the Queen's clutches, and, contrary to his original plan—which he was unable to carry out in opposition to his own better nature—has trained them into splendid youths in every way worthy of being rulers; this at the same time determines the happy close of his own life. Pisanio, the faithful, honest servant, has always the intention of doing good, but, owing to his thorough measures, brings suffering and peril upon those whom it was his endeavor to save and reunite. Cymbeline, lastly, the husband, father and king—who is more or less directly affected by the complications in the lives of all the others, hence as it were, the point where all the radii of the wide circle meet, and from which they in the first instance proceed, and upon whom everything turns although he himself appears the least active—he forms the quiescent center of the action, and in his undutiful lassitude and passiveness regulates the fortunes of all, but is ultimately obliged to take all their fortunes upon himself. The drama, therefore, very justly bears his name.—Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

FAULTS OF THE PLAY

Cymbeline, the story of which is made out of scraps of Holinshed and a tale of Boccaccio, is almost ruined by its plot. It is not the anachronisms that matter—though this is the most freely and wildly anachronistic of all Shakespeare's plays—but the monstrous conduct of Posthumus makes his final reconciliation with Imogen unpleasant to regard closely, while the conversion of Iachimo is merely

childish.—Seccombe and Allen, *The Age of Shakespeare.*

DEFECTS AND BEAUTIES

In *Cymbeline* the plot is weak, incidents are unreal, anachronisms are abundant, the conduct of Posthumus is sometimes inexplicable, and one character at least is spoiled by the poet's determination to bring forth good from evil. I mean the character of Iachimo; even villainy should not be made ridiculous in perfect drama, but Iachimo's repentance and forgiveness is ridiculous. All these defects we grant, and having granted them, admit as freely the truth, beauty and charm of the play. These are secured chiefly by the character of Imogen, the most perfect woman in Shakespeare; a wife, as the perfect woman should be; young, as best befits the ideal of woman,—and all else that the ideal implies and reality adores—lovely, perfectly heroic, quick-witted, accomplished, refined, long-suffering, tender.—Luce, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

THE CONCLUSION

The conclusion of Cymbeline has been lauded because it is consistent with *poetical justice.* Those who adopt this species of reasoning look very imperfectly upon the course of real events in the moral world. It is permitted, for inscrutable purposes, that the innocent should sometimes fall before the wicked, and the noble be subjected to the base. In the same way, it is sometimes in the course of events that the pure and the gentle should triumph over deceit and outrage. The perishing of Desdemona is as *true* as the safety of Imogen; and the poetical truth involves as high a moral in the one case as in the other. That Shakspere's notion of poetical justice was not the hackneyed notion of an intolerant age, reflected even by a Boccaccio, is shown by the difference in the lot of the offender in the Italian tale and the lot of Iachimo. The Ambrogiolo of the novelist, who slanders a virtuous lady for the gain of a

wager, is fastened to a stake, smeared with honey, and left to be devoured by flies and locusts. The close of our dramatist's story is perfect Shakspere.—KNIGHT, *Pictorial Shakspere.*

SHAKESPEARE'S HEROINES

It is the peculiar excellence of Shakespear's heroines, that they seem to exist only in their attachment to others. They are pure abstractions of the affections. We think as little of their persons as they do themselves, because we are let into the secrets of their hearts, which are more important. We are too much interested in their affairs to stop to look at their faces, except by stealth and at intervals. No one ever hit the true perfection of the female character, the sense of weakness leaning on the strength of its affections for support, so well as Shakespear —no one ever so well painted natural tenderness free from affectation and disguise—no one else ever so well showed how delicacy and timidity, when driven to extremity, grow romantic and extravagant; for the romance of his heroines (in which they abound) is only an excess of the habitual prejudices of their sex, scrupulous of being false to their vows, truant to their affections, and taught by the force of feeling when to forego the forms of propriety for the essence of it. His women were in this respect exquisite logicians; for there is nothing so logical as passion. They knew their own minds exactly; and only followed up a favorite purpose, which they had sworn to with their tongues, and which was engraven on their hearts, into its untoward consequences. They were the prettiest little set of martyrs and confessors on record.—HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

CYMBELINE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CYMBELINE, *king of Britain*
CLOTEN, *son to the Queen by a former husband*
POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, *a gentleman, husband to Imogen*
BELARIUS, *a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan*
GUIDERIUS, } *sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of*
ARVIRAGUS, } *Polydore and Cadwal, supposed sons to Morgan*
PHILARIO, *friend to Posthumus,* } *Italians*
IACHIMO, *friend to Philario,* }
CAIUS LUCIUS, *General of the Roman forces*
PISANIO, *servant to Posthumus*
CORNELIUS, *a physician*
A Roman Captain
Two British Captains
A Frenchman, friend to Philario
Two Lords of Cymbeline's court
Two Gentlemen of the same
Two Jailers

Queen, *wife to Cymbeline*
IMOGEN, *daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen*
HELEN, *a lady attending on Imogen*

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Soothsayer, a Dutchman, a Spaniard, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants

Apparitions

SCENE: *Britain: Rome*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Posthumus, an English gentleman, marries Imogen, daughter of Cymbeline, king of Britain, without her father's consent. For this he is banished by the angry king. He goes to Rome and there meets an Italian named Iachimo, who wagers that he will dishonor Imogen. Posthumus accepts the wager, for he has implicit confidence in his wife. The Italian does not succeed in open overtures to Imogen and decides to use underhand methods to win his bet.

ACT II

He has himself carried secretly in a trunk to Imogen's bedroom, and while she sleeps he notes everything in the room and slips off her arm a bracelet which Posthumus gave her when he went away. By means of this bracelet and the description he is able to give of her room, Iachimo convinces the husband of his wife's unfaithfulness.

ACT III

Posthumus sends a request to his friend, Pisanio, to slay Imogen, but he, instead of doing as Posthumus wishes and believing in the lady's innocence, persuades her to attire herself in male apparel and to go in search of her husband. As she is passing through Wales she stops for rest and refreshment at a cave in which lives Belarius, with two young men. This Belarius is a nobleman who had been unjustly banished by the king years before and in revenge had kidnapped the two little sons of the king. Although

these lads had grown up in ignorance of their identity and are also unaware of who their guest may be, they are strongly attracted to her and welcome her with great joy.

ACT IV

While Imogen is sleeping within the cave, her step-brother Cloten arrives without in pursuit of her, and he is slain and beheaded in combat with one of the princes. Imogen's sleep is so deep that her companions believe her dead and lay her body and that of Cloten side by side in the woods, and lightly cover them with leaves and flowers. When Imogen awakes, she mistakes the body beside her for that of Posthumus. Grief-stricken, she takes service with a Roman general who is invading England.

ACT V

Iachimo and Posthumus have accompanied this army to Britain, but Posthumus leaves it to fight for the king, and in the disguise of a peasant does valiant service in the battle which follows the invasion. Belarius and the two princes also fight bravely for Cymbeline, and when the Romans are defeated, the king restores Belarius to favor. The latter restores to their father the long-missing princes. Both Imogen and Iachimo are among the prisoners taken by the English. The latter confesses his villainy and Imogen reveals her identity to her father. Posthumus is also forgiven and his wife restored to him.

CYMBELINE

ACT FIRST

SCENE I

Britain. The garden of Cymbeline's palace.

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king.
Sec. Gent. But what 's the matter?
First Gent. His daughter, and the heir of 's kingdom, whom
He purposed to his wife's sole son—a widow
That late he married—hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: she 's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though I think the king
Be touched at very heart.
Sec. Gent. None but the king? 10

3. *"does the king"*; Tyrwhitt's conjecture; Ff., *"do's the kings"*; Hanmer, *"do the king's."*—I. G.
6. *"referr'd herself"*; committed her destiny.—C. H. H.

First Gent. He that hath lost her too: so is the queen,
That most desired the match: but not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.
Sec. Gent. And why so?
First Gent. He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish'd, is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think
So fair an outward and such stuff within
Endows a man but he.
Sec. Gent. You speak him far.
First Gent. I do extend him, sir, within himself,
Crush him together rather than unfold
His measure duly.
Sec. Gent. What 's his name and birth?
First Gent. I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honor
Against the Romans with Cassibelan,
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom

22. *"compare"*; compare himself with him.—C. H. H.
27. *"his measure duly"*; the meaning is, my praise, however extreme it may appear, is less than the truth warrants: I rather stop short of his merits, than go the full length of them.—H. N. H.
31. *"Tenantius"* was the father of Cymbeline, and the son of Lud.

He served with glory and admired success,
So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who in the wars o' the time
Died with their swords in hand; for which their father,
Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow
That he quit being, and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceased
As he was born. The king he takes the babe
To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus,
Breeds him and makes him of his bed-chamber:
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd,
And in 's spring became a harvest: lived in court—
Which rare it is to do—most praised, most loved:
A sample to the youngest, to the more mature
A glass that feated them, and to the graver
A child that guided dotards; to his mistress,

On the death of Lud, his younger brother, Cassibelan, took the throne, to the exclusion of the lineal heir. Cassibelan repulsed the Romans on their first invasion, but was vanquished on their second, and agreed to pay an annual tribute to Rome. After his death, his nephew Tenantius was established on the throne. Some authorities tell us that he quietly paid the tribute stipulated by his usurping uncle; others, that he refused it, and warred with the Romans; which latter account is the one taken for true by the Poet.—H. N. H.

47. *"most praised, most loved"*; "This encomium," says Johnson, "is highly artful. To be at once in any great degree *loved* and *praised* is truly *rare*."—H. N. H.

For whom he now is banish'd, her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

Sec. Gent. I honor him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?

First Gent. His only child.
He had two sons,—if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,—the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen, and to this hour no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

Sec. Gent. How long is this ago?

First Gent. Some twenty years.

Sec. Gent. That a king's children should be so convey'd!
So slackly guarded! and the search so slow,
That could not trace them!

First Gent. Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

Sec. Gent. I do well believe you.

First Gent. We must forbear: here comes the gentleman,
The queen and princess. [*Exeunt.*

51. *"price"*; worth.—C. H. H.

60. *"no guess in knowledge,"* none which approves itself as true. —C. H. H.

Enter the Queen, Posthumus and Imogen.

Queen. No, be assured you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most stepmothers,
Evil-eyed unto you: you 're my prisoner, but
Your jailer shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril.
I 'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king
Hath charged you should not speak together.
[*Exit.*

Imo. O,
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing—
Always reserved my holy duty—what
His rage can do on me: you must be gone,
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes, not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world

That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth:
My residence in Rome at one Philario's,
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I 'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure. [*Aside*] Yet I 'll move him
To walk this way: I never do him wrong
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
Pays dear for my offenses. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,

101. *"Though ink be made of gall"*; ox-gall was actually one of the constituents of Elizabethan ink, as is shown by contemporary receipts for making it.—C. H. H.

106. *"pays dear for my offenses"*; meaning that the king is so infatuated with her, that the more she offends him, the more he lavishes kindnesses upon her, in order to purchase her good-will.—H. N. H.

Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How, how! another?
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death! [*Putting on the ring.*]
Remain, remain thou here
While sense can keep it on! And, sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you
To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles
I still win of you: for my sake wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I 'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.
[*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*

Imo. O the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter Cymbeline and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If after this command thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: away!
Thou 'rt poison to my blood.

118. *"while sense can keep it on"*; that is, while I have sensation to retain it. There can be no doubt that *it* refers to the ring, and it is equally obvious that *thee* would have been more proper. Whether this error is to be laid to the Poet's charge or to the printer's, it would not be easy to decide. Malone has shown that there are many passages in these plays of equally loose construction.—H. N. H.

Post. The gods protect you,
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [*Exit.*
Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.
Cym. O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st
A year's age on me!
Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation:
I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.
Cym. Past grace? obedience?
Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.
Cym. That mightst have had the sole son of my queen!
Imo. O blessed, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.
Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne
A seat for baseness.
Imo. No; I rather added
A luster to it.
Cym. O thou vile one!
Imo. Sir,

132. To *"repair"* is to restore to the first state, to renew.—H. N. H.

133. *"A year's age"*; this reading seems weak; one expects some stronger expression. Warburton, adopted by Theobald, *"a yare* [*i. e.* speedy] *age"*; Hanmer, *"many A year's age"*; Nicholson, *"more than Thy years' age,"* &c., &c.—I. G.

It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus:
You bred him as my playfellow, and he is
A man worth any woman, overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What, art thou mad!

Imo. Almost, sir: heaven restore me! Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbor-shepherd's son!

Cym. Thou foolish thing!

Re-enter Queen.

They were again together: you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your patience. Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace! Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves, and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly!

[*Exeunt Cymbeline and Lords.*

Queen. Fie! you must give way.

Enter Pisanio.

Here is your servant. How now, sir! What news?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha!

No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.
Queen. I am very glad on 't.
Imo. Your son 's my father's friend; he takes his part.
To draw upon an exile! O brave sir!
I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back. Why came you from your master?
Pis. On his command: he would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to
When 't pleased you to employ me.
Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honor
He will remain so.
Pis. I humbly thank your highness.
Queen. Pray, walk awhile.
Imo. About some half-hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me: you shall at least
Go see my lord aboard: for this time leave me.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The same. A public place.

Enter Cloten and two lords.

First Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice: where air comes out, air comes in: there 's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it. Have I hurt him?

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] No, faith; not so much as his patience.

First Lord. Hurt him! his body 's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside the town.

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] No, but he fled forward still, toward your face.

First Lord. Stand you! You have land enough of your own; but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] As many inches as you have oceans. Puppies!

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] So would I, till you had

14. *"o' the backside the town"*; that is, to the jail, the place where other bankrupt debtors go.—H. N. H.

measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.

First Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: she 's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

Clo. Come, I 'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

Clo. You 'll go with us?

First Lord. I 'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let 's go together.

Sec. Lord. Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Imogen and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,

33. *"reflection of her wit"*; to understand the force of this, it should be remembered that anciently almost every *sign* had a motto, or some attempt at a witticism underneath.—H. N. H.

And question'dst every sail: if he should write
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. It was, his queen, his queen!

Imo. Then waved his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of 's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings, crack'd them, but
To look upon him, till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assured, madam,

9. *"make me with this eye or ear"*; Ff., *"his"* for *"this."*—I. G.
19. *"space"*; size.—C. H. H.

With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours,
Such thoughts and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honor; or have charged him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.
I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Rome. Philario's house.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Iach. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnished than now he is with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own, words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. Aye, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her

17. *"words him . . . from the matter"*; that is, makes the description of him very distant from the truth.—H. N. H.

colors are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life. Here comes the Briton: let him be so entertained amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.

Enter Posthumus.

I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine: how worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been

28. *"are wonderfully to"*; Warburton conj. *"aids wonderfully to"*; Capell conj. *"are wonderful to"*; Eccles, *"and wonderfully do."*—I. G.

28. *"How creeps acquaintance?"*; how have you stolen into acquaintance? *Creeps* hints at the stealthy process implied in the unexpected result.—C. H. H.

put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveler; rather shunned to go even with what I heard than in my every action to be guided by other's experiences: but upon my mended judgment—if I offend not to say it is mended—my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords, and by such two that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we with manners ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in public, which may without contradiction suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses; this gentleman at that time vouching—and upon warrant of bloody affirmation—his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified and less attemptable than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

52. *"shunned to go even with what I heard"*; rather studied to avoid conducting himself by the opinions of others, than to be guided by their experience.—H. N. H.

63. *"difference"*; ground of quarrel.—C. H. H.

68. *"our country mistresses"*; the ladies of our nation.—C. H. H.

Iach. That lady is not now living, or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair and as good—a kind of hand-in-hand comparison—had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlusters many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she 's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

83. *"hand-in-hand";* balanced.—C. H. H.

88. *"could not but";* Malone's emendation of Ff., *"could not."*—I. G.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighboring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so your brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but frail and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honor of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress, make her go back even to the yielding, had I admittance and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which in my opinion o'er-values it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation: and, to bar your offense herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

132. *"herein too"*; so Ff. 3, 4; Ff. 1, 2, *"heerein to"*; Grant White, *"herein-to"*; Anon. conj. *"hereunto"*; Vaughan conj. *"herein, so."* —I. G.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion, and I doubt not you sustain what you 're worthy of by your attempt.

Iach. What 's that?

Post. A repulse: though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my estate and my neighbor's on the approbation of what I have spoke!

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honor of hers which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiser.

158. *"afraid"*; Warburton's emendation, adopted by Theobald; Ff., *"a Friend"*; Becket conj. *"affied"*; Jackson conj. *affianc'd"*; Collier MS., *"afeard"*; Ingleby conj. *"her friend."*—I. G.

158. *"therein the wiser"*; that is, you are the wiser in fearing to have your wife put to the proof. To screw Posthumus up to the sticking-point, the villain here imputes his backwardness to a distrust of his wife, and so brings his confidence in her over to the side of the wager and trial. The original reads, *a friend* instead of

If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting; but I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo what 's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you? I shall but lend my diamond till your return: let there be covenants drawn between 's: my mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here 's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honor as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are

afraid. The latter word was suggested by Warburton, and adopted by Theobald. It is not altogether easy to get at the meaning of *a friend* in such a connection: besides, Posthumus has just professed himself "her adorer, *not* her *friend.*" And the change is further approved by what Iachimo says just after: "But, I see, you have some religion in you, that *you fear*"; that is, evidently, fear to have your wife's honor attempted, lest it should give way. It need scarce be said, that to such a man as Iachimo religion and superstition are synonymous terms.—H. N. H.

161. *"religion"*; conscientious scruple.—C. H. H.

165. *"am the master of"*; control and am responsible for.—C. H. H.

yours; provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us. Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, you not making it appear otherwise, for your ill opinion and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Britain. A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew 's on ground, gather those flowers;

181. *"commendation"*; letter of introduction to procure me a more cordial reception.—C. H. H.

185. *"voyage"*; adventurous attack.—C. H. H.

Make haste: who has the note of them?
First Lady. I, madam.
Queen. Dispatch. [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?
Cor. Pleaseth your highness, aye: here they are, madam: [*Presenting a small box.*
But I beseech your grace, without offense,—
My conscience bids me ask—wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death,
But, though slow, deadly.
Queen. I wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,—
Unless thou think'st me devilish—is 't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, but none human,
To try the vigor of them and apply
Allayments to their act, and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects.

Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.
Queen. O, content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

[*Aside*] Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him
Will I first work: he 's for his master,
And enemy to my son. How now, Pisanio!
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.
Cor. [*Aside*] I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm.
Queen. [*To Pisanio*] Hark thee, a word.
Cor. [*Aside*] I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile;
Which first, perchance, she 'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterward up higher: but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes.
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

44. *"be false with her";* this soliloquy is pronounced by Johnson

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.
Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*
Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think in time
She will not quench and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I 'll tell thee on the instant thou art then
As great as is thy master; greater, for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp: return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And every day that comes comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans,
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,
So much as but to prop him? [*The Queen drops the box: Pisanio takes it up.*] Thou takest up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labor:
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know

to be "very inartificial, and that Cornelius makes a long speech to tell himself what himself knows." The great critic forgot that it was intended for the audience, to relieve their anxiety at mischievous ingredients being left in the hands of the Queen. It is no less useful to prepare us for the return of Imogen to life.—H. N. H.

84. "shift his being"; to change his abode.—H. N. H.

What is more cordial: nay, I prithee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do 't as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on; but think
Thou hast thy mistress still, to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee: I 'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou 'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
Think on my words. [*Exit Pisanio.*
A sly and constant knave;
Not to be shaked: the agent for his master;
And the remembrancer of her to hold
The hand-fast to her lord. I have given him that
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet; and which she after,
Except she bend her humor, shall be assured
To taste of too.

Re-enter Pisanio with Ladies.

So, so; well done, well done:
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet. Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

68. *"chance thou changest on"*; so Ff.; Rowe reads *"chance thou chancest on"*; Theobald, *"change thou chancest on."*—I. G.

Pis. And shall do:
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I 'll choke myself: there 's all I 'll do for you.
[*Exit.*

Scene VI

The same. Another room in the palace.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stol'n,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that 's glorious: blest be those,
How mean soe'er, that hath their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fie!

Enter Pisanio and Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome, 10
Comes from my lord with letters.
Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [*Presents a letter.*
Imo. Thanks, good sir:
You 're kindly welcome.

7. "*glorious*"; bent on glory.—C. H. H.

Iach. [*Aside*] All of her that is out of door most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird, and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [*Reads*] 'He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust— LEONATUS.'
So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.
What, are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach, and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious

25. *"trust—"*; Boswell's reading; Ff., *"trust."*; Hanmer, *"truest."*; Rann, *"truest,"*; *Thirlby* conj. *"trusty."*—I. G.

36. *"number'd,"* (?)="rich in numbers"; Theobald, *"unnumber'd"*; Warburton, *"humbl'd"*; Farmer conj. *"umber'd"*; Jackson conj. *"member'd"*; Theobald's excellent emendation has much to commend it.—I. G.

37. *"Partition make"*; distinguish.—C. H. H.

'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way and
Contemn with mows the other: nor i' the judgment;
For idiots, in this case of favor, would
Be wisely definite: nor i' the appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence opposed,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allured to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub
Both fill'd and running, ravening first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well.
[*To Pisanio*] Beseech you, sir,
Desire my man's abode where I did leave him:
He 's strange and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir,

40. *"chatter this way"*; show their preference for one by chattering in her direction.—C. H. H.

45. *"desire vomit emptiness"*; Johnson explained these difficult words as follows:—*"Desire,* when it approached *sluttery,* and considered it in comparison with *such neat* excellence, would not only be *not so allured to feed,* but seized with a fit of loathing, would *vomit emptiness,* would feel the convulsions of disgust, though being unfed, it had no object." Pope, *"desire vomit ev'n emptiness"*; Capell, *"desire vomit to emptiness"*; Hudson, *"desire vomit from emptiness."*—I. G.

To give him welcome. [*Exit.*

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveler.

Imo. When he was here
He did incline to sadness, and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton,
Your lord, I mean, laughs from 's free lungs, cries 'O,
Can my sides hold, to think that man, who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be, will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?'

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Aye, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter
It is a recreation to be by
And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.
Iach. Not he: but yet heaven's bounty towards him might
Be used more thankfully. In himself 'tis much;
In you, which I account his beyond all talents,
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.
Imo. What do you pity, sir?
Iach. Two creatures heartily.
Imo. Am I one, sir?
You look on me: what wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity?
Iach. Lamentable! What,
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?
Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?
Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on 't.
Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me: pray you,—

79. "That he is not grateful for his own gifts, is much; that he is not grateful for you, his gift beyond price, fills me with wonder and pity."—C. H. H.

82. *"bound to pity"*; that is, on his own account merely, or *in respect of* himself, let alone his wife, his conduct is bad enough; but when I consider the grossness of his sin *in respect of* you, I am bound, &c. *In* was, and indeed still is, often used with the sense of *in respect of*.—H. N. H.

Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born,—discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; should I, damn'd then,
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood—falsehood, as
With labor; then by-peeping in an eye
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That 's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I

95. *"doubting"*; fearing (that).—C. H. H.

97. *"or, timely knowing,"* etc.; or else, being known in time, are remedied as soon as known.—C. H. H.

99. *"both spur and stop"*; the information which you seem to press forward and yet withhold. The allusion is to horsemanship. So in Sidney's *Arcadia:* "She was like a horse desirous to runne, and miserably *spurred,* but so *short-reined,* as he cannot stirre forward." —H. N. H.

109. *"unlustrous"*; Rowe's emendation of Ff., *"illustrious"*; Ingleby, *"ill-lustrous."*—I. G.

Inclined to this intelligence pronounce
The beggary of his change, but 'tis your graces
That from my mutest conscience to my tongue
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul, your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick! A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
Would make the great'st king double, to be partner'd
With tomboys hired with that self exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseased ventures
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff
As well might poison poison! Be revenged,
Or she that bore you was no queen and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Revenged!
How should I be revenged? If this be true,—
As I have such a heart that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,—if it be true,
How should I be revenged?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.

123. *"ventures"*; creatures who hazard their persons for gold.—C. H. H.

I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away! I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honorable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not

140–210. Concerning the art with which the character of Imogen is worked out, especially in her interview with Iachimo, Mr. Richard Grant White, in his Shakespeare's *Scholar*, has some thoughts so just and so well put, that we are unwilling to forego the benefit of them. "The firm, undallying chastity," says he, "of Imogen is indicated with unsurpassable tact and skill in this scene. She is slow to understand Iachimo; but the moment he makes his proposition plainly, before a word of anger or surprise passes her lips, she calls for the faithful servant of her lord, to remove him who has insulted her and his friend's honour. Then her indignation bursts from her; but again and again she interrupts its flow with 'What, ho! Pisanio!' She holds no question with him who made such a proposition to her; enters into no dispute of why or wherefor: she seeks nothing but the instantaneous removal of the man who has dared to attempt her chastity. Not only does she refuse all consideration of the right or wrong of the proposition, but the mere proposal changes, on the moment, all previous relations between her and the proposer, although they were established by her husband himself. It is not until her pure soul, as quick to believe good as it was slow to imagine evil, is quieted by the entire withdrawal of Iachimo's advances, and the assignment of a comprehensible, though not excusable reason for them, that she ceases to call for him who is in some sort the representative of her husband. An exquisite touch of the master's hand occurs in a single pronoun in the succeeding speech of Imogen. Born a princess, she has given herself to Posthumus, a nameless man, as freely as if she were a peasant's daughter; and she is remarkable, with all her dignity, for her unassuming deportment: but the insult of Iachimo stings her into pride, and, for the first and only time, she takes her state, and speaks of herself in the plural number. She says, 'to expound his mind,' not to *me*, but 'to *us*.'"—H. N. H.

For such an end thou seek'st, as base as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman who is as far
From thy report as thou from honor, and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains
Thee and the devil alike. What ho, Pisanio!
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit
A saucy stranger in his court to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter who
He not respects at all. What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say:
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
Her assured credit. Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your lord
That which he is new o'er: and he is one
The truest manner'd, such a holy witch
That he enchants societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honor sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,

157. *"The credit"*; the faith Imogen has in her husband's integrity.—C. H. H.

Most mighty princess, that I have adventured
To try your taking of a false report, which hath
Honor'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know cannot err. The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All 's well, sir: take my power i' the court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself and other noble friends
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is 't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord—
The best feather of our wing—have mingled sums
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'tis plate of rare device and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form, their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage: may it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honor for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bedchamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.
Imo. O, no, no.
Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word
By lengthening my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise
To see your grace.
Imo. I thank you for your pains:
But not away to-morrow!
Iach. O, I must, madam:
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do 't to-night:
I have outstood my time, which is material
To the tender of our present.
Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept
And truly yielded you. You 're very welcome.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

SCENE I

Britain. Before Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Cloten and two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack, upon an up-cast to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on 't: and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

First Lord. What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha?

Sec. Lord. No, my lord; [*Aside*] nor crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank!

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] To have smelt like a fool.

Clo. I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth: a pox on 't! I had rather not be so

noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every Jack-slave hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

Clo. Sayest thou?

Sec. Lord. It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offense to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offense to my inferiors.

Sec. Lord. Aye, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

First Lord. Did you hear of a stranger that 's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger, and I not know on 't!

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] He 's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

First Lord. There 's an Italian come, and 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he 's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

First Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in 't?

Sec. Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] You are a fool granted;

therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate.

Clo. Come, I 'll go see this Italian: what I have lost to-day at bowls I 'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

Sec. Lord. I 'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt Cloten and First Lord.*

That such a crafty devil as is his mother 59
Should yield the world this ass? a woman that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endurest,
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,
A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he 'ld make! The heavens hold firm

69. *"horrid act of the divorce"*; the original is here allowed on all hands to be corrupt; being literally thus:

> "A Mother hourely coyning plots: a Wooer,
> More hatefull then the foule expulsion is
> Of thy deere Husband. Then that horrid Act
> Of the divorce, heel'd make the Heavens hold firme
> The walls of thy deere Honour."

Modern editions, with the exception of Knight's, make the clause, "Then, that horrid act," &c., a continuation of the foregoing sentence, thus: "More hateful than the foul expulsion is of thy dear husband, than that horrid act," &c. Knight connects the same clause with what follows, changing *then* into *from*, thus: "From that horrid Act of the divorce he'd make, the heavens hold firm," &c. We see no cause for any variation from the old copy, except in the pointing and in the changing of *heel'd* into *he'd*. Of course, as we print the passage, the clause, "Then that horrid act," &c., is thrown in as a sort of indignant or abhorrent ex-

The walls of thy dear honor; keep unshaked
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou mayst stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land!
[*Exit.*

Scene II

Imogen's bedchamber in Cymbeline's palace: a trunk in one corner of it.

Imogen in bed, reading; a Lady attending.

Imo. Who 's there? my woman Helen?
Lady. Please you, madam.
Imo. What hour is it?
Lady. Almost midnight, madam.
Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak;
Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seized me wholly.
[*Exit Lady.*
To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies and the tempters of the night
Guard me, beseech ye!
[*Sleeps. Iachimo comes from the trunk.*

clamation; and the following sentence has a tacit reference to "that horrid act." Both the usual reading and Knight's have an awkwardness about them which we can hardly believe belongs to the text. Our arrangement, besides varying less from the original presents, we think, a reading perfectly free and natural.—H. N. H.

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labor'd sense
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,
How bravely thou becomest thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch
But kiss; one kiss! Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do 't! 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids
To see the unclosed lights, now canopied
Under those windows, white and azure, laced
With blue of heaven's own tinct. But my design,
To note the chamber: I will write all down:
Such and such pictures; there the window; such
The adornment of her bed; the arras, figures,
Why, such and such; and the contents o' the story.
Ah, but some natural notes about her body

13. *"press the rushes"*; it was anciently the custom to strew chambers with rushes.—H. N. H.

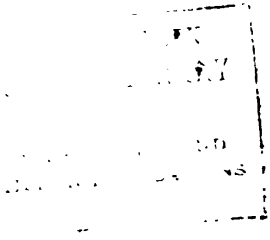
18. *"How dearly they do 't"*; how exquisitely they (her lips) kiss. —C. H. H.

22. *"white and azure"*; this is an exact description of the eyelid of a fair beauty, which is white tinged with blue, and laced with veins of darker blue. By *azure* our ancestors understood not a dark blue, but a tinct or effusion of a blue color. Drayton seems to have had this passage in his mind:

"And these sweet *veins* by nature rightly plac'd
Wherewith she seems the white *skin* to have *lac'd*."—H. N. H.

Iach. "O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!"

Cymbeline. Act 2, Scene 2.



Above ten thousand meaner movables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory.
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying! Come off, come off:
[*Taking off her bracelet.*
As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip: here 's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and ta'en
The treasure of her honor. No more. To what end?
Why should I write this down, that 's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf 's turned down
Where Philomel gave up. I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning

36. *"conscience"*; Posthumus' inward conviction.—C. H. H.

45. *"Tereus and Progne"* is the second tale in *A Petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure*, 1576. The story is related in Ovid, *Metam.* l. vi.; and by Gower in his *Confessio Amantis*.—H. N. H.

48. *"dragons of the night"*; the task of drawing the chariot of Night was assigned to dragons, on account of their supposed watchfulness.—H. N. H.

May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. 50
[*Clock strikes.*
One, two, three: time, time!
[*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*

Scene III

An ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's apartments.

Enter Cloten and Lords.

First Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

First Lord. But not every man patient after

49. *"bare the raven's eye"*; Theobald's conj., adopted by Steevens; Ff.,*"beare the Rauens eye."*—I. G.

51. *"time, time!"*; the inexpressible purity and delicacy of this scene has been often commended. It cannot be overpraised. The imagery all shows of "heaven's own tinct," as though by some secret sympathy it had caught the very life and quality of the subject. Its richness and rareness enchant the senses; but the enchantment is wrought so entirely through the imagination, that the senses are at the same time purified, and, as it were, turned into soul in the contemplation. The description of Imogen would almost engage our respect, if not our love, upon the describer, but that we already know Iachimo to be one of those passionless minds in which gross thoughts are most apt to lodge; and that the unaccustomed awe of virtue, which Imogen struck into him at their first interview, only chastises down his tendencies to gross-thoughtedness while in her presence. Thus his delicacy of speech only goes to heighten our impression of Imogen's character, inasmuch as it seems to come, not from him, but from her *through* him; and as something that must be divine indeed, not to be strangled in passing through such a medium.—H. N. H.

the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It 's almost morning, is 't not?

First Lord. Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come: I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we 'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I 'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it: and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,

23. *"the lark at heaven's gate sings"*; a similar figure occurs in *Paradise Lost*, Book v., 197: "Ye birds, that singing up to heaven-gate ascend, bear on your wings and in your notes His praise." And in Shakespeare's xxix. *Sonnet:*

"Haply, I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate."

Divers other poets, from Chaucer downwards, have the same figure. The whole song may have been suggested by a passage in Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe:*

His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise!

Clo. So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs and calves'-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never mend.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*

Sec. Lord. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late; for that 's the

"Who is't now we hear?
None bu the *lark* so shrill and clear:
Now at *heaven's gates* she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark, hark! with what a pretty throat
Poor robin red-breast tunes his note;
Hark! how the jolly cuckoos sing
Cuckoo, to welcome in the spring."—H. N. H.

26. *"on chaliced flower";* the morning dries up the dew which lies in the *cups* of flowers called *calices* or chalices. The marigold is one of those flowers which close themselves up at sunset. So in *King Henry VIII:* "Great princes' favorites *their fair leaves spread,* but *as the marigold at the sun's eye.*" A similar idea is expressed in *A Courtlie Controversie of Cupid's Cantels,* 1578: "Floures which, unfolding their tender leaves at the breake of the gray morning, seemed to *open their smiling eies,* which were oppressed with the drowsinesse of the passed night."—Such instances of false concord as *lies* were common with the older poets, and can hardly be called breaches of grammar.—H. N. H.

29. *"With every thing that pretty is";* Hanmer (unnecessarily, for the sake of the rhyme), *"With all the things that pretty bin";* Warburton, *"With everything that pretty bin."*—I. G.

34. *"vice";* Rowe's emendation of Ff., *"voyce."*—I. G.

reason I was up so early: he cannot choose
but take this service I have done fatherly.

Enter Cymbeline and Queen.

Good morrow to your majesty and to my
gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern
daughter?
Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assailed her with music, but she
vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she 's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king,
Who lets go by no vantages that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly soliciting, and be friended
With aptness of the season; make denials
Increase your services; so seem as if
You were inspired to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless! not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

53. *"soliciting"*; the reading of Collier (ed. 2); F. 1 reads *"solicity"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"solicits"*; Pope, *"solicits."*—I. G.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that 's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honor of his sender;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
We must extend our notice. Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman. Come, our queen. [*Exeunt all but Cloten.*

Clo. If she be up, I 'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still and dream. By your leave, ho! [*Knocks.*
I know her women are about her: what
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man: what
Can it not do and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me, for
I yet not understand the case myself
By your leave. [*Knocks.*

66. *"extend our notice"*; that is, we must extend towards himself our notice *of* his goodness heretofore shown to us. Shakespeare has many similar ellipses.—H. N. H.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who 's there that knocks?
Clo. A gentleman.
Lady. No more?
Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.
Lady. That 's more
Than some whose tailors are as dear as yours
Can justly boast of. What 's your lordship's pleasure?
Clo. Your lady's person: is she ready?
Lady. Aye,
To keep her chamber.
Clo. There is gold for you;
Sell me your good report.
Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good? The princess!
[*Exit Lady.*

Enter Imogen.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand.
Imo. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks
And scarce can spare them.
Clo. Still I swear I love you.
Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.
Clo. This is no answer.
Imo. But that you shall not say I yield being silent,

I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you 'll be patient, I 'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal: and learn now for all
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you,
And am so near the lack of charity—
To accuse myself—I hate you; which I had rather
You felt than make 't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court, it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties—

106. *"Are not"*; Warburton's conjecture, adopted by Theobald, *"cure not"*; but no change is necessary.—I. G.

106. *"mad folks"*; this is a covert mode of calling him a fool. The meaning implied is, "If I am mad, as you tell me, I am what you can never be." Cloten takes her meaning at once.—H. N. H.

Yet who than he more mean?—to knit their souls
On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary, in self-figured knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown, and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues to be styled
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance than come
To be but named of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men. How now, Pisanio!

Enter Pisanio.

Clo. 'His garment!' Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently,—

Clo. 'His garment!'

120. *"in meaner parties"*; in the case of lowlier persons.—C. H. H.

Imo. I am sprited with a fool,
Frighted and anger'd worse: go bid my woman
Search for a jewel that too casually
Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's: 'shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe! I do think
I saw 't this morning: confident I am
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:
I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.
Pis. 'Twill not be lost.
Imo. I hope so: go and search. [*Exit Pisanio.*
Clo. You have abused me:
'His meanest garment!'
Imo. Aye, I said so, sir:
If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.
Clo. I will inform your father.
Imo. Your mother too:
She 's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*
Clo. I 'll be revenged:
'His meanest garment!' Well. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Rome. Philario's house

Enter Posthumus and Philario.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would I were so sure
To win the king as I am bold her honor
Will remain hers.
Phi. What means do you make to him?
Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come: in these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.
Phi. Your very goodness and your company
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do 's commission throughly: and I think
He 'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.
Post. I do believe,
Statist though I am none, nor like to be,
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions now in Gallia sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd than when Julius Cæsar

15. *"Is yet fresh in their grief"; i. e.* is kept green by their grief for the losses the Romans had inflicted.—C. H. H.

Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: their discipline,
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers they are people such
That mend upon the world.

Enter Iachimo.

Phi. See! Iachimo!
Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land,
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.
Phi. Welcome, sir.
Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.
Iach. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.
Post. And therewithal the best, or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.
Iach. Here are letters for you.
Post. Their tenor good, I trust.
Iach. 'Tis very like.
Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court
When you were there?
Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.
Post. All is well yet.
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is 't not
Too dull for your good wearing?
Iach. If I had lost it,

I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I 'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.
Post. The stone 's too hard to come by.
Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.
Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.
Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question farther: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honor,
Together with your ring, and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.
Post. If you can make 't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours: if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honor gains or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.
Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You 'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.
Iach. First, her bedchamber,—
Where, I confess, I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth watching,—it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats or pride: a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value; which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on 't was—
Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.
Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.
Post. So they must,
Or do your honor injury.
Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian bathing; never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

83. *"So likely to report themselves";* telling their own story so clearly.—C. H. H.

84. *"another nature, dumb";* that is, so near speech. A *speaking picture* is a common figurative expression. The meaning of the latter part of the sentence is: The *sculptor* was as *nature dumb;* he gave everything that nature gives but breath and motion. In *breath* is included *speech.*—H. N. H.

Post. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.
Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted: her andirons—
I had forgot them—were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.
Post. This is her honor!
Let it be granted you have seen all this,—and praise
Be given to your remembrance—the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.
Iach. Then, if you can,
[*Showing the bracelet.*
Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!
And now 'tis up again: it must be married
To that your diamond; I 'll keep them.
Post. Jove!
Once more let me behold it: is it that
Which I left with her?
Iach. Sir,—I thank her—that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,

91. *"This is her honor!"*; Posthumus ironically scoffs at Iachimo's notions of evidence.—C. H. H.

96. *"air this jewel"*; in the original this is pointed thus: "Then if you can be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel." This is preferred by some editors, and may be right; the sense being, "If your cheeks can be pale, I will but show this jewel, and that will make them so." Still the usual pointing commends itself as much the better.—H. N. H.

And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me
And said she prized it once.
Post. May be she pluck'd it off
To send it me.
Iach. She writes so to you, doth she?
Post. O, no, no, no! 'tis true. Here, take this too;
[*Gives the ring.*
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on 't. Let there be no honor
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there 's another man: the vows of women
Of no more bondage be to where they are made
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing.
O, above measure false!
Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable she lost it, or
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stol'n it from her?
Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by 't. Back my ring:
Render to me some corporal sign about her
More evident than this; for this was stol'n.
Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.
Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true:—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am sure
She would not lose it: her attendants are

All sworn and honorable:—they induced to steal it!
And by a stranger!—No he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this: she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believed
Of one persuaded well of—

Post. Never talk on 't;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast—
Worthy the pressing—lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: by my life,
I kiss'd it, and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Aye, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic; never count the turns;
Once, and a million!

Iach. I 'll be sworn—

125. *"sworn and honorable"*; it was anciently the custom for the servants of great families (as it is now for the servants of the king) to take an oath of fidelity on their entrance into office.—H. N. H.

132. *"Of one persuaded well"*; by one convinced of (his lady's virtue).—C. H. H.

Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done 't you lie,
And I will kill thee if thou dost deny
Thou 'st made me cuckold.
Iach. I 'll deny nothing.
Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there and do 't; i' the court; before
Her father. I 'll do something— [*Exit.*
Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience! You have won:
Let 's follow him and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself. 152
Iach. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Another room in Philario's house.

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this. O, vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,

149. *"besides"*; beyond.—C. H. H.
2. *"half-workers"*; sharers in the work.—C. H. H.

And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on 't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow. O, all the devils!
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was 't not?—
Or less,—at first?—perchance he spoke not, but
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cried 'O!' and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out

16. *"full-acorned boar";* hereby hangs one of the most curious tales of misprinting and correcting that we remember to have met with. The original reads thus: "Like a full Acorn'd Boare, a *Iarmen on.*" There can be no doubt that *on* is for *one*, as the word was very often so printed. But what to do with *Iarmen*, that is the question. Pope and Warburton betook themselves to the strange reading, "a *churning* on." Malone turned *Iarmen* into *German*, and such has been the reading of every edition, we believe, published since. Yet, why Posthumus should speak of a *German* boar, is more than anyone can tell. And the reading has been acquiesced in probably because none other was thought of that would bear any sort of scrutiny. Mr. Collier's second folio has *foaming*, which is indeed a great improvement on *German*. But Collier's *foaming* has done something far better yet, in having drawn forth the following note from Mr. Singer: "There can be no doubt that the misprinted word was *brimmen*, or *brimeing*. Thus Bullokar: *'Brime*, a term among hunters, when the wild boar goeth to the female.' Shakespeare has everywhere displayed his knowledge of and fondness for terms of the chase. I am told the word still lingers in the purlieus of the New Forest, and elsewhere provincially." The verb *brime*, from the Anglo-Saxon *bremman*, means to be *hot, furious, rampant.* To the authority produced by Singer we may add the following from Holland's *Pliny:* "They stand lightly to the first *brimming*, but by reason that they are subject to cast their pigges they had need to be *brimmed* a second time." Also this, from Holland's *Plutarch:* "For the same reason they take the sow to be a prophane and unclean beast, for that ordinarily she goeth a *brimming* and admitteth the boar, when the moon is past the full." So that *brimeing* accords perfectly with the sense of *full-acorn'd.*—H. N. H.

The woman's part in me! For there 's no motion
That tends to vice in man but I affirm
It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longing, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part or all, but rather all;
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I 'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them: yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better.

[*Exit.*

35. *"devils cannot plague him better";* "God could not lightly do a man more vengeance, than in this world to grant him his own foolish wishes" (Sir T. More's *Comfort against Tribulation*).—H. N. H.

ACT THIRD

Scene I

Britain. A hall in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter in state, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords at one door, and at another, Caius Lucius and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar, whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever, was in this Britain
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,—
Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it—for him
And his succession granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel, 10
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,

Which then they had to take from 's, to resume
We have again. Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors, together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscalable and roaring waters,
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of 'Came, and saw, and overcame:' with shame—
The first that ever touch'd him—he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping—
Poor ignorant baubles!—on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof
The famed Cassibelan, who was once a point—
O giglot fortune!—to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there 's no more tribute to be paid: our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no moe such Cæsars: other of them may have crooked noses, but to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

20. *"rocks"*; Seward conj., adopted by Hanmer; Ff., *"Oakes."*—I. G.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say I am one: but I have a hand. Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition,
Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world, against all color here
Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be.

Clo. and Lords. We do.

Cym. Say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which
Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made our laws,
Who was the first of Britain which did put

55. *"We do"*; these words are part of Cymbeline's speech in Ff.; Collier MS. assigns them to Cloten, and the arrangement has been generally adopted.—I. G.

57. *"whose use"*; the practice of which.—C. H. H.

His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar—
Cæsar, that hath moe kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers—thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then: war and confusion
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted. Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honor;
Which he to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
Their liberties are now in arms; a precedent
Which not to read would show the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

62. *"called himself a king"*; here, again, Holinshed was the Poet's authority: "Mulmutius, the son of Cloten, got the upper hand of the other dukes or rulers; and, after his father's decease, began to reign over the whole monarchy of Britain, in the year of the world 3529. He made many good laws, which were long after used, called Mulmutius' laws. After he had established his land, he ordained him, by the advice of his lords, a crown of gold, and caused himself with great solemnity to be crowned. And because he was the first that bore a crown here in Britain, after the opinion of some writers, he is named the first king of Britain, and all the other before rehearsed are named rulers, dukes, or governors."—H. N. H.

78. *"So Cæsar shall not find them"*; the main points of this speech are thus set forth in Holinshed: "Kymbeline was of the Britains made king, after the decease of his father, in the year of the world 3944, and before the birth of our Saviour 33. This man, as some write, was brought up at Rome, and there made knight by Augustus Cæsar, under whom he served in the wars, and was in such favour with him, that he was at liberty to pay his tribute or not. But here is to be

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there 's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain is 'Welcome.' [*Exeunt.*

noted that, although our histories do affirm that Kymbeline lived in quiet with the Romans, and continually to them paid the tributes which the Britains had covenanted with Julius Cæsar to pay; yet we find in the Roman writers, that after Julius Cæsar's death, when Augustus had taken upon him the rule of the Empire, the Britains refused to pay that tribute: whereat, as Cornelius Tacitus reporteth, Augustus, being otherwise occupied, was contented to wink; howbeit, through earnest calling upon to recover his right by such as were desirous to see the uttermost of the British kingdom, at length, in the tenth year after the death of Julius Cæsar, Augustus made provision to pass with an army over into Britain, and was come forward upon his journey into Gallia Celtica, or, as we may say, into these hither parts of France. But, here receiving advertisements that the Pannonians, which inhabited the country now called Hungary, and the Dalmatians, whom we now call Slavons, had rebelled, he thought it best first to subdue these rebels, near home, rather than to seek new countries, and leave such in hazard whereof he had present possession; and so, turning his power against the Pannonians and Dalmatians, he left off for a time the wars of Britain."—H. N. H.

Scene II

Another room in the palace.

Enter Pisanio, with a letter.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster 's her accuser? Leonatus!
O master! what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,
As poisonous-tongued as handed, hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal! No:
She 's punished for her truth, and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue. O my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low as were
Thy fortunes. How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love and truth and vows which I
Have made to thy command? I, her? her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity
So much as this fact comes to? [*Reading*]
'Do 't: the letter
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity.' O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that 's on thee! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st

10. *"as low as were thy fortunes"*; thy mind compared to hers is now as low as thy condition was compared to hers.—H. N. H.

So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.
I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. How now, Pisanio!
Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.
Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord Leonatus!
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters;
He 'ld lay the future open. You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content, yet not
That we two are asunder; let that grieve him:
Some griefs are medicinable; that is one of them,
For it doth physic love: of his content,
All but in that! Good wax, thy leave. Blest be
You bees that make these locks of counsel! Lovers
And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike:
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables. Good news, gods!
[*Reads*] 'Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not

23. *"I am ignorant"*; that is, I am unpracticed in the arts of murder.—H. N. H.

37. *"in dangerous bonds"*; who have entered into bonds entailing a penalty if broken or "forfeited." The seal was essential to the validity of the bond. The "forfeiter" of a bond does not therefore "bless" the bees who furnished its seal, as the lover does those whose wax "clasps" his lady's *billets*.—C. H. H.

be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: what your own love will out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.'. . .

O, for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,—
Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st—
O, let me bate,—but not like me—yet long'st,
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine 's beyond beyond: say, and speak thick,—
Love's counselor should fill the pores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense—how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: and by the way
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
To inherit such a haven: but, first of all,
How we may steal from hence: and for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going

49. *"as"*; but that.—C. H. H.
63. *"inherit"*; come by, possess.—C. H. H.

And our return, to excuse: but first, how get hence.
Why should excuse be born or ere begot?
We 'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun, 70
Madam, 's enough for you, and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf. But this is foolery:
Go bid my woman feign a sickness, say
She 'll home to her father: and provide me presently
A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you 're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man: nor here, nor here, 80

66. *"our return to excuse"*; that is, how to excuse for the gap that we shall make in time.—H. N. H.

67. *"be born or ere begot"*; that is, *before* the act is done for which excuse will be necessary.—H. N. H.

73. *"riding wagers"*; this practice was prevalent in Shakespeare's time. Fynes Moryson, speaking of his brother's *putting out* money to be paid with interest on his return from Jerusalem, defends it as an honest means of gaining the charges of his journey, especially when "no meane lords, and lords' sonnes, and gentlemen in our court, *put out* money *upon a horse race under themselves*, yea, upon a journey afoote."—H. N. H.

75. *"run i' the clock's behalf"*; do the clock's work (*i. e.* in the hour-glass).—C. H. H.

Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee;
Do as I bid thee: there 's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Wales: a mountainous country with a cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house with such
Whose roof 's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: this gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens, and bows you
To a morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.
Gui. Hail, heaven!

82. *"I cannot look through"*; of course, Imogen here speaks with her hand as well as with her tongue. "Neither the right side, nor the left, not what is behind me, but have a dense fog in them: the path straight before me to Milford is the only one where I can see my way." We adopt Mason's pointing. As commonly pointed, *I* is the subject of *have*, thus: "I see before me, man, nor here, nor here, nor what ensues; but have a fog," etc.—H. N. H.

2. *"Stoop"*; Hanmer's emendation of Ff., *"Sleepe."*—I. G.

6. *"turbans"*; F. 1, *"Turbonds"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Turbands."*—I. G.

Arv. Hail, heaven!
Bel. Now for our mountain sport: up to yond hill!
Your legs are young: I 'll tread these flats.
Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off:
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see;
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check,
Richer than doing nothing for a bauble,
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.
Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledged,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor know not

23. *"bauble"*; Rowe's emendation of Ff., *"Babe"*; Hanmer, *"bribe"*; the latter suggestion has been accepted by many modern editors; Brae, *"badge," i. e.* decoration, ribbon.—I. G.

26. *"keeps his book uncrossed"*; that is, such a man—the man who "rustles in unpaid-for silk"—gains the bow of courtesy from his tailor, but remains still in debt to him, leaves his account unsettled. To *cross the book* is still a common phrase for wiping out an entry of debt. The original has *gain* instead of *gains*; but the use of *him* shows that the verb should be in the singular.—"No life to ours" is no life *compared to ours*. The form of expression was common.—H. N. H.

What air 's from home. Haply this life is best
If quiet life be best, sweeter to you
That have a sharper known, well corresponding
With your stiff age: but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance, traveling a-bed,
A prison for a debtor that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how
In this our pinching cave shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the fox for prey,
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat:
Our valor is to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that
The fear 's as bad as falling: the toil o' the war.
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame and honor, which dies i' the search,
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
As record of fair act; nay, many times,

29. *"What air's from home"*; what the air is like abroad.—C. H. H.
34. *"prison for"*; Pope's emendation of F. 1, *"Prison, or"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Prison or"*; Anon. conj., and Vaughan conj., *"prison of."*—I. G.

Doth ill deserve by doing well; what 's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure:—O boys, this story
The world may read in me: my body 's mark'd
With Roman swords, and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline loved me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favor!

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honor, swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans; so
Follow'd my banishment; and this twenty years
This rock and these demesnes have been my world:
Where I have lived at honest freedom, paid
More pious debts to heaven than in all
The fore-end of my time. But up to the mountains!
This is not hunters' language: he that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends

In place of greater state. I 'll meet you in the valleys.

[*Exeunt Guiderius and Arviragus.*

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine: and though train'd up thus meanly
I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
In simple and low things to prince it much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say 'Thus mine enemy fell,
And thus I set my foot on 's neck,' even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,

83. *"I' the cave wherein they bow"*; Warburton's emendation; Ff., *"I' th' Cave, whereon the Bowe"*; Rowe, *"I' th' cave, where on the bow"*; Pope, *"Here in the cave, wherein"*; Theobald, *"I' th' cave, there, on the brow,"* etc.—I. G.

86. *"trick"*; art.—C. H. H.

87. *"who"*; whom.—C. H. H.

94. *"nerves"*; muscles.—C. H. H.

Once Arviragus, in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech and shows much more
His own conceiving. Hark, the game is roused!
O Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience knows
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
At three and two years old, I stole these babes,
Thinking to bar thee of succession as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honor to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up.
[*Exit.*

Scene IV

Country near Milford-Haven.

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand: ne'er long'd my mother so

96. *"in as like a figure"*; "acting my words" as graphically as his brother. While Guiderius' gestures reflect the immediate impression of Belarius' tale, Arviragus, a more imaginative hearer, heightens what he hears by his greater energy of conception.—C. H. H.

105. *"to her grave"*; the grammatical construction requires "to *thy* grave" but we have frequent instances of this change of persons not only in Shakespeare, but in all the writings of his age.—H. N. H.

2. *"ne'er long'd my mother"*; that is, "as I have now long'd to see Posthumus." It would seem something fitter to Imogen's state of

To see me first, as I have now. Pisanio! man!
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From the inward of thee? One but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: put thyself
Into a havior of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staider senses. What 's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If 't be summer news,
Smile to 't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still. My husband's hand!
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he 's at some hard point. Speak, man: thy tongue
May take of some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [*Reads*] 'Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I ex-

mind, to read, "Ne'er long'd *his* mother so to see *him* first." Nevertheless, the sense is clear enough.—H. N. H.

8. *"self-explication"*; the power of accounting for himself.—C. H. H.

pect my revenge. That part thou, Pisanio,
must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted
with the breach of hers. Let thine own
hands take away her life: I shall give thee
opportunity at Milford-Haven: she hath my
letter for the purpose: where, if thou fear to
strike, and to make me certain it is done,
thou art the pandar to her dishonor, and
equally to me disloyal.'

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters. What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that 's false to 's bed, is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false! Thy conscience witness: Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,

Thy favor 's good enough. Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born where 't grows,
But worn a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were in his time thought false; and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity

53. *"Whose mother was her painting"*; *i. e.* "who owed her beauty to her painted face"; or, perhaps "whose painted face was the sum of her woman-like qualities"; according to others, "whose mother aided and abetted her daughter in her trade."—I. G.

55. *"hang by the walls"*; that is, to be hung up as useless among the neglected contents of a wardrobe. Clothes were not formerly, as at present, kept in drawers, or given away as soon as time or change of fashion had impaired their value. On the contrary, they were hung up on wooden pegs, in a room appropriated to the purpose; and, though such as were composed of *rich* substances were occasionally *ripped* for domestic uses, articles of inferior quality were suffered to *hang by the walls* till age and moths had destroyed what pride would not permit to be worn by servants or poor relations. When Queen Elizabeth died, she was found to have left above three thousand dresses behind her. Steevens once saw one of these repositories at an ancient mansion in Suffolk, which (thanks to a succession of old maids!) had been preserved with superstitious reverence for almost a century and a half.—H. N. H.

61. *"false Æneas"*; *i. e.* in his betrayal of Dido.—C. H. H.

From most true wretchedness: so thou Posthumus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjured
From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience. Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief:
Thy master is not there, who was indeed
The riches of it. Do his bidding; strike.
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here 's my heart;—
Something 's afore 't. Soft, soft! we 'll no defense;—
Obedient as the scabbard. What is here?

65. The *"leaven"* is, in Scripture phraseology, "the whole wickedness of our sinful nature." See *1 Corinthians*, v. 6, 7, 8. "Thy failure, Posthumus, will lay *falsehood* to the charge of men without guile; make all suspected."—H. N. H.

82. *"afore't"*; Rowe's emendation of Ff., *"a-foot."*—I. G.

The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself
To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her
That now thou tirest on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Prithee, dispatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: where 's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I received command to do this business
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do 't, and to bed then.

Pis. I 'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then

105. *"I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first";* Hanmer's emendation; Ff. read *"I'll wake mine eye-balles first";* Rowe, *"I'll break mine eye-balls first";* Johnson conj., adopted by Ingleby, *"I'll wake mine eye-balls out first";* Collier MS., *"I'll crack mine eye-balls first."*—I. G.

Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abused
So many miles with a pretense? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labor?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent? whereunto I never
Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment; in the which
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be
But that my master is abused: some villain,
Aye, and singular in his art, hath done you both
This cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.
I 'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court,

And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? where abide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you 'll back to the court—

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you abide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in 't;
In a great pool a swan's nest: prithee, think
There 's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise

136. Vaughan proposed *"With that harsh noble—noble simply in nothing"*; Spence, *"trash noble"* (*i. e.* base coin); Else, *"that ignoble,"* etc.—I. G.

139. *"Where then?"* perhaps these words should be assigned to Pisanio.—I. G.

148. *"dark as your fortune"*; that is, wear an *outside* as dark, have your person as *obscured*, as your fortune now is. The original has *mind* instead of *mien*, which latter is from Collier's second folio.

That which, to appear itself, must not yet be
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty and full of view; yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh at least
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means,
Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't,
I would adventure!

Pis. Well then, here 's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness—
The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self—into a waggish courage;
Ready in jibes, quick-answer'd, saucy and
As quarrelous as the weasel; nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it—but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy!—to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan, and forget
Your laborsome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

The old reading, however, has been plausibly explained thus: "To wear a *dark mind* is to carry a mind impenetrable to the search of others. *Darkness* applied to the *mind*, is secrecy; applied to the *fortune*, is *obscurity*." Still we have no doubt *mien* is the right word, as it gives a clearer sense, and coheres better with the rest of the passage. In the Poet's time, it was often spelled *mine*, and so might easily be misprinted *mind*.—The next clause is somewhat dark, and may be explained thus: "You must disguise that character which, to be seen hereafter in its proper light, cannot yet appear without great danger to itself"; meaning, of course, her character *as successor to the crown*.—H. N. H.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.
Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit—
'Tis in my cloak-bag—doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: would you, in their serving
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you 're happy,—which you 'll make him know,
If that his head have ear in music,—doubtless
With joy he will embrace you; for he 's honorable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad,
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplyment.
Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Prithee, away:
There 's more to be consider'd; but we 'll even
All that good time will give us: this attempt
I am soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.

178. *"Which you'll make him know"*; Hanmer's reading; Ff. read *"Which will make him know"*; Theobald, *"Which will make him so."* —I. G.

179. *"embrace"*; welcome.—C. H. H.

182. *"You have me, rich"*; "as for your subsistence abroad, you may rely on me."—H. N. H.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen:
What 's in 't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood: may the gods
Direct you to the best;
Imo. Amen: I thank thee. [*Exeunt severally.*

Scene V

A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.
Luc. Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.
Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.
Luc. So, sir: I desire of you
A conduct over-land to Milford-Haven.
Madam, all joy befall your grace and you!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honor in no point omit.
So farewell, noble Lucius.
Luc. Your hand, my lord.
Clo. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.
Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner: fare you well.
Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn. Happiness!
[*Exeunt Lucius and Lords.*
Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honors us
That we have given him cause.
Clo. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.
Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.
Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business,
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.
Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: she looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty:
We have noted it. Call her before us, for

We have been too slight in sufferance.
[*Exit an Attendant.*

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: she 's a lady
So tender of rebukes that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?
Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd, and there 's no answer
That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.
Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.
Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear

35. *"too slight in sufferance"*; too negligent in thus indulging her. —C. H. H.

44. *"loud'st of noise"*; Capell's emendation; Ff. 1, 2, *"lowd of noise"*; Rowe, *"loudest noise."*—I. G.

Prove false! [*Exit.*

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after.
[*Exit Cloten.*

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!
He hath a drug of mine; I pray his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seized her;
Or, wing'd with fervor of her love, she 's flown
To her desired Posthumus: gone she is
To death or to dishonor; and my end
Can make good use of either: she being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my son!

Clo. 'Tis certain she is fled.
Go in and cheer the king: he rages; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. [*Aside*] All the better: may
This night forestall him of the coming day!
[*Exit.*

Clo. I love and hate her: for she 's fair and royal,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite

69. *"may this night forestall him"*; that is, may his grief this night prevent him from ever seeing another day, by an unexpected and premature death.—H. N. H.

Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all; I love her therefore: but
Disdaining me and throwing favors on
The low Posthumus slanders so her judgment
That what 's else rare is choked; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be revenged upon her. For when fools
Shall—

Enter Pisanio.

Who is here? What, are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither; ah, you precious pandar! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,—
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I 'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No farther halting: satisfy me home

72. Possibly, as explained by Johnson, these words are to be explained as meaning, "than any lady, than all ladies, than all womankind"; Hanmer, *"than any lady, winning from each one."*—I. G.

What is become of her.

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is at once,
At the next word: no more of 'worthy lord!'
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*

Clo. Let 's see 't. I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pist. [*Aside*] Or this, or perish.
She 's far enough; and what he learns by this
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Hum!

Pis. [*Aside*] I 'll write to my lord she 's dead.
O Imogen,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again!

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know 't. Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service, undergo those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee with a serious industry, that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly, I would think thee an honest man: thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

101. *"or this, or perish"*; meaning, probably, "I must either *practise this deceit* upon Cloten or perish by his fury." Dr. Johnson thought the words should be given to Cloten.—H. N. H.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? for since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not, in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand; here 's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven!—I forgot to ask him one thing; I 'll remember 't anon:—even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these garments were come. She said upon a time—the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart—that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valor, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath

dined—which, as I say, to vex her I will execute in the clothes that she so praised—to the court I 'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I 'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter Pisanio, with the clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Aye, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is 't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee. My revenge is now at Milford: would I had wings to follow it! Come, and be true. [*Exit.*

Pis. Thou bid'st me to my loss: for, true to thee
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true. To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness; labor be his meed!
[*Exit.*

Scene VI

Wales: before the cave of Belarius.

Enter Imogen, in boy's clothes.

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tired myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me. Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think
Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,
Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told me
I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: to laps in fullness
Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear lord!
Thou art one o' the false ones: now I think on thee,
My hunger 's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food. But what is this?
Here is a path to 't: 'tis some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.

12. *"to lapse in fullness"*; to be false in the midst of abundance. —C. H. H.

Plenty and peace breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother. Ho! who 's here?
If any thing that 's civil, speak; if savage,
Take or lend. Ho! No answer? then I 'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he 'll scarcely look on 't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [*Exit, to the cave.*

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You, Polydore, have proved best woodman and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I
Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match:
The sweat and industry would dry and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what 's homely savory: weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!
Gui. I am throughly weary.
Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.
Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave; we 'll browse on that,
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.
Bel. [*Looking into the cave*] Stay; come not in.
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

27. "*Such a foe*"; *i. e.* send me such a foe!—C. H. H.

Gui. What 's the matter, sir?
Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon! Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Re-enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd or bought what I have took: good troth,
I have stol'n naught; nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here 's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board so soon
As I had made my meal and parted
With prayers for the provider.
Gui. Money, youth?
Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.
Imo. I see you 're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.
Bel. Whither bound?
Imo. To Milford-Haven.
Bel. What 's your name?
Imo. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;

50. *"strew'd i' the floor";* Hanmer altered this to "o' the floor," but unnecessarily: *in* was frequently used for *on* in Shakespeare's time, as in the Lord's Prayer, "Thy will be done *in* earth."—H. N. H.

To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fall'n in this offense.

Bel. Prithee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart: and thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard but be your groom. In honesty,
I bid for you as I 'ld buy.

Arv. I 'll make 't my comfort
He is a man; I 'll love him as my brother:
And such a welcome as I 'ld give to him
After long absence, such is yours: most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends,
If brothers. [*Aside*] Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
Been less, and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. Would I could free 't!

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,

64. *"in"*; into.—C. H. H.

71. Perhaps we should read, with Hanmer, *"I'd bid"*; *i. e.* "I'd bid for you and make up my mind to have you."—I. G.

77. *"my prize"*; my estimation.—C. H. H.

What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!
Bel. Hark, boys.
[*Whispering.*
Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger that this cave,
That did attend themselves and had the virtue
With their own conscience seal'd them—laying by
That nothing-gift of different multitudes—
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I 'll change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus' false.
Bel. It shall be so.
Boys, we 'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
We 'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.
Gui. Pray, draw near.
Arv. The night to the owl and morn to the lark less welcome.
Imo. Thanks, sir.
Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

89. *"since Leonatus' false"*; Malone says,—"As Shakespeare has used in other places 'Menelaus' tent,' and 'thy mistress' ear' for 'Menelauses tent,' and 'thy mistresses ear'; it is probable that he used 'since Leonatus' false' for 'since Leonatus *is* false.'" Steevens doubts this, and says that the Poet may have written "Since Leonate is false," as he calls *Enobarbus, Enobarbe;* and *Prospero, Prosper,* in other places.—H. N. H.

Scene VII

Rome. A public place.

Enter two Senators and Tribunes.

First Sen. This is the tenor of the emperor's writ:
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius proconsul: and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commends
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!
First Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?
Sec. Sen. Aye.
First Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?
First Sen. With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant: the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their dispatch.
First Tri. We will discharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*

7. *"gentry"*; the patricians.—C. H. H.
9. *"commends"*; Warburton's emendation, adopted by Theobald; Ff., *"commands,"* (perhaps="commands to be given").—I. G.

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I

Wales: near the cave of Belarius.

Enter Cloten alone.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather—saving reverence of the word—for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself—for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber—I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions:

14. *"the advantage of the time"*; the prestige of worldly station.—C. H. H.

16. *"more remarkable in single oppositions"*; more distinguished when compared in particular accomplishments (Schmidt). Cloten's language is vague, but this seems preferable to the usual interpretation: "more remarkable in single combats."—C. H. H.

yet this imperceiverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may haply be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

Scene II

Before the cave of Belarius.

Enter, from the cave, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen.

Bel. [*To Imogen*] You are not well: remain here in the cave;
We 'll come to you after hunting.
Arv. [*To Imogen.*] Brother, stay here:
Are we not brothers?
Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting; I 'll abide with him.
Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well;
But not so citizen a wanton as
To seem to die ere sick: so please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me: society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:
I 'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.
Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it:
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.
Bel. What! how! how!
Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason 's without reason: the bier at door
And a demand who is 't shall die, I 'ld say
'My father, not this youth.'
Bel. [*Aside*] O noble strain!
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.
I 'm not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, loved before me.—
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.
Imo. I wish ye sport.
Arv. You health. So please you, sir.
Imo. [*Aside*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!
Our courtiers say all 's savage but at court:
Experience, O, thou disprovest report!
The imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still, heart-sick. Pisanio,
I 'll now taste of thy drug. [*Swallows some.*
Gui. I could not stir him:
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.
Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter I might know more.
Bel. To the field, to the field!
We 'll leave you for this time: go in and rest.
Arv. We 'll not be long away.
Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.
Imo. Well or ill,
I am bound to you.
Bel. And shalt be ever.
[*Exit Imogen, to the cave.*
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good ancestors.
Arv. How angel-like he sings!
Gui. But his neat cookery! he cut our roots
In characters;

48. *"neat cookery";* it is well known that a certain "strong-minded

And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine!

Bel. It is great morning. Come, away!—Who 's there?

Enter Cloten

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me: I am faint.

woman" has fallen into something of a merry mocking humor at the praise bestowed on Imogen's "neat cookery." Her superfine sensibilities, it would seem, were shocked that a princess and heroine of tragedy should be charged with so vulgar an accomplishment. Alas, that a strong mind should have been so educated by literary studies out of sympathy and fellowship with nature! There is not a finer stroke in the whole delineation; nor, we will venture, is there a line of poetry in the English language that shows a more exquisite skill to touch the springs of natural feeling.—H. N. H.

60. *"untwine his perishing root";* we have here an expression of precisely the same sort as one now, against propriety, growing into use; namely, "differing *with* another," instead of "differing *from* another." In our time, of course the proper language would be,—"Let the elder *twine* his root *with* the vine"; or,—"Let the elder *untwine* his root *from* the vine"; just as it is proper to say,—"I *agree with* you"; or,—"I *differ from* you." The passage in the text has drunk up a deal of editorial ink, and been made the darker for it.—H. N. H.

Bel. 'Those runagates!'
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he. We are held as outlaws: hence!
Gui. He is but one: you and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.
[*Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.*
Clo. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such. What slave art thou?
Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er than answering
A slave without a knock.
Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.
Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee.
Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?
Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

71. "*mountaineers*" savages.—C. H. H.
73. "*answering a slave without a knock*"; that is, answering one who called me *a slave*.—H. N. H.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.
Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.
Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.
Gui. What 's thy name?
Clo. Cloten, thou villain.
Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it: were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'Twould move me sooner.
Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I am son to the queen.
Gui. I am sorry for 't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.
Clo. Art not afeard?
Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear, the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.
Clo. Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I 'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
Yield rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Re-enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No companies abroad?
Arv. None in the world: you did mistake him, sure.

101. *"companies"*; companions.—C. H. H.

Bel. I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favor
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten.
Arv. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.
Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors: for defect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear. But see, thy brother.

Re-enter Guiderius with Cloten's head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse;
There was no money in 't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head as I do his.
Bel. What hast thou done?
Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he 'ld take us in,
Displace our heads where—thank the gods!—they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.
Bel. We are all undone.
Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,

But that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,
Play judge and executioner, all himself,
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul 130
Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humor
Was nothing but mutation, aye, and that
From one bad thing to worse, not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have raved,
To bring him here alone: although perhaps
It may be heard at court that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head; the which he hearing— 139
As it is like him—might break out, and swear
He 'ld fetch us in; yet is 't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness

132. *"humor"*; Theobald's emendation of Ff., *"honor."*—I. G.

Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I 'll throw 't into the creek
Behind our rock, and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes he 's the queen's son, Cloten:
That 's all I reck. [*Exit.*

Bel. I fear 'twill be revenged:
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done 't! though valor
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had done 't,
So the revenge alone pursued me! Polydore,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:
We 'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there 's no profit. I prithee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I 'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor Sick Fidele!
I 'll willingly to him: to gain his color

148. *"my way long forth"*; that is, "made my *walk forth* from the cave *tedious*."—H. N. H.

I 'ld let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*

Bel. O thou goddess, [169]
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchafed, as the rudest wind
That by the top doth take the mountain pine
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honor untaught,
Civility not seen from other, valor [179]
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it 's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter Guiderius.

Gui. Where 's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother: his body 's hostage
For his return. [*Solemn music.*

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

168. *"parish"*; Hanmer, *"marish"*; Garrick's version, *"river"*; Becket conj. *"parage."*—I. G.

179. *"Civility"*; breeding.—C. H. H.

Gui. What does he mean? Since death of my dear'st mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Re-enter Arviragus with Imogen, as dead, bearing her in his arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms
Of what we blame him for!

Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbor in? Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy.
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,

Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?

Arv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagued: I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he 'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I 'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flower that 's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azured harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would

211. *"Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at"*; not as if death's dart had struck him, since he laughed.—C. H. H.

222. *"harebell"*; wild hyacinth.—C. H. H.

223. *"whom not to slander"*; who without slandering it.—C. H. H.

224. *"The ruddock,"* etc.; the kindly service of the Robin Redbreast is often referred to in Elizabethan literature, *e. g.*

Covering with moss the dead's unclosed eye,
The little redbreast teacheth charitie.

—Drayton, *The Owl.*

It is worth while noting that the story of *The Babes in the Wood*

With charitable bill—O bill, sore shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!—bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Prithee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. To the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be 't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note and words,
Save that 'Euriphile' must be 'Fidele.'

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I 'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We 'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys:
And though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that: though mean and mighty, rotting

was dramatised as early as 1600 in Yarrington's "*Two Lamentable Tragedies*."—I. G.

Together, have one dust, yet reverence,
That angel of the world, doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither,
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you 'll go fetch him,
We 'll say our song the whilst. Brother, begin.
[*Exit Belarius.*

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;
My father hath a reason for 't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then and remove him.

Arv. So. Begin.

SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:

262. *"Golden"*; glancing in the brilliance of youth.—C. H. H.

The scepter, learning, physic, must
All follow this and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash;
Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee!
Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!
Both. Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.

275. To *"consign to thee"* is to "seal the same contract *with thee*"; that is, add their names to thine upon the register of death.—H. N. H.

280. *"quiet consummation have"*; probably the best comment on this is furnished by the closing prayer in the Church Burial Service: "That we, with all those who are departed in the true faith of Thy holy Name, may have our perfect *consummation* and bliss, both in body and soul, in Thy eternal and everlasting glory." Mr. Richard Grant White, in his clever book entitled *Shakespeare's Scholar*, handles these verses rather unceremoniously, calling them "stiff, formal, artificial rhymes, worthy only of a verse-crased cit affecting the pastorals." And he adds,—"The lines are the production of some clumsy prentice of the Muse." Of course we cannot, even if we had the wit, stay now to criticize either the verses or the critic. Still, we have to confess that, possibly more from long association than from judgment, the lines *feel* to us very much at home where they are, seem to relish of the soil in which they are represented as growing, and fall in so accordantly with the spirit of the persons and the occasion, that we can discover no savor of "affecting the pastorals" in them. We venture to hope that Mr. White, in his next edition, will put more of light and less of smoke into this handful of critical eruption.—H. N. H.

Gui. We have done our obsequies: come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers, but 'bout midnight more:
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
Are strewings fitt'st for graves. Upon their faces.
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
These herblets shall, which we upon you strow.
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
The ground that gave them first has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.
[*Exeunt Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*

Imo. [*Awaking*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which is the way?—
I thank you.—By yond bush?—Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pittikins! can it be six mile yet?—
I have gone all night:—faith, I 'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow! O gods and goddesses! [*Seeing the body of Cloten.*
These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on 't. I hope I dream;
For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,

285. *"Upon their faces"*; Malone observes, that "Shakespeare did not recollect when he wrote these words, that there was but *one* face on which the flowers could be strewed." It is one of the Poet's lapses of thought, and will countenance the passage remarked upon in Act iv. sc. 1.—H. N. H.

And cook to honest creatures: but 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear: but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream 's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagined, felt.
A headless man! The garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of 's leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face—
Murder in heaven? — How! — 'Tis gone. Pisanio,
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspired with that irregulous devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord. To write and read
Be henceforth treacherous! Damn'd Pisanio!
Hath with his forged letters—damn'd Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top! O Posthumus! alas,
Where is thy head? where 's that? Aye me! where 's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on. How should this be? Pisanio?
'Tis he and Cloten: malice and lucre in them

Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!
Give color to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!
[*Falls on the body.*

Enter Lucius, a Captain and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia
After your will have cross'd the sea, attending
You here at Milford-Haven with your ships:
They are in readiness.
Luc. But what from Rome?
Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners
And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Syenna's brother.
Luc. When expect you them?
Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.
Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to 't. Now, sir,

What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision—
I fast and pray'd for their intelligence—thus:
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends—
Unless my sins abuse my divination—
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false. Soft, ho! what trunk is here
Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime
It was a worthy building. How! a page!
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather;
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
Let 's see the boy's face.

Cap. He 's alive, my lord,

Luc. He 'll then instruct us of this body. Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems
They crave to be demanded. Who is this
Thou makest thy bloody pillow? Or who was he

346. *"show'd me a vision"*; it was no common dream, but sent from the *very gods*, or the gods themselves. *Fast* for *fasted*, as we have in another place of this play *lift* for *lifted*. In *King John* we have *heat* for *heated*, *waft* for *wafted*. Similar phraseology will be found in the Bible.—H. N. H.

349. "*spongy*"; moist.—C. H. H.

That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What 's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton and a good,
That here by mountaineers lie slain. Alas!
There is no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou movest no less with thy complaining than
Thy master in bleeding: say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. [*Aside*] If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They 'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure,
No less beloved. The Roman emperor's letters
Sent by a consul to me should not sooner

364. *"than noble nature did"*; who has altered this picture, so as to make it otherwise than nature *did* it?—H. N. H.

Than thine own worth prefer thee; go with me.

Imo. I 'll follow, sir. But first, an 't please the gods,
I 'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig; and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his grave
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I 'll weep and sigh,
And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Aye, good youth;
And rather father thee than master thee.
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave: come, arm him. Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, Pisanio, and Attendants.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

A fever with the absence of her son;

389. *"poor pickaxes"*; meaning her fingers.—H. N. H.
400. *"preferred"*; committed.—C. H. H.

A madness, of which her life 's in danger. Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure and
Dost seem so ignorant, we 'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your highness,
Hold me your loyal servant,

First Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here:
I dare be bound he 's true and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome.
[*To Pisanio*] We 'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy
Does yet depend.

21. *"and will, no doubt, be found"*; perhaps we should read, *"he'll* no doubt be found." But this omission of the personal pronoun was by no means uncommon in Shakespeare's age.—H. N. H.

First Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen by the senate sent.
Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen!
I am amazed with matter.
First Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more
you 're ready:
The want is but to put those powers in motion
That long to move.
Cym. I thank you. Let 's withdraw;
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here. Away!
[*Exeunt all but Pisanio.*
Pis. I heard no letter from my master since
I wrote him Imogen was slain: 'tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings; neither know I
What is betid to Cloten, but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work.
Wherein I am false I am honest; not true, to be
true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I 'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:

30. *"than what you hear of"*; "Your forces are able to *face* such an army as we hear the enemy will bring against us."—H. N. H.

36. *"I heard no letter" i. e.* (?) "I've not had a line"; Hanmer reads *"I've had"*; Capell, *"I have had"*; Mason conj., and Warburton conj., adopted by Collier (ed. 2), *"I had."*—I. G.

Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd. [*Exit.*

Scene IV

Wales. Before the cave of Belarius.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Gui. The noise is round about us.
Bel. Let us from it.
Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?
Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? This way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.
Bel. Sons,
We 'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there 's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death—we being not known, not muster'd
Among the bands—may drive us to a render
Where we have lived, and so extort from 's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.
Gui. This is, sir, a doubt
In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.
Arv. It is not likely
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,

Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And besides, the king
Hath not deserved my service nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promised,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I 'll thither: what thing is it that I never
Did see man die! scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison!
Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel! I am ashamed
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I 'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I 'll take the better care, but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans!

Arv. So say I: amen.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys!
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I 'll lie:
Lead, lead. [*Aside*] The time seems long; their blood thinks scorn,
Till it fly out and show them princes born.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

Britain. The Roman camp.

Enter Posthumus, with a bloody handkerchief.

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I 'll keep thee; for I wish'd
Thou shouldst be color'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little! O Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond but to do just ones. Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had lived to put on this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck
Me, wretch more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that 's love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,

And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.
But Imogen is your own: do your best wills,
And make me blest to obey! I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
I 'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose: I 'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I 'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I 'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I 'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valor in me than my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without and more within.

[*Exit.*

15. *"dread it, to the doers' thrift"*; perhaps this means that the guilty benefit by their dread, for their dread makes them repent, and repentance brings them salvation. Theobald suggested *"dreaded . . . thrift"*; but the text, though somewhat difficult, may be correct.—I. G.

Scene II

Field of battle between the British and Roman camps.

Enter, from one side, Lucius, Iachimo, Imogen, and the Roman Army; from the other side, the British army; Leonatus Posthumus following, like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Then enter again, in skirmish, Iachimo and Posthumus: he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on 't
Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me
In my profession? Knighthoods and honors, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is that we scarce are men and you are gods. [*Exit.*

The battle continues; the Britons fly; Cymbeline is taken; then enter, to his rescue, Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us but

The villainy of our fears.

Gui. } Stand, stand, and fight!
Arv. }

Re-enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britons: they rescue Cymbeline and exeunt. Then re-enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops and save thyself;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder 's such
As war were hoodwink'd.
Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.
Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
Let 's re-inforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Another part of the field.

Enter Posthumus and a British Lord.

Lord. Camest thou from where they made the stand?
Post. I did:
Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.
Lord. I did.
Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: the king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,

Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,
An honest one, I warrant; who deserved
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for 's country. Athwart the lane
He, with two striplings—lads more like to run
The country base than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cased, or shame—
Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,
'Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards. Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts which you shun beastly, and may save

8. *"Lolling the tongue"*; a mark of bloodthirstiness in wild beasts. —C. H. H.

12. *"lane"*; narrow defile.—C. H. H.

26. *"that"*; *i. e.* "that death."—I. G.

But to look back in frown: stand, stand!' These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many,—
For three performers are the file when all
The rest do nothing,—with this word 'Stand, stand,'
Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleness, which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks,
Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd coward
But by example,—O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners!—'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon
A rout, confusion thick: forthwith they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
The strides they victors made: and now our cowards,
Like fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o' the need: having found the back-door open
Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they wound!
Some slain before, some dying, some their friends

30. *"the file"*; the whole force.—C. H. H.
34. *"gilded"*; flushed.—C. H. H.
43. *"they"*; Theobald's correction of Ff., *"the"*; *i. e.* "retracing as slaves the strides they made as victors."—I. G.

O'er-borne i' the former wave: ten chased by one
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those that would die or ere resist are grown
The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys.

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
'Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserved the Britons, was the Romans' bane.'

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I 'll be his friend;
For if he 'll do as he is made to do,
I know he 'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell; you 're angry. [*Exit.*

Post. Still going? This is a lord! O noble misery!
To be i' the field, and ask 'what news?' of me!
To-day how many would have given their honors
To have saved their carcasses! took heel to do 't,
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,

53. *"Nay, do not wonder"*; Theobald reads *"Nay, do but wonder"*; Staunton conj. *"Ay, do but wonder ;* "Posthumus first bids him not wonder, then tells him in another mode of reproach that wonder was all he was made for" (Johnson).—I. G.

Nor feel him where he struck. Being an ugly monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath moe ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war. Well, I will find him:
For being now a favorer to the Briton,
No more a Briton, I have resumed again
The part I came in: fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be
Britons must take. For me, my ransom 's death:
On either side I come to spend my breath,
Which neither here I 'll keep nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains and Soldiers.

First Cap. Great Jupiter be praised! Lucius is taken:
'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.

Sec. Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave the affront with them.

First Cap. So 'tis reported:

74. That is, "*he, Death,* being now a favorer to the Briton, I will be a Briton no longer; I have resumed the part I came in, turned Roman again, in which character I shall find him." Sir Thomas Hanmer, and other editors after him, supposing Posthumus to be speaking of himself, and not of Death, in this line, changed *Briton* into *Roman*.—H. N. H.

But none of 'em can be found. Stand! who 's there?

Post. A Roman;
Who had not now been drooping here if seconds
Had answer'd him.

Sec. Cap. Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his service
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Roman Captives. The Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Jailer: then exeunt omnes.

Scene IV

A British prison.

Enter Posthumus and two Jailers.

First Jail. You shall not now be stol'n, you have locks upon you:
So graze as you find pasture.

Sec. Jail. Aye, or a stomach.
[*Exeunt Jailers.*

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: yet am I better

1. "*you have locks upon you*"; the Jailer alludes to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg when he is turned out to pasture.—H. N. H.

Than one that 's sick o' the gout; since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity than be cured
By the sure physician, death, who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks and wrists: you good gods, give me
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is 't enough I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desired more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
If of my freedom, 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me than my all.
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement: that 's not my desire:
For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:

15. *"to satisfy"*; to make atonement for his guilt (as distinguished from merely repenting it).—C. H. H.

21. *"their abatement"*; the proportion of the debt which they do not take.—C. H. H.

24. *"'Tween man and man,"* etc.; in common traffic not every coin is weighed.—C. H. H.

25. *"for the figure's sake"*; that is, "men do not take every stamp or piece by weight; some pieces, though too light, they accept, in order to make up the number required: still more, then, so accept mine,

You rather mine, being yours: and so, great
powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
I 'll speak to thee in silence. [*Sleeps.*

Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife and mother to Posthumus, with music before them: then, after other music, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show
Thy spite on mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I died whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending nature's law:
Whose father then—as men report
Thou orphans' father art—
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

great powers, since all the pieces I have are of your own coinage." —H. N. H.

98. "*cancel these cold bonds*"; so in *Macbeth*: "*Cancel* and tear to pieces that great *bond* that keeps me pale." There is an equivoque between the legal instrument and bonds of steel.—H. N. H.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserved the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

First Bro. When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd
To be exiled, and thrown
From Leonati seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' the other's villainy?

Sec. Bro. For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents and us twain,

That striking in our country's cause
Fell bravely and were slain,
Our fealty and Tenantius' right
With honor to maintain.

First Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd;
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolors turn'd?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise
Upon a valiant race thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help;
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest
Against thy deity.

Both Bro. Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle; he throws a thunderbolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush! How dare you ghosts

Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence, and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents opprest;
No care of yours it is; you know 'tis ours.
Whom best I love I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married. Rise, and fade.
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine:
And so away: no farther with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.
[*Ascends.*

Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
More sweet than our blest fields: his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing and cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleased.

116. *"to foot us"*; that is, to grasp us in his pounces. The word is thus used by Herbert:

"And till they *foot* and clutch their prey."—H. N. H.

116. *"his ascension is more sweet than our blest fields"*; he ascends with an odor sweeter than that of the Elysian fields of asphodel.—C. H. H.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof. Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.
[*The Ghosts vanish.*

Post. [*Waking*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot
A father to me; and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers: but, O scorn!
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born:
And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favor dream as I have done;

122. It is difficult to believe that Shakespeare was at any time the author of this interlude; impossible, that he was so, when his powers were in anything such strength as they show in the rest of the play. The more common opinion is, that the interlude was foisted in by the players, in order to catch the interest of vulgar wonder. That such things were sometimes done, is indeed beyond question. It may also be observed that, if the whole apparition, together with what follows down to the re-entrance of the jailers, be omitted, there will appear no gap in the play, unless in the allowing of Posthumus some space for sleep; the origin of the tablet being, for aught we can see, as well explained without the apparition as with it. Still we incline to the opinion that the matter was worked in by the Poet from an older drama either written by himself in his youth, or found among the stock-copies of the theater. For, though the tablet be as well accounted for without the apparition as with it, in what Posthumus afterwards says of it, yet the former is itself as absurd as anything in the latter, and as much below the style of the rest of the play. Nevertheless, the contents of the tablet are so worked into the dialogue as to make the tablet itself an inseparable item of the drama. The most likely conclusion, then, seems to be, that the Poet either retained the matter from some early production of his pen, or else found it already in popular favor on the stage, and so worked it in with his own "noble stuff," for purposes too obvious to need remarking upon.—H. N. H.

Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favors; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[*Reads*] 'When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air, and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.'

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I 'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Jailers.

First Jail. Come, sir, are you ready for death?
Post. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.
First Jail. Hanging is the word, sir: if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

First Jail. A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern-bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty, the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness: of this contradiction you shall now be quit. O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debitor and creditor but it; of what 's past, is, and to come, the discharge: your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

First Jail. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

First Jail. Your death has eyes in 's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must

166. *"Paid"* here means *"subdued* or *overcome* by the liquor.—H. N. H.

either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or to take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you 'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink and will not use them.

First Jail. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging 's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bringest good news, I am called to be made free.

First Jail. I 'll be hanged then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a jailer; no bolts for the dead.

[*Exeunt all but First Jailer.*

First Jail. Unless a man would marry a gallows and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of jailers and gallowses! I speak against my

present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in 't. [*Exit.*

Scene V

Cymbeline's tent.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, Lords, Officers and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targes of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promised nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; [*To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus*] which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,

By whom I grant she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are: report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees.
Arise my knights o' the battle: I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There 's business in these faces. Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Who worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too. How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd
I will report, so please you: these her women
Can trip me if I err; who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Prithee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never loved you, only

23. So in *Macbeth*: "The *business* of this man looks out of him."—H. N. H.

Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place,
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this;
And, but she spoke in dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is 't can read a woman? Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life and lingering
By inches waste you: in which time she purposed,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show, and in time,
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown:
But, failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so
Despairing died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

54. *"and in time"*; so F. 1; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"yes and in time"*; S. Walker conj. *"and in due time,"* etc.—I. G.

55. *"to work her son into the adoption of the crown"*; to procure his adoption as heir.—C. H. H.

Ladies. We did, so please your highness
Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful,
Mine ears that heard her flattery, nor my heart
That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, the Soothsayer, and other Roman Prisoners, guarded; Posthumus behind, and Imogen.

Thou comest not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have razed out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit
That their good souls may be appeased with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So think of your estate.
Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth

68. *"prove it in thy feeling"*; attest it by your own sufferings.—C. H. H.

A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on 't: and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat; my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like: let his virtue join
With my request, which I 'll make bold your highness
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have served a Roman: save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him:
His favor is familiar to me. Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore,
To say, live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I 'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no: alack,
There 's other work in hand: I see a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys

That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
Why stands he so perplex'd?
Cym. What wouldst thou, boy?
I love thee more and more: think more and more
What 's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?
Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.
Cym. Wherefore eyest him so?
Imo. I 'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.
Cym. Aye, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What 's thy name?
Imo. Fidele, sir.
Cym. Thou 'rt my good youth, my page;
I 'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.
[*Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.*
Bel. Is not this boy revived from death?
Arv. One sand another
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
Who died, and was Fidele. What think you?
Gui. The same dead thing alive.

120. *"One sand another not more resembles"*; some words are perhaps lost. Walker conjectured that two half lines had dropped out:—

Not more resembles [
Than he resembles] that sweet rosy lad, etc.—C. H. H.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear;
Creatures may be alike: were 't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.
Gui. But we saw him dead.
Bel. Be silent; let 's see further.
Pis. [*Aside*] It is my mistress:
Since she is living, let the time run on
To good or bad.
[*Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.*
Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud. [*To Iachimo*] Sir, step you forth;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness and the grace of it,
Which is our honor, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood. On, speak to him.
Imo. My boon is that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.
Post. [*Aside*] What 's that to him?
Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou 'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.
Cym. How! me?
Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Which torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring: 'twas Leonatus' jewel;
Whom thou didst banish; and—which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me,—a nobler sir ne'er lived

'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood and my false spirits
Quail to remember—Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter? what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time—unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!—it was in Rome,—accurst
The mansion where!—'twas at a feast,—O, would
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
Those which I heaved to head!—the good Posthumus,—
What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rarest of good ones—sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak; for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides that hook of wiving,

Fairness which strikes the eye—
Cym. I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.
Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This Posthumus,
Most like a noble lord in love and one
That had a royal lover, took his hint,
And not dispraising whom we praised,—therein
He was as calm as virtue—he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in 't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his description
Proved us unspeaking sots.
Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.
Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: whereat I, wretch,
Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honor'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of 's bed and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,
No lesser of her honor confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of 's car. Away to Britain

Post I in this design: well may you, sir,
Remember me at court; where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,—
O cunning, how I got it!—nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon—
Methinks I see him now—

Post. [*Advancing*] Aye, so thou dost,
Italian fiend! Aye me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing,
That 's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come! O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter: villain-like, I lie;

208. *"the forfeit"*; the fine paid for breach of a "bond" or contract.—C. H. H.

That caused a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do 't. The temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus, and
Be villainy less than 'twas! O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

Post. Shall 's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part. [*Striking her: she falls.*

Pis. O, gentlemen, help!
Mine and your mistress! O, my lord Posthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now. Help, help!
Mine honor'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gavest me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

221. *"and she herself"*; not only the temple of virtue, but virtue herself.—H. N. H.

225. *"Be villainy less than 'twas"*; let villainy be a term for less heinous acts, those truly vile taking their name from Posthumus.—C. H. H.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!
Pis. Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing: I had it from the queen.
Cym. New matter still?
Imo. It poison'd me.
Cor. O gods!
I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: 'If Pisanio
Have,' said she, 'given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is served
As I would serve a rat.'
Cym. What 's this, Cornelius?
Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importuned me
To temper poisons for her, still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which being ta'en would cease
The present power of life, but in short time
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?
Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.
Bel. My boys,
There was our error.
Gui. This is, sure, Fidele.

255. *"Cease"* was not unfrequently used thus as a transitive verb.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock, and now
Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*
Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!
Cym. How now, my flesh, my child!
What, makest thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?
Imo. [*Kneeling*] Your blessing, sir.
Bel. [*To Gui. and Arv.*] Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;
You had a motive for 't.
Cym. My tears that fall
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother 's dead.
Imo. I am sorry for 't, my lord.
Cym. O, she was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet here so strangely: but her son
Is gone, we know not how nor where.
Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I 'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,

262. *"upon a rock"; i. e.* "as a shipwreck'd sailor." *Cf.* the close of Goethe's *Tasso*:—

So klammert sich der Schiffer endlich noch
Am Felsen fest.—C. H. H.

263. The stage-direction was first inserted by Hanmer, and explains the meaning of the lines, and gets rid of a long series of unnecessary emendations.—I. G.

If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he enforced from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honor: what became of him
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forfend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: prithee, valiant youth,
Deny 't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most incivil one: the wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off 's head;
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: thou 'rt dead.

Imo. That headless man

I thought had been my lord.
Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.
Bel. Stay, sir king:
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself, and hath
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for. [*To the Guard*] Let his arms alone;
They were not born for bondage.
Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?
Arv. In that he spake too far.
Cym. And thou shalt die for't.
Bel. We will die all three:
But I will prove that two on 's are as good
As I have given out him. My sons, I must
For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech,
Though haply well for you.
Arv. Your danger 's ours.
Gui. And our good his.
Bel. Have at it then, by leave.
Thou hadst, great king, a subject who
Was call'd Belarius.

305. *"scar"; "had ever s. for,"* i. e. had ever received a scar for; Ff. 1, 2, *"scarre"*; Collier conj. *"sense"*; Singer (ed. 2), *"score"*; Bailey conj. *"soar."*—I. G.

308. *"by tasting of our wrath"*; the consequence is taken for the whole action; *by tasting* is *by forcing us to make thee to taste.*—H. N. H.

313. *"For mine own part . . . dangerous"*; dangerous as regards myself.—C. H. H.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.
Bel. He it is that hath
Assumed this age, indeed a banish'd man;
I know not how a traitor.
Cym. Take him hence:
The whole world shall not save him.
Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have received it.
Cym. Nursing of my sons!
Bel. I am too blunt and saucy: here 's my knee:
Ere I arise I will prefer my sons;
Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.
Cym. How! my issue!
Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my mere offense, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason: that I suffer'd
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes—
For such and so they are—these twenty years

319. *"assumed this age"*; referring to the different appearance which he now makes in comparison with that when Cymbeline last saw him. —H. N. H.

334. *"my mere offense"*; the old copy reads *"meere* offence"; the emendation is by Mr. Tyrwhitt. Belarius means, "My crime, my punishment, and all the treason that I committed, originated in, and were founded on, your caprice only."—H. N. H.

Have I train'd up: those arts they have as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I moved her to 't,
Having received the punishment before
For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason: their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shaped
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service that you three have done is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children:
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleased awhile.
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,

346. *"shaped unto"*; fell in with.—C. H. H.

352. *"Thou weepest"*; "Thy tears give testimony to the sincerity of thy relation; and I have the less reason to be incredulous, because the actions which you have done within my knowledge are more incredible than the story which you relate." The king reasons very justly (Johnson).—H. N. H.

354. *"Unlike"*; unlikely.—C. H. H.

Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which for more probation
I can with ease produce.
Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It is a mark of wonder.
Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.
Cym. O, what am I?
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoiced deliverance more. Blest pray you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now! O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.
Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by 't. O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When ye were so indeed.
Cym. Did you e'er meet?
Arv. Aye, my good lord.
Gui. And at first meeting loved,
Continued so, until we thought he died.
Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.
Cym. O rare instinct!

378. *"When ye"*; Rowe's emendation of Ff., *"When we"*; Capell, *"When you."*—I. G.

When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how lived you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependances,
From chance to chance: but nor the time nor place
Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy: the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let 's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.

382. *"fierce,"* disordered; (?) vehement, rapid; Collier conj. *"forc'd"*; Bailey conj. *"brief."*—I. G.

383. *"circumstantial branches, which distinction should be rich in"*; separate narratives which ought to be followed out in all their rich detail.—C. H. H.

384. *"distinction should be rich in," i. e.* "Ought to be rendered distinct by a liberal amplitude of narrative" (Steevens).—I. G.

392. *"our long inter'gatories"*; Tyrwhitt conj., adopted by Malone; F., *"our long Interrogatories."*—I. G.

[*To Belarius*] Thou art my brother; so we 'll hold thee ever.

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier that so nobly fought,
He would have well becomed this place and graced
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo: I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. [*Kneeling*] I am down again:
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you is to spare you;
The malice towards you to forgive you: live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd!

We 'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon 's the word to all.

Arv. You holp us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes. Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer: as I slept, methought
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred: when I waked, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it: let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus!

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [*Reads*] 'When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air, and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock and

428. "*Spritely shows*" are groups of sprites, ghostly appearances.—H. N. H.

434–440. Coleridge remarks upon this strange "label" as follows: "It is not easy to conjecture why Shakespeare should have introduced this ludicrous scroll, which answers no one purpose, either propulsive or explicatory, unless as a joke on etymology." Collier thinks "it is very possible that the scroll and the vision were parts of an older play." Our agreement with him herein has been already declared.—H. N. H.

freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.'
Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.
[*To Cymbeline*] The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
Which we call 'mollis aer;' and 'mollis aer'
We term it 'mulier:' which 'mulier' I divine
Is this most constant wife; who even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stol'n,
For many years thought dead, are now revived,
To the most majestic cedar join'd, whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well;
My peace we will begin. And Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar
And to the Roman empire, promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens in justice both on her and hers

460. *"My peace we will begin";* it should apparently be, *"By* peace we will begin." The Soothsayer says, that the label promised to Britain "peace and plenty." To which Cymbeline replies, "We will begin *with peace, to fulfill the prophecy.*"—H. N. H.

Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision,
Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favor with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Lud's town march:
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we 'll ratify; seal it with feasts.
Set on there! Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace. [*Exeunt.*

466. *"laid most heavy hand"*; that is, have laid most heavy hand *on*. Many such elliptical passages are found in Shakespeare.—H. N. H.

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Abode; "desire my man's a.", *i. e.* bid my servant to stay; I. vi. 53.

Absolute, absolutely certain, positive; IV. ii. 106.

Abuse, deceive; I. vi. 131; IV. ii. 351.

Abused, deceived; I. iv. 124; III. iv. 106.

Act, action, operation; I. v. 22.

Action, state, course; V. iv. 151.

Adjourn'd, deferred; V. iv. 78.

Admiration, wonder, astonishment; I. iv. 5; I. vi. 38.

——, veneration, and wonder; IV. ii. 232.

Adorer, idolator; I. iv. 82.

Adventure, run the risk; III. iv. 157.

Adventured, dared, ventured; I. vi. 172.

Advice; "best a.", deliberate consideration; I. i. 156.

Afeard, afraid; IV. ii. 94.

Affected, loved; V. v. 38.

Affiance, fidelity; I. vi. 163.

Affirmation; "bloody a.", "sealing the truth with his blood"; I. iv. 70.

Affront; "gave the a.", confronted the enemy; V. iii. 87.

——, confront; IV. iii. 29.

Afric, Africa; I. i. 167.

After, afterwards; I. v. 80; I. vi. 50; II. iii. 20.

After, according to; IV. ii. 334.

After-eye, look after; I. iii. 16.

Air's from, air there is away from; III. iii. 29.

Albeit, although; II. iii. 62.

Allow'd, acknowledged; III. iii. 17.

Amazed, confused; IV. iii. 28.

Amend, make better; V. v. 216.

Ancient, old, aged; V. iii. 15.

Andirons, irons at the side of the fireplace; II. iv. 88.

Annoy, harm; IV. iii. 34.

Answer, punishment; IV. iv. 13.

——, return, retaliation; V. iii. 79.

——, correspond to; IV. ii. 192.

Answer'd him, done like him; V. iii. 91.

Ape, mimic, imitator; II. ii. 31.

Apparent, plain, evident; II. iv. 56.

Apprehension, conception; IV. ii. 110.

Approbation, attestation; I. iv. 144.

Approve, prove; IV. ii. 380; V. v. 245.

Approvers; "their a.", those who make trial of their courage; II. iv. 25.

Arabian bird, the phœnix; I. vi. 17.

Arm, take up into the arms; IV. ii. 400.

ARRAS, hangings of tapestry; II. ii. 26.
AS, for; I. vi. 130.
——, like; II. iv. 84.
——, as if; IV. ii. 50; V. ii. 16; V. iv. 116.
ASSUMED, put on; V. v. 319.
AT, on; III. iv. 194.
ATONE, reconcile; I. iv. 46.
ATTEMPTABLE, open to temptation; I. iv. 72.
ATTENDED, listened to; I. vi. 142.
ATTENDING, doing service; III. iii. 22.
——, awaiting; V. iv. 38.
AVERRING, alleging; V. v. 203.
AVOID!, begone! away!; I. i. 125.

BACK'D, seated upon the back of; V. v. 427.
BASE, a game in which the quickest runner is the winner; V. iii. 20.
BASILISK, the fabulous monster whose look was supposed to strike the beholder with death; II. iv. 107.
BATE, beat down, deduct; III. ii. 56.
BAY, bark at; V. v. 223.
BEASTLY, like beasts; III. iii. 40; V. iii. 27.
BECOMED, become; V. v. 406.
BEHALF; "in the clock's b.", *i. e.* doing the service of a clock; III. ii. 75.
BELCH FROM, vomit from; III. v. 139.
BENT, cast, look; I. i. 13.
BESEECH, I beseech; I. i. 153.
BESEEMING, appearance; V. v. 409.
BETID, happened; (Ff., *"betide"*); IV. iii. 40.
BE WHAT IT IS; let it be what it may; V. iv. 150.
BEYOND NATURE, which are immortal; V. v. 165.
BLOODS, temperaments; I. i. 1.
BOLD, sure, confident; II. iv. 2.
BONDAGE, obligation; II. iv. 111.
BOOK, tablet; V. iv. 133.
BOOT; "to b.", in addition; I. v. 69; II. iii. 36.
BORE IN HAND, falsely pretended, abused with false hopes; V. v. 43.
BOW, makes to bow; III. iii. 3.
——, stoop in entering; III. iii. 83.
BRAIN NOT, do not understand; V. iv. 148.
BRANDS, torches; II. iv. 91.
BRAVELY, well; II. ii. 15.
BRAVERY, "state of defiance"; III. i. 18.
BRAWNS, arms; IV. ii. 311.
BREEDING, life; V. iii. 17.
BRING, accompany, escort; I. i. 171.
BROGUES, thick shoes; IV. ii. 214.
BUGS, bugbears; V. iii. 51.
BUT, except, without; V. v. 311.
BY, from; II. iv. 77, 78; III. v. 58.
BY-DEPENDANCES, accessory circumstances; V. v. 390.
BY-PEEPING, looking aside, side-long glances; (Johnson conj., adopted by Steevens, 1773, *"lye-peeping"*; Collier MS., *"bo-peeping"*; Keightley, *"bide peeping"*; &c., &c.); I. vi. 108.

CALVES'-GUTS, fiddle-strings; II. iii. 35.
CAPON, perhaps used quibblingly for *"capon,"* *i. e.* "with a coxcomb"; II. i. 27.
CARL, churl, peasant; V. ii. 4.

CARRIAGE; "your c." carrying you off; III. iv. 191.
CASED, covered; V. iii. 22.
CAVE, live in a cave; IV. ii. 138.
CAVE-KEEPER, one who lives in a cave; IV. ii. 298.
CENTURY, hundred; IV. ii. 391.
CERTAINTY, certain results; IV. iv. 27.
CHAFFLESS, without chaff; I. vi. 178.
CHANCE, event, circumstance; V. v. 391.
CHANGE YOU, do you change color; I. vi. 11.
CHARACTERS, handwriting; III. ii. 28.
——, letters; IV. ii. 49.
CHARGE, burden, take hold of; III. iv. 45.
CHARM'D, made invulnerable; V. iii. 68.
CHARMING, having magical, protecting power; I. iii. 35.
——; "more c.", *i. e.* charming more, bewitching others more; V. iii. 32.
CHECK, reproof; III. iii. 22.
CINQUE-SPOTTED, with five spots; II. ii. 38.
CIRCUMSTANCES, details; particulars; II. iv. 62.
CITIZEN, cockney-bred, effeminate; IV. ii. 8.
CIVIL, civilized; III. vi. 23.
CLEAN, altogether; III. vi. 20.
CLIPP'D, surrounded, encircled; II. iii. 138.
CLIPP'D ABOUT, embraced; V. v. 452.
CLOSE, secret; III. v. 85.
CLOSET, private chamber; I. v. 84.
CLOTH, dress, livery; II. iii. 127.
CLOTPOLL, head; IV. ii. 184.
CLOUTED BROGUES, hob-nailed boots; IV. ii. 214.
CLOYS, strokes with his claws; V. iv. 118.
COGNIZANCE, visible token; II. iv. 127.
COLLECTION OF, inference from; V. v. 432.
COLOR; "against all c.", contrary to all appearance of right; III. i. 52.
COLORS; "under her c.", *i. e.* "under her banner, by her influence"; I. iv. 22.
COMFORT, happiness, joy; V. v. 403.
COMMON-KISSING, kissing anything and everything; III. iv. 167.
COMPANION, fellow; (used contemptuously); II. i. 31.
COMPANY, accompany; V. v. 408.
COMPARATIVE FOR, comparing with; II. iii. 133.
CONCLUSIONS, experiments; I. v. 18.
CONDITION, character; V. v. 165.
CONDUCT, escort, safe-conduct; III. v. 8.
CONFECTIONS, composition of drugs; I. v. 15; V. v. 246.
CONFIDENT; "three thousand c.", with the confidence of three thousand; V. iii. 29.
CONFINERS, borderers; IV. ii. 337.
CONFOUNDED, destroyed; I. iv. 60.
CONSEQUENCE, succession; II. iii. 125.
CONSIDER, pay, reward; II. iii. 33.
——, take into consideration; V. v. 28.
CONSTANT-QUALIFIED, faithful; I. iv. 72.
CONSTRUCTION, interpretation; V. v. 433.
CONSUMMATION, end, death; IV. ii. 280.

CONTAINING; "whose c", the contents of which; V. v. 430.
CONTENT THEE, trouble not thyself about it; I. v. 26.
CONVEY'D, stolen; I. i. 63.
CONVINCE, overcome; I. iv. 113.
CORDIAL, reviving to the spirits; I. v. 64.
COUNTERCHANGE, exchange; V. v. 396.
COUNTERS, round pieces of metal used in calculations; V. iv. 175.
CRACK'D, blustered, bragged; V. v. 177.
——, broken; V. v. 207.
CRARE, skiff, a small vessel; (Sympson's conj., adopted by Steevens; Ff., *"care"*; Warburton, adopted by Theobald, *"carrack"*; Hanmer, *"carack"*); IV. ii. 205.
CRESCENT, increasing, growing; I. iv. 2.
CROP, harvest, produce; I. vi. 33.
CURB'D, restrained; II. iii. 124.
CURIOUS, careful; I. vi. 191.
CUTTER, sculptor; II. iv. 83.
CYDNUS, a river in Cilicia; II. iv. 71.
CYTHEREA, Venus; II. ii. 14.

DAMM'D, stopped up; V. iii. 11.
DARK, mean, obscure; III. iv. 148.
DEAR, deeply felt; V. v. 345.
DEBITOR AND CREDITOR, account book; V. iv. 172.
DECAY, destroy; I. v. 56.
DEFECT; "d. of judgment", *i. e.* "the defective use of judgment" (Ingleby); IV. ii. 111.
DEFINITE, resolute; I. vi. 43.
DELICATE, alluring; (?) ingenious, artful; V. v. 47.
DELIGHTED, delightful; V. iv. 102.
DEPEND, impend, remain in suspense; IV. iii. 23.
DEPENDING, resting, leaning; II. iv. 91.
DESPERATE; "upon a d. bed", dangerously ill; IV. iii. 6.
DESPITE; "in my d.", in defiance of me; IV. i. 17.
DIE THE DEATH, die a violent death; IV. ii. 96.
DIFFERING MULTITUDES, wavering multitudes, fickle mobs; III. vi. 86.
DISCOVER, disclose, confess; I. vi. 98; III. v. 95.
DISEDGED, surfeited; III. iv. 97.
DISMISSION, rejection, dismissal; II. iii. 58.
DOOM'D, decided; V. v. 420.
DOUBTING, suspecting that; I. vi. 95.
DRAWN, tapped, emptied; V. iv. 169.
DRAWN TO HEAD, gathered together, levied; III. v. 25.
DRUG-DAMN'D, detested for its drugs and poisons; III. iv. 15.

EARNEST, money paid beforehand as a pledge; I. v. 65.
ELDER, elder-tree; IV. ii. 59.
ELDER, *i. e.* later, of more recent date; V. i. 14.
ELECTED, chosen; III. iv. 113.
ELECTION, choice; I. ii. 30.
EMPERY, empire; I. vi. 190.
ENCHAFED, enraged; IV. ii. 174.
ENCOUNTER, meet; I. iii. 32.
——, meet with; I. vi. 112.
ENDED, died; V. v. 30.
ENFORCE, force, compel; IV. iii. 11.
ENFORCED, forced; IV. i. 21.
ENLARGEMENT, liberty; II. iii. 124.
ENTERTAIN, take into service; IV. ii. 394.

Estate, state, condition; V. v. 74.
Even, keep pace with, profit by; III. iv. 185.
——, just; III. vi. 16.
Event, issue, result; III. v. 14.
Ever, ever ready; I. iv. 43.
Exhibition, allowance; I. vi. 122.
Exorciser, conjurer; IV. ii. 276.
Extend; "to e. him", *i. e.* to increase his reputation; I. iv. 23.
——; "I do e. him within himself", *i. e.* I praise him not more, but even less, than he deserves; I. i. 25.
Extremity, cruelty; III. iv. 17.

Fail, fault, offense; (Upton conj. *"fall"*); III. iv. 67.
Fairies, evil fairies; II. ii. 9.
Fall'n-off, revolted; III. vii. 6.
False, turn false; II. iii. 75.
Fan, winnow, test; I. vi. 177.
Fangled, gaudily ornamented; V. iv. 134.
Far; "speak him f.", praise him highly; (Ff. 3, 4, *"fair"*); I. i. 24.
Fast, fasted; (Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"feast"*; Hanmer, *"fasting"*; &c.); IV. ii. 347.
Fatherly, in a fatherly way; II. iii. 40.
Favor, beauty, charm; I. vi. 42.
——, external appearance; IV. ii. 104.
——, countenance; V. v. 93.
Fear, fear for; I. iv. 117.
Fear'd, mixed with fear; (Tyrwhitt conj., adopted by Knight, *"sear'd"*; Hudson, *"sere"*; Elze, conj. *"dear"*; &c., &c.); II. iv. 6.
Fearful, full of fear; III. iv. 46.
Feat, dexterous, neat; V. v. 88.
Feated, fashioned; (Rowe, *"featur'd"*); Johnson, *"fear-ed"*); I. i. 49.
Feature, shape, exterior; V. v. 163.
Fell, cruel; IV. ii. 109.
Fellows, equals in rank; III. iv. 94.
Feodary, accomplice; III. ii. 21.
Fetch, take; I. i. 81.
Fetch in, take, capture; IV. ii. 141.
Fit, ready; III. iv. 172.
Fitment, equipment; V. v. 409.
Fits, befits; III. v. 22.
Fitted, prepared; V. v. 55.
Fitting, befitting, becoming; V. v. 98.
Foot, kick; III. v. 151.
For, as for; II. iii. 116; V. iii. 80.
——, fit for, only worthy of; II. iii. 127.
——, because; III. iv. 54; IV. ii. 129.
——, for want of; III. vi. 17.
For all, once for all; II. iii. 110.
Fore-end, earlier part; III. iii. 73.
Forespent, previously bestowed; II. iii. 65.
Forestall, deprive; III. v. 69.
Fore-thinking, fore-seeing, anticipating; III. iv. 172.
Forfeiters, those who forfeit their bonds; III. ii. 38.
Forfend, forbid; V. v. 287.
Forlorn, lost, not to be found; V. v. 405.
Foundations, "quibbling between fixed places and charitable institutions" (Schmidt); III. vi. 7.
Fragments, scraps, remnants of food; V. iii. 44.

FRAME TO, conform; II. iii. 52.
FRANCHISE, free exercise; III. i. 58.
FRANKLIN, yeoman; III. ii. 79.
FRAUGHT, burden; I. i. 126.
FREENESS, generosity; V. v. 421.
FRETTED, ornamented, embossed; II. iv. 88.
FRIEND, lover; I. iv. 82.
——; "to fr.", for my friend; I. iv. 125.
FRIENDLY, in a friendly manner; V. v. 482.
FRIGHTED, affrighted, frightened; II. iii. 144.
FROM, away from; I. iv. 18.
——, far from; V. v. 431.
FULL-HEARTED, full of courage and confidence; V. iii. 7.
FUMES, delusions; IV. ii. 301.
FURNACES, gives forth like a furnace; I. vi. 66.

GAIN; "g. his color," *i. e.* "to restore him to health"; IV. ii. 167.
GALLOWSES, gallows; V. iv. 215.
'GAN, began; V. iii. 37.
GECK, dupe; V. iv. 67.
GENTLE, of gentle birth; IV. ii. 39.
GIGLOT, false, wanton; III. i. 31.
'GINS, begins; II. iii. 24.
GIVE ME LEAVE, pardon me; V. v. 149.
GIVEN OUT, reported, made out; V. v. 312.
GO BACK, succumb, give way; I. iv. 124.
GO BEFORE, excel; V. ii. 8.
GO EVEN, accord; I. iv. 52.
GORDIAN KNOT, the celebrated knot, untied by Alexander; II. ii. 34.
GREAT COURT, important court business; III. v. 50.
GREAT MORNING, broad day; IV. ii. 61.
GUISE, practice; V. i. 32.
GYVES, fetters; V. iv. 14.

HABITS, garments; V. i. 30.
HAND-FAST, marriage engagement; I. v. 78.
HANGINGS, hanging fruit; III. iii. 63.
HAPLY, perhaps; III. iii. 29; IV. i. 21.
HAPPY, skillful, gifted; III. iv. 178.
HARDER, too hard; III. iv. 165.
HARDIMENT, boldness, bravery; V. iv. 75.
HARDINESS, hardihood, bravery; III. vi. 22.
HARDNESS, hardship, want; III. vi. 21.
HAVE AT IT, I'll tell my story; V. v. 315.
HAVE WITH YOU!, Take me with you!; IV. iv. 50.
HAVING, possessions; I. ii. 20.
HAVIOR, behavior; III. iv. 9.
HEAD, armed force; IV. ii. 139.
HEAVED TO HEAD, raised to my lips; V. v. 157.
HECUBA, the wife of Priam; IV. ii. 313.
HERBLETS, small herbs; IV. ii. 287.
HIE THEE, hasten; II. iii. 142.
HILDING, mean wretch; II. iii. 127.
HIND, boor, serf; V. iii. 77.
HOLD, fastness; III. vi. 18.
HOLP, did help; V. v. 422.
HOME, thoroughly; III. v. 92.
HORSE-HAIRS, fiddle-bow; II. iii. 34.
HOW MUCH, however much; IV. ii. 17.
HUNT, game taken in the chase; III. vi. 90.

Ignorant, silly, inexperienced; III. i. 27.
Imperceiverant, dull of perception; (Ff., *"imperseuerant"* (probably the correct reading); Hanmer, *"ill-perseverant"*); IV. i. 17.
Imperious, imperial; IV. ii. 35.
Importance, import, occasion; I. iv. 49.
Importantly, with matters of such importance; IV. iv. 19.
In, into; III. vi. 64.
Incivil, uncivil; V. v. 292.
Injurious, malicious, unjust; III. i. 49.
——, insulting, insolent; IV. ii. 86.
Instruct, inform; IV. ii. 360.
Insultment, insult; III. v. 147.
Into, unto; I. vi. 167.
Irregulous, lawless, unprincipled; IV. ii. 315.
Is, is in existence; I. iv. 90.
Issues, deeds, actions; II. i. 53.
It, its; III. iv. 161.

Jack, a small bowl at which the players aimed in the game of bowls; "to kiss the jack" is to have touched the jack, and to be in excellent position; II. i. 2.
Jack-slave, lowborn fellow; (a term of contempt); II. i. 23.
Jay, a loose woman; a term of reproach; III. iv. 52.
Jealousy, suspicion; IV. iii. 22.
Jet, strut; III. iii. 5.
Join; "j. his honor", *i. e.* "gave his noble aid"; I. i. 29.
Journal, diurnal, daily; IV. ii. 10.
Jovial; "our J. star"; (in the old astrology, Jupiter was "the joyfullest star, and of the happiest augury of all", hence propitious, kindly); V. iv. 105.
Jovial, Jove-like; IV. ii. 311.
Joy'd, rejoiced; V. v. 424.
Jump, risk; V. iv. 189.
Justicer, judge; V. v. 214.

Keep house, stay at home; III. iii. 1.
Ken,; "within a k.", within sight; III. vi. 6.
Kitchen-trulls, kitchen-maids; V. v. 177.
Knowing, knowledge; I. iv. 33; II. iii. 102.
Known together, been acquainted with each other; I. iv. 40.

Label, tablet; V. v. 430.
Laborsome, elaborate; III. iv. 168.
Lady; "my good l.", (?) friend; used ironically; II. iii. 157.
Laming, crippling; V. v. 163.
Lapp'd, wrapped, enfolded; V. v. 360.
Late, lately; I. i. 6; II. ii. 44.
Laud we, let us praise; V. v. 477.
Lay, wager; I. iv. 173.
Lay the leaven on, corrupt and deprave; III. iv. 65.
Lean'd unto, bowed to, submitted to; I. i. 78.
Leans, is about to fall; I. v. 58.
Learn'd, taught; I. v. 12.
Leave; "by l.", with your permission; V. v. 315.
——, leave off, cease; I. iv. 118.
Left, left off; I. iii. 15.
——, left off reading; II. ii. 4.
Less; "without l.", without more, with less (probably to be explained as a double negative); I. iv. 26.

LET BLOOD, let suffer, perish; IV. ii. 168.
LIEGERS, ambassadors; (Ff., *"Leidgers"*); I. v. 80.
LIKE, equal; I. i. 21; V. v. 75.
——, the same; IV. ii. 237.
——, likely; II. iv. 16.
——, equally; III. iii. 41.
LIMB-MEAL, limb from limb; II. iv. 147.
LINE, fill with gold; II. iii. 73.
LONG OF, through, owing to; V. v. 271.
LOOKS US, seems to us; III. v. 32.
LUCINA, the goddess of childbirth; V. iv. 43.
LUD'S TOWN, the old name of London; III. i. 32.

MADDED, maddened; IV. ii. 313.
MADDING, maddening, making mad; II. ii. 37.
MADE FINISH, put an end to; V. v. 412.
MAKES, produces, causes; I. vi. 38.
MARTIAL, resembling Mars; IV. ii. 310.
MARY-BUDS, marigolds; II. iii. 27.
MATCH, arrangement; III. vi. 30.
MATTER, business; IV. iii. 28.
MEAN AFFAIRS, ordinary affairs; III. ii. 52.
MEANS; "your m.", as to your means; III. iv. 181.
MERCURIAL; "foot m.", *i. e.* "light and nimble like that of Mercury"; IV. ii. 310.
MERE, utter; IV. ii. 92.
——, only; V. v. 334.
MINERAL, poison; V. v. 50.
MINION, darling, favorite; II. iii. 47.
MISERY; "noble m.", miserable nobility; V. iii. 64.
MOE, more; III. i. 36.
MOIETY, half; I. iv. 127.
MORTAL, deadly, fatal; I. iv. 48.
MOTION, impulse; II. v. 20.
MOTIVES; "your three m.", the motives of you three; V. v. 388.
MOVE, induce; I. i. 103.
MOVED, incited, instigated; V. v. 342.
MOWS, grimaces, wry faces; I. vi. 41.
MULIER, (fancifully derived from *"mollis aer"*); V. v. 449.
MUTEST, most silent; I. vi. 116.

NAUGHT, wicked; V. v. 271.
NEAT-HERD, keeper of cattle; I. i. 149.
NICE, capricious; II. v. 26.
NICENESS, coyness; III. iv. 159.
NONPAREIL, paragon; II. v. 8.
NORTH, north-wind; I. iii. 36.
NOTE, reputation; I. iv. 2.
——, list; (?) "prescription, receipt"; I. v. 2.
——, eminence; II. iii. 126.
——, notice, attention; IV. iii. 44.
——, "our n.", taking notice of us; IV. iv. 20.
——, take note, notice; II. ii. 24.
NOTHING, not at all; I. iv. 115. III. vi. 86.
NOTHING-GIFT, gift of no value; III. vi. 86.
NOW, just now; V. iii. 74.
NUMBER'D, abundantly provided; I. vi. 36.

OCCASIONS; "over his o.", (?)= "in regard to what was required"; according to some, "beyond what was required"; V. v. 87.

'Ods pittikins, a petty oath; IV. ii. 293.

O'ergrown, overgrown with hair and beard; IV. iv. 33.

Of, with; I. vi. 150.

——, on; II. iii. 118; IV. iv. 48.

——, by; II. iii. 138; III. vi. 55; IV. iv. 22; V. v. 346.

——, over; IV. i. 25.

——, about, in praise of; V. v. 177.

Offer'd; "o. mercy," (?) pardon granted (but coming too late); I. iii. 4.

On, of; I. v. 75; III. iv. 43; IV. ii. 198.

On's, of us; (F. 1, *"one's"*; Steevens, *"of us"*; Vaughan conj. *"o' us"*); V. v. 311.

On't, of it; I. i. 164; V. ii. 3.

Open'd, disclosed; V. v. 58.

Operate, to set to work, to be active; V. v. 197.

Or, before; II. iv. 14.

Orbs, orbits; V. v. 371.

Order'd; "more o.", better regulated and disciplined; II. iv. 21.

Orderly, proper; II. iii. 53.

Ordinance, what is ordained; IV. ii. 145.

Or ere, before; III. ii. 67.

——, rather than; V. iii. 50.

Out-peer, excel; III. vi. 87.

Outsell, exceed in value; II. iv. 102.

Outsells, outvalues, is superior to; III. v. 74.

Outstood, overstayed; I. vi. 207.

Outward, external appearance; I. i. 23.

Overbuys, pays too dear a price; I. i. 146.

Owe, own; III. i. 38.

Packing, running off; (?) plotting; III. v. 80.

Paid, punished; IV. ii. 246.

Paled in, surrounded; III. i. 19.

Pandar, accomplice; III. iv. 33.

Pang'd, pained; III. iv. 99.

Pantler, keeper of the pantry; II. iii. 128.

Paragon, pattern, model; III. vi. 44.

Part; "for mine own p.", for myself; V. v. 313.

Parted, departed; III. vi. 52.

Partisan, halberd; IV. ii. 399.

Parts, endowments; III. v. 71.

Passable, affording free passage; I. ii. 10.

Passage, occurrence; III. iv. 95.

Peculiar, own particular, private; V. v. 83.

Peevish, foolish; I. vi. 54.

Penetrate, touch; II. iii. 15.

Penitent, repentant; V. iv. 10.

Perfect; "I am p.", I am perfectly well aware, I well know; III. i. 74.

——, perfectly well aware; IV. ii. 118.

Perforce, by force; III. i. 73.

Pervert, averted; II. iv. 151.

Pinch, pain, pang; I. i. 130.

Pleaseth, if it please; I. v. 5.

Point; "at p.", on the point of; III. i. 30; III. vi. 17.

Point forth, indicate; V. v. 455.

Post, hasten; V. v. 192.

Posting, hurrying; III. iv. 39.

Postures, shapes, forms; V. v. 165.

Powers, armed forces; III. v. 24.

Practice, plot, stratagem; V. v. 199.

Prefer, recommend; II. iii. 52; IV. ii. 386.

——, promote; V. v. 326.

PREFERMENT, promotion; V. iv. 216.
PREGNANT, evident; IV. ii. 325.
PRESENTLY, immediately; II. iii. 142.
PRETTY, fair, advantageous; III. iv. 151.
PRIDES, (?) ostentatious attire; II. v. 25.
PRIEST, priestess; I. vi. 133.
PRINCE, play the prince; III. iii. 85.
PRIZE, value; (Hanmer, *"price"*; Vaughan, *"poize"*); III. vi. 77.
PROBATION, proof; V. v. 362.
PROFESS MYSELF, proclaim myself (by the exuberance of my praise); I. iv. 82.
PRONE, eager, ready; V. iv. 209.
PROOF, experience; I. vi. 70; III. iii. 27.
PROPER, handsome; III. iv. 65.
——, own; IV. ii. 97.
PRUNES, arranges his plumage with his bill; V. iv. 118.
PUDENCY, modesty; II. v. 11.
PUT ON, incite to, instigate; V. i. 9.
PUTTOCK, kite; I. i. 140.

QUARRELOUS, quarrelsome; III. iv. 163.
QUARTER'D FIRES, camp fires; IV. iv. 18.
QUENCH, become cool; I. v. 47.
QUESTION, put to the trial, *i. e.* fight a duel; II. iv. 52.

RAMPS, leaps; I. vi. 134.
RANGERS, nymphs; II. iii. 75.
RANK, rankness; (used quibblingly); II. i. 18.
RAPS, transports; I. vi. 51.
RARE, overpowering, exquisite; I. i. 135.
RAVENING, devouring greedily; I. vi. 49.
RAZED OUT, erased; (Ff., *"rac'd out"*); V. v. 70.
READY, *i. e.* dressed for going out, ready dressed; (taken quibblingly in the more ordinary sense in the reply); II. iii. 87.
REASON OF, argue about, talk about; IV. ii. 14.
RECK, care; IV. ii. 154.
RECOIL, degenerate; I. vi. 128.
REFT'ST, didst deprive; (Ff., *"refts"*); III. iii. 103.
RELATION, hearsay, report; II. iv. 86.
REMAIN, remainder, rest; III. i. 88.
REMAINDERS; "the good r. of the court," *i. e.* "the court which now gets rid of my unworthiness" (used ironically); I. i. 129.
REMEMBRANCER OF HER, he who reminds her; I. v. 77.
RENDER, rendering an account; IV. iv. 11.
——, surrender; V. iv. 17.
——, relate, tell; V. v. 135.
REPENTED, regretted; V. v. 59.
REPORT; "suffer the r.", may be told; I. iv. 66.
——, fame; III. iii. 57.
RESTY, torpid; III. vi. 34.
RETIRE, retreat; V. iii. 40.
REVOLT, inconstancy; I. vi. 112.
REVOLTS, revolters, deserters; IV. iv. 6.
RIGHT, truly; III. v. 3.
RIPELY, speedily; III. v. 22.
ROCK, rocky eminence ("such as a man has found refuge on in shipwreck" (Ingleby); V. v. 262.
ROMISH, Roman; I. vi. 152.

RUDDOCK, robin redbreast; (Ff., *"Raddocke"*); IV. ii. 224.

RUNAGATE, renegade; I. vi. 137.

SAFE, sound; IV. ii. 131.

SAMPLE, example; I. i. 48.

SAUCY, insolent; I. vi. 151.

SAVING REVERENCE, asking pardon; IV. i. 6.

SAYEST THOU?, what do you say?; II. i. 29.

SCORN, mockery; V. iv. 125.

SCRIPTURES, writings (with perhaps a suggestion of its ordinary meaning); III. iv. 84.

SEAR UP, prob. due to a blending of (i.) "sear"=dry up, with (ii.) "sear"="cere," *i. e.* seal, cover with wax, as linen is dipped in melted wax to be used as a shroud, (*cp.* "cerement," "cere cloth"); I. i. 116.

SEARCH'D, searched for; V. v. 11.

SEASON, time; IV. iii. 22.

SEASONS COMFORT, *i. e.* "gives happiness its proper zest"; I. vi. 9.

SEE, *i. e.* see each other; I. i. 124.

SEEK THROUGH, pursue; IV. ii. 160.

SEEM; "still s."=ever put on an appearance; I. i. 3.

SEEMING, external appearance; V. v. 65.

——, appearance of fact; "this hath some s.", this seems well-founded; V. v. 453.

SELF, same; I. vi. 122.

SELF-FIGURED, self-contracted, formed by themselves; (Theobald conj., adopted by Warburton, *"self-finger'd"*); II. iii. 123.

SENSELESS, unconscious; II. iii. 59.

SENSELESS OF, insensible to; I. i. 135.

SERVING; "in their s.", employing, using them; III. iv. 174.

SET on, forward, march on; V. v. 485.

SETS, which sets; I. vi. 170.

SET UP, incite; III. iv. 91.

SEVERALLY, each in his own way; V. v. 397.

SHAKED, shaken; I. v. 76.

SHALL, will; III. iv. 132.

SHAME, shyness, modesty; V. iii. 22.

SHAMELESS-DESPERATE, shamelessly desperate; V. v. 58.

SHARDED, protected by scaly wing-cases; III. iii. 20.

SHES, women; I. iii. 29.

SHOP, store; V. v. 166.

SHORT, take from, impair; I. vi. 200.

SHOT, tavern reckoning, score; V. iv. 158.

SHOW, deceitful appearance; V. v. 54.

SHOWS, appearances; V. v. 428.

'SHREW ME, *i. e.* beshrew me; a mild oath; II. iii. 146.

SHRINE, image; V. v. 164.

SILLY, simple; V. iii. 86.

SIMULAR, false, counterfeited; V. v. 200.

SINGLE OPPOSITIONS, single combats; (?) "when compared as to particular accomplishments" (Schmidt); IV. i. 16.

SINKS, makes to sink; V. v. 413.

SINON, who persuaded the Trojans to admit into the city the wooden horse filled with armed men; III. iv. 62.

SIR, man; I. vi. 160.

SIRRAH, a form of address to an inferior; III. v. 80.
SLIGHT IN SUFFERANCE, careless in permitting it; III. v. 35.
SLIP YOU, let you go free; IV. iii. 22.
SLUTTERY, the practice of a slut; I. vi. 44.
SNUFF, a candle that has been snuffed; I. vi. 87.
So, it is well; II. iii. 17.
SOLACE, take delight; I. vi. 86.
SOLDIER TO, enlisted to; (?) equal to; III. iv. 187.
SO LIKE YOU, if it please you; II. iii. 60.
SOMETHING, somewhat; I. i. 86; I. iv. 129.
SOMETIME, sometimes; II. iii. 78.
——, once; V. v. 333.
SORER, more grievous, more evil; III. vi. 13.
SOUTH-FOG; "the S. rot him"; it was supposed that the south wind was charged with all noxious vapors and diseases; II. iii. 135.
SPECTACLES, organs of vision; I. vi. 37.
SPEED; "how you shall s.", how you will fare; V. iv. 191.
SPRIGHTLY, of good cheer, in good spirits; III. vi. 75.
SPRITED, haunted; II. iii. 143.
SPRITELY, spirit-like, ghostly; V. v. 428.
SPURS, shoots of the root of a tree; IV. ii. 58.
STAGGERS, giddiness, reeling; V. v. 233.
STAND, "station of huntsmen waiting for game"; II. iii. 76.
——, withstand; V. iii. 60.
STAND'ST SO, dost stand up so; III. v. 56.
STARVE, die of cold; I. iv. 196.
STATES, "persons of highest rank"; III. iv. 40.
STATIST, statesman, politician; II. iv. 16.
STILL, continually; II. v. 30.
——, always; V. v. 250.
STORY, *i. e.* the subject of the embroidery on the tapestry; II. ii. 27.
STORY HIM, give an account of him; I. iv. 39.
STRAIGHT-PIGHT, straight fixed, erect; V. v. 164.
STRAIN, impulse, motive; III. iv. 96.
——, stock, race; IV. ii. 24.
STRAIT, straight; V. iii. 7.
STRANGE, foreign, a foreigner; I. vi. 54.
STRICTER, more restricted, less exacting; V. iv. 17.
STRIDE A LIMIT, overpass the bound; III. iii. 35.
STROW, strew; IV. ii. 287.
SUIT, clothe; V. i. 23.
SUPPLYANT, auxiliary; III. vii. 14.
SUPPLYMENT, continuance of supply; (Pope, *"supply"*); III. iv. 183.
SUR-ADDITION, surname; I. i. 33.
SWEET, sweet-heart; (Collier MS., *"suite"*); I. v. 80.
SWERVE, go astray, mistake; V. iv. 129.
SYENNA, the ruler of Syenna; IV. ii. 341.
SYNOD, assembly of the gods; V. iv. 89.

TABLES, tablets; III. ii. 32.
TAKE, take pay; III. vi. 24.
TAKE IN, make to yield, overcome; III. ii. 9.
——, conquer, overcome; IV. ii. 121.

TAKE ME UP, take me to task; II. i. 4.
TALENTS; "beyond all t.", exceeding any sum; I. vi. 80.
TANLINGS, those tanned by the sun; IV. iv. 29.
TARGES, targets; "t. of proof", targets of tested metal; (F. 4, *"Targets"*; Pope, *"shields"*; Capell, *"targe"*); V. v. 5.
TASTE, feel, experience; V. v. 403.
TASTING OF, experiencing, feeling; V. v. 308.
TEMPER, mix; V. v. 250.
TENDER; "t. of our present", tendering of our present gift; I. vi. 208.
TENDER OF, sensitive to; III. v. 40.
TENT, probe; III. iv. 119.
THAT, for that, because; III. v. 71.
——, since that; III. vii. 4.
——, that which; IV. ii. 125; V. iv. 135.
——, so that; V. iii. 11; V. iv. 45.
THERETO, in addition thereto; IV. iv. 33.
THICK, fast, quickly; III. ii. 58.
THIS, this is; (S. Walker conj. *"this"*); II. ii. 50.
THREAT, threaten; IV. ii. 127.
THROUGHFARE, thoroughfare; I. ii. 11.
THROUGHLY, thoroughly; II. iv. 12; III. vi. 36.
THUNDER-STONE, thunder bolt; IV. ii. 271.
TIME, age; I. i. 43.
TINCT, color; II. ii. 23.
TIREST ON, preyest upon (as a hawk); III. iv. 98.
TITAN, the god of the Sun; III. iv. 167.
TITLE, name; I. iv. 104.
To, as to; I. iv. 113.
——, compared to; III. ii. 10.
——, is to be compared to; III. iii. 26.
——, in addition to; IV. ii. 333.
TOMBOYS, hoydens; I. vi. 122.
TONGUE, speak; V. iv. 148.
TOUCH, feeling, emotion; I. i. 135.
TOYS, trifles; IV. ii. 193.
TRIMS, dress, apparel; III. iv. 168.
TRIP ME, refute me, give me the lie; V. v. 35.
TROTH, the truth; V. v. 274.
TROW, I wonder; I. vi. 47.
TRUE, honest; II. iii. 77.
TRUER, more honest man; I. v. 43.
TUNE, voice; V. v. 238.
TWINN'D, resembling each other like twins; I. vi. 35.

UNBENT; "to be u.", to unbend thy bow; III. iv. 112.
UNDERGO, undertake, perform; I. iv. 166; III. v. 110.
UNDERTAKE, give satisfaction; II. i. 31.
UNPARAGON'D, matchless; I. iv. 95; II. ii. 17.
UNPAVED, castrated; II. iii. 35.
UNPRIZABLE, invaluable; I. iv. 107.
UNSPEAKING SOTS, blockheads wanting power of speech; V. v. 178.
UNTWINE, cease to twine; IV. ii. 59.
UP, put up; II. iv. 97.
UP-CAST, a throw directed straight up; II. i. 2.
USE; "their u.", they use us; IV. iv. 7.
UTTERANCE; "at u.", at all hazards; III. i. 74.

VALUATION, value; IV. iv. 49.
VANTAGE, opportunity; I. iii. 24.
——, advantage; V. v. 198.
VANTAGES, favorable opportunity; II. iii. 51.
VENGE, avenge; I. vi. 92.
VERBAL, wordy, verbose; II. iii. 110.
VERY CLOTEN, Cloten himself; IV. ii. 107.
VIEW; "full of v.", full of promise; III. iv. 151.

WAGE, wager; I. iv. 155.
WAGGISH, roguish; III. iv. 161.
WAKED, awoke; V. v. 429.
WALK, withdraw, walk aside; I. i. 176; V. v. 119.
WANTON, one brought up in luxury; IV. ii. 8.
WARRANT, pledge; I. iv. 70.
WATCH; "in w.", awake; III. iv. 44.
WATCHING, keeping awake for; II. iv. 68.
WAY; "this w.", by acting in this way; IV. iv. 4.
WEEDS, garments; V. i. 23.
WELL ENCOUNTER'D, well met; III. vi. 66.
WENCH-like, womanish; IV. ii. 230.
WENT BEFORE, excelled; I. iv. 86.
WHAT, what a thing; IV. i. 16.
WHEN AS, when; (Dyce, *"when-as"*); V. iv. 138; V. v. 435.
WHICH, who; II. iii. 111.
WHILES, while; I. v. 1.
WHO, whom; V. v. 27.
WHOM, which; III. i. 54.
WINDOWS, eyelids; II. ii. 22.
WINK, shut their eyes; V. iv. 195.
WINKING, having the eyes shut; II. iii. 27.
——, blind; II. iv. 89.
WINTER-GROUND, protect from the inclement weather of the winter; (Collier MS., *"winter-guard"*; Bailey conj. *"winter-fend"*; Elze, *"wind around"*); IV. ii. 229.
WITH, by; II. iii. 143; V. iii. 33.
WOODMAN, huntsman; III. vi. 28.
WORMS, serpents; III. iv. 38.
WOULD SO, would have done so; V. v. 189.
WRINGS, writhes; III. vi. 79.
WRITE AGAINST, denounce; II. v. 32.
WRYING, swerving; V. i. 5.

YOU'RE BEST, you had better; III. ii. 79.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Emma D. Sanford

GENERAL

1. What are some of the reasons for assigning the probable date of composition of this play?
2. Is *Cymbeline* absolute tragedy? Give a reason.
3. What fairy legend is employed in the composition of this play? What historical element is made use of and what are its sources?
4. Characterize this play.

ACT I

5. What is the dramatic value of the opening scene?
6. In scene ii, explain the expression, "she's a good sign."
7. What subtle form of reasoning does Iachimo use to force Posthumus to a wager?
8. In scene v, how is the reader prepared for the ultimate failure of the Queen's poison to effect death?
9. What is the significance of the word "us" as used by Imogen in her repulsion of Iachimo (scene vi)?
10. What is Iachimo's object in rousing Imogen to revenge upon her husband's supposed infidelity?

ACT II

11. In scene ii, wherein is revealed the purpose of the trunk mentioned in a previous scene?
12. Explain the use of Iachimo's word, "windows," in relation to the eyes of Imogen (scene ii).

13. Comment on Iachimo's soliloquy, at Imogen's bedside (scene ii).

14. What was the ancient belief in regard to the lark? (See "Song" in scene iii.)

15. Does Posthumus wait for a conclusive proof of Imogen's infidelity, before admitting her guilt? How does this fact help to complete the plot?

ACT III

16. How does the interview of Cymbeline with Caius Lucius help to portray the characters of the king, the queen, and Cloten?

17. Compare Pisanio's confidence in Imogen's virtue with that of her husband (scene ii). Is this a feature of the plot and why?

18. What new characters are introduced in scene iii? What do Belarius' apprehensions foretell?

19. How do the two lads reveal their royal birth?

20. Comment on Imogen's protestations against her husband's charge of infidelity—was she convincing, provided the reader had had no previous assurance of her innocence?

21. What comparison does Imogen make of herself when she thinks her husband has become tired of her? Explain the comparison, in view of the custom prevailing at that time.

22. Why does Imogen refrain from suicide?

23. What change of mind suddenly comes to Imogen?

24. What does Pisanio persuade her to do?

25. Why is the Queen so desirous for Imogen's downfall?

26. How does Cloten learn of Imogen's whereabouts? What does he plan to do, and how does this serve as a key to his whole character?

27. How does scene vi continue to demonstrate the gentility of Imogen?

ACT IV

28. How does scene i prove that "clothes do not make the man"?

29. How does Shakespeare clear the stage (scene ii) for a duel?

30. What is the attitude of Belarius and of the two brothers at the death of Cloten?

31. What is the poetical significance of the solemn music introduced in this scene?

32. What lines refer to the ancient belief that the robin covered the graves of the dead (scene ii)?

33. What do the commentators have to say about the Song in this scene?

34. What lines, in Imogen's outburst upon the discovery of Cloten's body, justify the latter's boast of physical equality with Prometheus?

35. What is the condition of affairs at Court in scene iii? How does it present Cymbeline?

36. In scene iv, what natural instinct has come to the surface in the natures of the two young princes?

ACT V

37. In the opening lines of this Act, what is the attitude of Posthumus towards Imogen?

38. What is the dramatic value of the battle in this Act?

39. What change has come over Iachimo?

40. In scene iii, explain the meaning of "a narrow lane, an old man, and two boys."

41. How is Posthumus "charmed"? Does he seek death?

42. Name some of the plays in which Shakespeare has introduced apparitions, etc.

43. Who is "the poor soldier" to whom Cymbeline and Belarius refer in scene v?

44. How does the description of the Queen's death help to explain many things?

45. How does Lucius' praise of his "page" contribute still further to the many proofs of Imogen's beautiful character?

46. Does Iachimo's confession give the impression that he had undertaken his deception of Posthumus more for material gain or, out of deviltry?

47. How is Imogen's identity revealed?

48. Why does Belarius reveal the identity of Guiderius and Arviragus?

49. What becomes of Iachimo?

50. What is the interpretation of the prediction submitted by Posthumus to the soothsayer?

51. What chastening influence does the return of the young princes have upon Cymbeline?

52. How does the play close, and why is it an appropriate ending?

53. Whom do you regard as the central figure in the play?

54. Compare Posthumus and Othello.